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THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Heinrich Heine.

"THE Lifework and Opinions of Heinrich Heine," is the title of a work just published by Messrs. Longmans & Co., in two very pleasant volumes, by Mr. William Stigand. The book supplies a want long felt in the domain of literature, for although many of us have read clever translations of poor Heine's poems, but few of us are acquainted with the substance of his numerous prose compositions, or the wealth of wit and humour abounding in his letters. Much of this biography is new and interesting; and Mr. Stigand's commentaries upon striking passages are withal so eloquent and appropriate, that it is hard to know how to detach the text of his criticisms from the context of the poet, without mutilating chapters, and perhaps spoiling the effect of the whole. If we are, however, to give a Cape public any true idea of this author's genius, we must do so by brief extracts; and string our observations upon them as we go along, without being too careful of their sequence or cohesion.

It was the dying boast of Heine, that "he had made it the great work of his life to labour at a hearty understanding between Germany and France." He tried to act as a literary "go between" to these two powerful nations, and did his utmost to make German philosophy intelligible to Frenchmen, while bringing French ideas upon politics and art to the notice of Teutons. Born a Jew and a German, he had nevertheless a hearty sympathy with all things, French and cosmopolitan, and brought all his unequalled powers of humour and sarcasm to bear upon subjects that hitherto had only been very heavily and clumsily handled by German metaphysicians and literary Philistines. Hence a briskness and vigour in his style, as the outcome of his enforced exile and studies in France, that make him eminently readable in all that he wrote. Next to Schiller and Göethe, one of the foremost of German critics and poets, it was his unhappy fate to be forced to spend the best part of his existence in a foreign country, because the times were out of joint, and his pen ran a tilt at too many social abuses at home. In the opinion of the censors he was a dangerous socialist; and they, therefore, decreed not only that none of his books should circulate in Germany, but

that nothing that he ever might write hereafter should be allowed to be published in Germany. It thus came to pass, that at the very outset of his career, he was but coldly regarded by his compatriots, and driven more and more to cultivate Parisian modes of thought and expression, while dissecting the elements of German unity and their varied systems of philosophy and theology. While thinking like a German or a Jew, he scribbled his notes with all the wit and vivacity of a light-hearted Frenchman, and hence succeeded in his prose works in arousing an amount of intelligent attention that had hitherto only been equalled by the efforts of Göethe and Voltaire.

Accepting him as a humourist and a critic, and notably as a lyrical poet, his opinions on life, the world, and society especially serve to interest us. If he loved the French he hated the English, and some of his observations on French and English character are very striking and suggestive. If he often sinned in the matter of coarse, irreverent, and almost Pagan expressions about higher things, yet, as his biographer fairly remarks, "some of his songs are pure and perfect as the finest crystal, and are undying, and the immortality of these will leaven with their imperishable essence the whole mass of his writings." In the opinion of M. Thiers, Heine was the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire, and in his power of application of wit, and in his readiness with it, he was certainly as universal as that extraordinary spirit; while as respects his humour, he could be by turns as tender as Sterne, and as savage and gross as Swift. Capable, too, of fusing his humour and poetry together, no one certainly ever passed so gently and gracefully, and with such childlike waywardness as he from smiles to tears, culling the while as he went the choicest flowers in the domain of beauty and passion.

To the general reader, little of Heine's history is known beyond this—that he was a writer of graceful little songs; the author of many cynical and ribald sayings, and that for many weary years he was confined to his couch by a paralytic affection of the spinal cord. Night and day he was racked with acutest shafts of pain; deprived of all power of locomotion; and effectually converted into a blind nightingale, with clipped wings and a weird power of singing most sweetly and pathetically in the darkness of a tomb. In the whole range of literature, there is no tale to equal in intensity of tragic force the contrast between this poor poet's surroundings and the activity of his brain. When all his friends had forgotten him, or thought of him only as one long dead, he still struggled on and wrote his most bitter-sweet lyrics from his mattress-grave. With a wonderful capacity for living and loving, he still taxed his memory and heart, long after the lamp of life and enjoyment had been thoroughly burnt out. His latest poems are written in blood and tribulation of spirit; and when he died a great genius was blotted out of France, to live again in German hearts.

Heinrich Heine claimed to be born at Dusseldorf, on New Year's Day, 1800; so that as he used to say, "He was one of the first men

of the century ; " but documents prove that he was born on 13th Dec., 1799, and died on the 16th February, 1856, in Paris.

He was born poor, a Jew, and a German. He died poor, a Christian, and a Frenchman ; so that as he himself says somewhere, " on his cradle there fell the last moonbeams of the 18th century, and the first morning glow of the next." His family history is very obscure ; but his uncle, Solomon Heine, settled at Hamburg as a banker ; amassed an enormous fortune ; doled out a small allowance to his illustrious nephew during his life, and when he died bequeathed his vast wealth to his family, and many charitable institutions, but left the poor poet out in the cold altogether.

From his earliest years Heinrich Heine was saturated with French opinions. His native town was occupied by the French from 1807 to 1813, and his early education was carried on in French, developing thereby a most precocious sympathy and admiration for his hereditary enemies. He was always a merry, vivacious, little Jew, quick at " *Camaradie*," and as full of tricks and jokes as a French *gamin*.

His biographer gives full details of his life at this period, and the state of German courts and principalities before the French Revolution ; but we must not linger by the way, except to notice that what is lacking in our knowledge of the poet's youth is admirably supplied in a portion of the " Reisebilder," called " The Book le Grand." These sparkling vignettes of his early life were published in 1826, and are very admirably portrayed. They commence thus :—

" I first saw the light of the world on the banks of that fair stream, where folly grows on the green hills, and is gathered and foot-trodden in autumn, then poured into casks, and exported. Truly, yesterday I heard somebody utter words of folly, which were imprisoned in a bunch of grapes in the year 1811, which I then saw growing on the Johannisberg. Much folly is consumed in the country itself, and the people there are just like others ; they are born, eat, drink, sleep, laugh, cry, make slander, and are terribly anxious about the propagation of their species ; seek to appear what they are not, and to do what they are unable. They do not get shaved before they have a beard, and often get a beard before they get their reason ; and if they get this, they drown it again in butts of white and red folly.

" Mon Dieu ! if I had faith in me enough to remove mountains, the Johannisberg is precisely the mountain which I should like to have always coming after me. But since my faith is not strong enough, Fancy must help me out—and Fancy sets me again on the banks of the beautiful Rhine.

" Oh, there is a fair land full of loveliness and sunshine. In the blue stream the rocky banks mirror themselves with their ruined castles and forests and quaint old towns. There before the house doors sit the good burghers in the summer evenings, and drink out of huge beakers, and babble confidentially, how the wine, thank

God, is thriving, and how justice shall be free and open to all, and that how they guillotined Marie Antoinette without saying 'by your leave,' and how Government makes the price of tobacco rise, and how all men are equal, and how Gorres (the renegade antiliberal pamphleteer) is a ragamuffin."

At sixteen this lively, roguish boy of extraordinary promise, of extreme sensibility and imagination, being poor and a Jew could not be sent to the University, but was packed off to Frankfort to make him a banker's clerk. He tried the task for a fortnight, and then gave it up. At seventeen his uncle invited him to Hamburg, and he again essayed a commercial life in 1818-19, but he failed deplorably. "How was the darling of fairies and waterwitches," says Mr. Stigand, "the pupil of the drummer Le Grand, the comrade of Don Quixote, the boy who fell down in a swoon at the sight of the President's golden-haired daughter, with his heart full of sunshine and nightingales, to take an interest in dry goods, in dealings with *Markbanco*, or in single or double entry?"

Naturally he detested Hamburg, and he makes fun of its people in the eccentric "Memoirs of the Herr von Schnabelowopski."

"The city of Hamburg is a good city—good solid houses. The villainous Macbeth is no hero here, but Banço is. The spirit of Banço rules despotically over the free state, whose visible head consists of a highly and deeply learned Senate. The manners here are English, and its style of feeding is angelic. The Hamburgers are worthy people, and worthy eaters. In respect of religion, politics, and sciences, they may have discordant or no opinions; but in respect of feeding, they have the most beautiful unanimity. One portion of the Jews there declares that grace ought to be said in Hebrew; another, that it may be said in German; but both portions eat, and eat heartily, and are of like opinion in that matter. . . . As for the men they are mostly underset figures, with knowing cold eyes, low foreheads, red cheeks drooping negligently down, their eating apparatus excellently developed, with hats as though fast nailed to their heads, and with their hands generally in their trousers' pockets, with the air of one who would ask: 'What have I got to pay?'"

Heine remained at this stupid old Hamburg for three years—till he was nineteen—an object of jealousy to all his cousins, who regarded him as the ugly duckling of the family, and exposed to the whims and caprices of the queer, cross-grained millionaire and curmudgeon of an uncle upon whose bounty he was entirely dependent. Doubtless if the old banker had been able to entertain a conception of the value of Heine's genius, and to imagine that it would make his own name famous and imperishable, he would have helped him on with his studies, and spared him the life-long torments he was doomed to suffer, in consequence of an allowance that was humiliating and precarious to a degree, and which brought upon his nephew a fearful malady and premature death.

At a very early age, before he was well out of his teens, poor Heine fell desperately in love with his cousin Amalie, who threw him over at the last, and married somebody else. The precocious youth never quite recovered the shock, and its influence was long traceable in his writings. "Nature had given him that warm, passionate, palpitating, eager poet-heart, into which a false woman at this critical time could dart poison with her eyes. The truest idea of the girl perhaps can be formed from some verses which he addressed to her daughter years afterwards—verses in which he says he finds in the little minx the same looks of sincerity and langour, with the same deceit, the same sweet hard voice, and the same serpent-tail to all her excellencies as were to be found in her mother. To fall in love with a woman of this kind was as great a misfortune for Heine as if she had given him the leprosy; it ruined his faith in the beautiful and the true, and shot the poison of distrust in his soul."

At nineteen his uncle suddenly took it into his head to send him to Bonn University to study law and pass as an advocate. This involved hard study and a change of religion, *as no Jew had access to any profession besides that of medicine;* and if he would succeed in life he must turn Christian. At Bonn and Gottingen, Heinrich Heine made some important friendships, and earned some deadly enmities; but on the whole he got on pretty well with his fellow-students—though he liked to work in strict seclusion, and kept out of frolics and mischief. But having been unwittingly dragged into a duel with a ruffian who called him a liar, he was rusticated for six months, and transplanted himself to Berlin. Here he remained for some time, and published his first volume of songs—now known amongst his works as the "Junge Leiden." This at once attracted attention, and gave him the *entrèe* to the best literary society of Berlin, so that his bias for literature was unmistakably fixed by the company whom he frequented, especially by De la Motte Fouquè, and Ludwig Robert.

Upon this his biographer remarks that, "the poor Jew student, thus transplanted from the quiet Hebrew circle of Dusseldorf, and the dull atmosphere of Gottingen into the midst of the whirl of a capital, and exposed to the seductions of early notoriety in the cultivated circles of Berlin, was not carried away more than he was, is some proof of the independence and power of self-control of his nature; more especially if it be remembered that the authority of the Government, true to its policy of endeavour to turn thought and action into any other channel than those of politics, was exerted to make dissipation in the capital the order of the day. Balls, masque balls, concerts, theatres, operas, under royal patronage, were crowded into the programme of each day in the wildest profusion, and with the most lavish expenditure and decoration and lights, and with beating and blowing of the biggest drums and trumpets. Under the direction of Spontini, the stage of the Opera House of Berlin

exhibited a nightly spectacle of gorgeous dresses, stage jewellery and decorations, with the running accompaniments of a roar of drums and kettle drums. The hangers-on of Court circles went habitually into ecstasies over these performances, which, however, did not escape a good deal of jibing from the wits. Nor did music in the form of concerts receive less patronage, or excite less attention; orchestral conductors waved their batons the whole year through, either in in-door or in out-door concerts; and violinists or flute players flocked to Berlin from all parts of the world. The passion for the sublime and the pathetic, the true basis of all real tragic sympathy, became extinguished, and the simple, and the natural, and the refined, which forms the soul alike of comedy and tragedy, were banished from the stage. Melodrama, therefore, took the place of tragedies, and the vulgar sentimentalism of the Kotzebue school and coarse farcical pieces drove comedy from the boards."

Heine was preserved by his own pure taste, and by his familiarity with the best traditions of literature, from being carried away thus early in the current of the vulgar taste of the time. The memory of men like Lessing and Schiller was not easily forgotten, and undoubtedly the influence of Byron and Scott served to mould the character of his prose writings hereafter. Yet his letters deal very often with matters that possessed but little real attraction for his genius or his pen, and much of his epistolary enthusiasm may be looked upon as assumed and pseudo-dramatic only.

Of masqued balls, so popular in Berlin and Paris, he writes:— "What matters it what is under the mask? People want to be pleased, and for pleasure human nature suffices. And human is one truly straightway at a masked ball; where ball mask covers the flesh mask, and the simple 'Thou' re-establishes the confidence of primitive society, where a *domino*, concealing every distinction, brings forth the pleasantest equality, and the fairest liberty reins. Masked liberty! For me such a ball has something delectable. When the kettle drums thunder, and the trumpets crash, and the delightful tones of flute and violin chime in enticingly between them, then do I rush like a wild swimmer into the raging, motley, illuminated, flood of humanity, and dance, and run, and joke, gibing at everyone, and laughing and prattling out whatever comes into my head. At the last ball I was especially merry. I shook hands with everybody I met, and took my hat off prettily to all, and all men were polite also to me. Only a German hobbledehoy was coarse with me, and cursed at my aping foreign Babledoms, and thundered out in his beery bass: '*At a Tscherman mummery must the Tscherman Tscherman speak.*' Oh! German hobbledehoy! how sinful and silly do thy words appear to me in such moments, when my soul embraces the whole world in its love, when I would embrace even Russians and Turks with shouts of joy, and when I could sink with tears on the heart of the African in his fetters! I love Germany and the Germans; but I love not less the dwellers of the rest of the earth,

whose number is forty times greater than that of the Germans. Love gives to man his worth. God be praised! I am, therefore, of forty times more value than those who cannot emerge from the bog of their national selfishness, and who can only like Germany and the Germans."

It is this gay and seemingly careless mixture of irony and satire, sarcasm and wit in his prose compositions that soon led to his being regarded on all sides as a very suspicious member of the German Empire, and provoked his enemies to attack Heine for the most trivial "brochure" at their expense, with a rancour and pertinacity that to an Englishman seem most unaccountable and surprising. His countrymen never could forget that he was a Jew by birth, and, therefore, had no business to be out-spoken or rude in his criticisms. Of course he thought otherwise; and though he soon adopted the Christian creed to fit him for a liberal profession, in heart Heine always was a Jew, as may be seen from a passage written in 1846, where, speaking of Jewish emancipation, and its necessity, occur the following pregnant sentences:—

"This Emancipation will be granted, either sooner or later, out of love of justice, out of prudence, out of necessity. Antipathy against the Jews has no longer a religious ground with the upper classes, and with the lower classes it is transformed more into social spite against the overpowering might of capital, against the exploitation of the poor by the rich. Hatred of the Jews has now another name with the people; and if Government did but consider how horribly the main column of all religions, the idea of Deism itself, is threatened by the new doctrines—how the feud between science and faith will be no longer a tame skirmish, but soon a wild battle to the death—did Government consider these hidden necessities, they should be grateful that there are yet Jews in the world, that the Swiss Guard of Deism, as the poet has called them, yet stands on its legs, that there exists still the people of God. Instead of endeavouring to make them abjure their faith by legislative penalties, they should rather endeavour to keep them therein by offering them rewards; they should build up their synagogues at the cost of the State, on condition only that they make use of them, so that the people outside may think there is yet some faith in the world."

The relations with Heine and young Palestine are very fully entered into by his biographer, and are very novel and interesting; but we must now pass on to the most pressing question of his life: "What was he to do with himself after graduating in law? Was he, with his flashing intelligence, his etherial aspirations, his delicate organization and fine sensibility, to be a hucksterer or a trader—the only callings left open in contempt to the Jew and the outcast?" After Göethe and Schiller, he possessed, without doubt, the highest poetical intelligence which heaven had thought fit to bestow on the German people since the beginning of time. Unless he turned a Christian, as his uncle Solomon pressed him to do, he had no chance

of distinction in his own country. Naturally his thoughts turned to Paris, but he had to wait many weary heartbreaking years before he transferred himself to France, in which he found a second country, more kind and more genial to him than his first, and to which he owed spiritual and physical freedom, and the greater part of such happiness as it was given him to enjoy.

The story of Heine's life would be an inexplicable mystery, if this matter of his change of faith, and his utter dependence on the capricious purse-strings of his millionaire uncle were not prominently brought under review. His uncle hated literature, and poor Heine could only write with a struggling pen under the shadow of old Solomon's benevolence. His first volumes of verse, and his early literary efforts, were published in his twenty-first year, and they are as good as anything he ever wrote afterwards. His "Junge Leiden" is a collection, the key-note of which is well-struck in the lines on the "Minnesinger Tournament:"—

Other warriors in their speeding
To the lists are hale and sound;
But we Minnesingers, bleeding,
Carry there our own death-wound.

He whose heart's blood there most burneth,
He whose song with blood most drips;
He is victor, and he earneth
Fairest praise from fairest lips.

Many of these poems are melancholy and romantic, with an undertone of sadness that is very peculiar to Heine's muse. As the victim of an unfortunate attachment to his married cousin Amalie, he gives the rein to his desperate thoughts and aspirations, and the vanity and hopelessness of human wishes, and harps upon a string of sentimental forebodings that instinctively suggest poor diet, close rooms, want of exercise, and the need of change of scene and society as the causes.

First I thought I'd ne'er get o'er it;
Life, it seemed, I must forswear;
Yet I bore it—yea, I bore it—
But to ask me how—forbear!

Among the sixty-five poems included in the "Intermezzo," expressive of the anguish of a wounded heart, is the following very delicate and touching little song:—

Oh, wherefore are the roses so wan?
Oh, tell me the reason why;
Oh, wherefore so sad and dim on the lawn
Do the violets silent lie?

Oh, wherefore do such sad music make
The larks within the skies?
Oh, wherefore from out the scented brake
Do corpse-like odours rise?

Oh, wherefore shineth the sun by day
With such a grievous gloom ?
Oh, wherefore is the earth so gray
And dreary as a tomb ?

Oh, wherefore so sad and woebegone
Me, darling dost thou see ?
Oh, tell me, my heart's beloved one,
Wherefore thou didst leave me ?

* * * *

A star fell, shooting rapidly,
From heaven's most glittering height ;
It was the star of love which fell,
And perished in my sight !

The publication of these poems met with but little sympathy at home. His family were frightened at the portent of his genius, and his father especially could not understand what the lad meant by wasting his time over verses. His projects as to his future life now underwent a change. He gave up the idea of going to Paris, and determined to get a doctor's degree in law. To this end he went to Luneberg and Gottingen, and crammed assiduously at jurisprudence, on a promise of £60 a year from his banker uncle and patron for two years, if he behaved himself. No doubt the old man was very shabby, but the nephew would not meet his wishes, and they were always squabbling about money matters. Ultimately he passed after six years' delay, on the 20th July, 1825, and was baptized as a Protestant on 28th June. Of this act his biographer concedes that religious conviction had nothing to do with his conversion. He changed his faith simply with the hope of bettering his chance to obtain that daily bread which the intolerance of the Prussian Government and of society denied to him. He was no longer orthodox as a Jew ; but he found it impossible to get rid of the brand of the Pariah unless he went through the ceremony of baptism. The example of Gaus and others had proved to him that no hope remained without this formality, and thus he determined to undergo it ; but his letters gave evidence of the awful struggle which was going on within him both before and after this event, and the bitterness with which his heart was filled ; and the sacrifice which he then underwent was all the more painful in the retrospect, inasmuch as it was utterly useless, and the independence which he aimed at so achieving did not come one whit the nearer to him in consequence. He was doomed to dependence on his rich uncle and his rich relations for the term of his life. This dependence continued ever to be a source of vexation ; and at the death of Solomon Heine, when the fortune of the latter passed into the hands of his avaricious kinsfolk, it became a new subject of long and exasperating contention, which aggravated all the memories of the miseries of the past, and accelerated his disease and death. Yet without such dependence existence for Heine would have been impossible. The whole action of society was hostile to him, not only

as a Jew, but as a poet and an author, to prevent him from getting such reward for his intelligence and his industry as would enable him duly to exercise his talents. In fact, no sooner had Heine undergone baptism than he began to regret it. "Now," he writes (January 9th, 1826), "am I hated alike by Jew and Christian. I regret deeply that I had myself baptized. I do not see what I have been the better for it since then. On the contrary, I have ever since known nothing but contrarieties and misfortunes." In his more serious moods he recalls this view. Speaking of the longevity and long suffering of the Hebrew race and their Bible, he indulges in the following flight of eloquence :—

"What a book! Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven. sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity, all are in this book. It is the book of books—*Biblion*. The Jews may easily console themselves for having lost Jerusalem, and the Temple and the Ark of the Covenant, and the golden vessels, and the precious things of Solomon. Such a loss is only insignificant in comparison with the Bible, the imperishable treasure which they have rescued. If I do not err, it was Mahomet who named the Jews 'the people of the Book,' a name which has remained theirs to the present day on the earth, and is deeply characteristic. A book is their fatherland, their treasure, their governor, their bliss, and their bane. They live within the peaceful boundaries of this book. Here do they exercise their inalienable citizen rights. Here they can neither be driven along nor despised. Here are they strong and worthy of admiration. Absorbed in the study of this book, they observed little of the changes which went on about them in the real world; nations arose and perished; states bloomed up and disappeared; revolutions stormed forth out of the soil; but they (the Jews) lay bowed down over their book and observed nothing of the wild tumult of the times which passed over their heads. The Jewish history is beautiful, but the later Jews injure the old, whom one would set far above the Greeks and Romans. I think if there were no more Jews, and it was known that a single example of this race existed anywhere, people would travel a hundred leagues to see it and to shake hands, and now people turn out of our way!"

The "Pictures of Travel" depicted by Heine's pen are too well known to require notice here, but they are really very wonderful creations for a youth of twenty-five. They were the outcome of a few weeks' pedestrian journey through the Harz Mountains and Thuringia in September, 1824, and have been admirably translated by Mr. Leland. Heine is great in dreams of the most wild and fantastic kind; how many of them he actually passed through there is, of course, no possibility of knowing; but a sensitive easily-excited imagination such as his may be imagined to have been lightly moved to dreaming both by day and by night. Some of his dreams are exceedingly comic and grotesque, notably that about lawyers and law.

He is also very happy in his sketches or scenery, and in giving a legendary interest to streams and flowers, as he journeys on his way. "Yes," he writes, "the legend is true; the Ilse is a princess, who laughing and blooming runs down the mountains. How do the silver ribbons in her bosom flutter in the wind! How do her diamonds sparkle and flash! The tall beeches stand beside her path like earnest fathers, who laugh in stealth at the caprices of their darling child. The white birches wave themselves, pleased like kind old aunts, and yet with a touch of anxiety about her daring leaps. The proud oak has the air of a morose old uncle, who will have to pay down money for the fine weather. The little birds in the air trill forth their approbation, and the flowers on the banks whisper gently 'Oh, take us with you, take us with you, dear little sister!' But the merry maiden springs without stop or stay onwards, and on a sudden catches hold of the dreaming poet, and then there falls on me a flower-rain of the trickling sunbeams and beaming trickles, and my senses faint away in 'pure splendour.'"

The sketch of the shepherd boy—the "Hirtenknabe"—with whom Heine partook of a frugal meal at the foot of the Brocken, has always been accounted one of his most charming compositions. As he himself describes that scene:—"We sat ourselves down to a *diner dinatoire*, which consisted of bread and cheese; the lambs picked up the crumbs, the dear-bright calves leaped around us, and rang roguishly with their little bells, and smiled at us with their great delighted eyes!"

A blithe king is the shepherd boy,
His throne's the mountain height,
The mid-day sun hangs o'er his head,
A crown of golden light.

As crowd of flatterers at his feet
Lie sheep becross'd with red;
His nobles are the calves who stalk
In lonely grandeur spread.

The kids and goats court actors are,
And birds and cows combine
Court music there all day to make
With bells and flutings fine.

It rings and sings so pleasant so,
Such pleasant murmurs creep
From waterfall and fo est pines
The king he falls asleep.

And in his place as minister
He leaves his faithful hound,
Whose growls and barks in faithful watch
Re-echo all around.

Then sleepily the young king lisps—
How lone is kingly state—
"I would I were at home just now,
And by my young queen sate.

My kingly head in my queen's arms
So fair and soft it lies,
And realms and realms without a bound
Lie hid in her dear eyes."

Embarked upon a literary career, he now became acquainted with the publisher Campe, who fleeced him heavily during the remainder of his industrious life, and left him but a very poor share of the profits out of his pen. According to Mr. Stigand, the prices which Campe paid for Heine's first successful volumes were ridiculously and miserably small. "It seems to be a fact almost as disgraceful in literary history as that of the payment of five pounds to Milton for "Paradise Lost," that fifty louis d'or only were paid for the copyright of the "Book of Songs," and fifty louis d'or for each volume of the "Pictures of Travel." Indeed Heine, even in the fulness of his fame, never received more than 2,000 marks banco—about £80—for a volume; he used jestingly to say that he had one great monument at least in Germany, and that was Julius Campe's new house, built of the proceeds of his "Book of Songs;" and he declared that one of the chief objects of his visit to Hamburg, after quitting Germany, was to stand in contemplation before his own monument. Bitter, very bitter, were often the relations between Heine and his publisher, and the fact that these were never broken off, in spite of a dumb hostility which lasted sometimes for years, speaks wonders for Heine's patience and his fidelity to a connection once formed." The poor poet hated Hamburg and its name and sordid manners with all his heart, but he was unable to run away from its influence. As his biographer states, his only resource in the world—and without which one does not see how he could have lived at all—was the purse of the gruff and illiterate old millionaire banker at Hamburg. The poor old gentleman's brain was puzzled more and more endeavouring to comprehend his nephew and his strange career, and even if he had been disposed to smooth the path, difficult at all times, of a man of genius, his own family of two sons and three daughters never failed to poison the old man's mind against the scapegrace Heinrich, and dissuade him from any act of generosity. In February, 1828, he wrote to Varnhagen: "Never will I return to Hamburg in this life. Things have happened to me here of the most vexatious bitterness, and could not be endured without the circumstance that no one knows of them but myself." Varnhagen, who felt for his condition, had for some time been advising him to emigrate to Paris, where he could study the world and men, and get together materials for a book; but it was not until he had seen the "Reisebilder" through the press that he made up his mind to visit London and France.

Opinions may vary as to the true value and delicacy of Heine's muse, but his letters and prose compositions are very graphic and full of wit and humour. For it has been well remarked that it is not so much in his quality as a poet as in that of a humorist of a very rare order—that Heine, the Jew, makes the strongest contrast to the

German people. Excepting, perhaps, the Chinese, no nation was ever created with such an entire absence of the humorous element as the Germans; and of this the most amusing proof is that they do not know how heavy they are, and it is impossible to make them feel it. While England and France have produced novelists by hundreds, Germany has next to none. In spite of the many fine things in "Wilhelm Meister," the plot of the story is a miracle of dulness! And how dull and prosy, again, is Goëthe, in page after page of his autobiography. Who ever saw a German boy play? They have no cricket, no boating, no games of skill or luck. They have their students' duels with foils, and they are clever in gymnastic studies, they drink beer, smoke out of porcelain pipes, and strum away on musical instruments, but as for wit and humour they are not indigenous to the soil and require to be imported.

Heine came to England by steamboat and by way of the Thames —the grandest and truest highroad to the English capital. Apparently he brought but few good letters of introduction, and he was somewhat neglected; but his remarks on the English are very suggestive. With a letter of credit on Rothschild for £400, he was enabled to get about a good deal, and took great interest in English politics and social science.

Some of his remarks about English parliamentary debates are very true and amusing of Canning's time, if not of ours. "The English Parliament offers a cheerful spectacle of the freest wit and the wittiest freedom; in the most earnest debates, when the lives of thousands, and the welfare of whole nations are at stake, no orator thinks of pulling a long German assembly face, or declaiming with French pathos; their spirits there as well as their bodies bear themselves in a quiet unconstrained manner; jests, persiflage, sarcasm, humour, wisdom, malice, and good nature, logic, and verse, are poured forth in the most blooming play of colour, so that the annals of Parliament offer in after years the most witty entertainment. What a contrast to this is made by the dreary, stuffy, blotting-paper speeches of our South German Chamber, whose tiresomeness the most patient newspaper reader cannot overcome, yea, whose very odour is capable of driving off any living reader, so that we must think that that tiresomeness secretly aims at frightening off the great public from reading their transactions, and that they may keep them quite private in spite of their apparent publicity."

In another of his letters he contrasts very forcibly the wide difference between the quiet dreamy life of a German citizen, and the hurry-scurry and ceaseless industry of a Londoner, comparing London to a Bridge of Beresina, where each man treads down his neighbour in his pitiless desire to get on, and tramples over every one in his way to wealth and independence. He also adds of the great extent and magnificent works of London. "I had made up my mind not to be astonished at the vastness of London, of which I had heard so much. But it was the same with me as it was with the poor schoolboy, who

had made up his mind not to feel the flogging which he was to have received.

"The explanation of his affair was that he had expected to receive the ordinary blows with an ordinary cane on his back, as usual; and, instead of that, he received extraordinary blows on an extraordinary place, with a number of extraordinary little twigs. I expected big palaces and saw nothing but little houses. But it was their uniformity and their incalculable number which imposed upon me so forcibly. The deuce take the people and their language too! They take a dozen of our syllable words in their mouths, chew them, turn them over and over, and then spit them out again, and that they call speaking. Fortunately, they are by nature tolerably silent, and although they look at us with mouth agape, they spare us long conversations."

On his return from London, Heine accepted an engagement in Munich from the publisher Cotta, but in spite of his liking the Southern Germans better than the Hamburgers, his health suffered, and the "Political Annals" edited by him, soon came to a full stop in consequence. From Bavaria he travelled into Italy, and wrote many humorous and graphic papers about the Tyrolese and Italians generally, full of subtle observation and piercing insight into character. His Italian sketches are exquisite reading, and in the love of music so common to all classes—he discerned that "music is the soul of this people, their life and national interest. Music, here in Italy is not represented by individuals, but it reveals itself in the whole population. A sense of the beautiful has penetrated the whole people, and the spirit now works in the flesh in the same way as the flesh once wrought on the spirit. Through such spiritual affinity has a race of men here grown up which is fairer than the sweetest land wherein it flourishes, and fairer than the sunny heaven which beams around it like a golden plain. But how lovely are they, these women of Italy, then when music has illuminated their features—I say illuminated, for the effect of the music, as I have observed it at the opera on the features of these fair ladies, resembles exactly those effects of light and shade which set us in astonishment when we behold at night statues by torchlight. These marble images then reveal themselves to us with startling truth the spirit which dwells within them, and their awful mute secrets. In the same way the whole life of these beautiful Italian women is revealed to us when we see them at the opera; the changeful melodies then awake, and then such a current of sentiments, remembrances, desires, and vexations, which are expressed in the movements of their features, in their flushes, in their pallors, and even in their eyes."

The space at our command will barely suffice to give an idea of the exhaustive manner in which the life opinions of Heinrich Heine are placed before the reader by his accomplished biographer; but we cannot omit to notice his remarkable prescient vaticinations about the consequences of the revolution that turned out the Bourbons and

brought up Louis Phillipe, should the spirit of revolution spread to Germany. It reads almost like a chapter of the Apocalypse.

"German philosophy is a weighty matter, and one which interests the whole human race, and our latest descendants only will be able to form an opinion whether we are to be blamed or to be praised for the fact that we first prepared our philosophy before commencing our revolution. It appears to me that a methodical people like ourselves must needs begin with the Reformation, then occupy itself with philosophy, and then only after its completion pass over to a political revolution. This order I find quite reasonable. Let yourselves, however, not be frightened, you German republicans, the German revolution will not turn out milder or softer because the Kantian Critique, the Fichtian Transcendental Idealism, and also the Philosophy of Nature preceded it. Through these doctrines have revolutonary forces developed themselves, which only wait for the day when they can break forth and fill the world with terror and astonishment. Kantians will come to the foreground, who also in the world of appearance will know of no pity, and will, without mercy, slash deep with sword and axe into the soil of our European life, in order to grub up the last roots of the past. Armed Fichtians will then tread in the arena who in the fanaticism of their will are not to be enchained either by fear or self-love, for they live in the spirit; they defy matter like the early Christians, who were neither to be tamed by bodily pains or by bodily enjoyments; yet, such transcendental idealists would in a social catastrophe be yet more inflexible than the early Christians, for these endured earthly martyrdom in order thereby to arrive at heavenly happiness; but the Transcendentalist treats martyrdom as a pure farce, and is inaccessible in the entrenchment of his own thought. But yet more terrible than all would be the philosophers of nature, when they began to be active in the German Revolution and identified themselves with the work of destruction. For if the hand of the Kantian strikes strongly and surely; since his heart is stirred by no traditional awe, if the Fichtian, full of courage, defies every danger, since it does not really exist for him; so is the philosopher of nature to be dreaded on that account, that he stands in alliance with the original forces of nature, that he can conjure up the demoniac forces of old German Pantheism, and with them that lust for battle, which we find among the old Germans, and which does not fight either for the love of destruction or victory, but for the love of fighting.

"Christianity—and that is its finest service—has in some way nullified that brutal Germanic lust for battle, but it could not root it out, and when once the Talisman which subdued them, the cross, is broken up, then the barbaric rage of the old fighters, the mad Berseker wrath, of which Northern poets have said and sung so much, will storm forth again. This Talisman has now become worm-eaten, and the day will come when it will break up. The old stone gods will then arise out of the old forgotten rubbish and rub the thousand years dust out of their eyes, and Thor, with his giant's hammer, will leap up again and destroy the Gothic Cathedrals. When then at that time you, ye French, children of our neighbours, hear the helter-skelter and uproar, take care and do not meddle in the business which we are carrying on at home in Germany. It might turn out ill for you. Keep yourselves from fanning the fire, keep yourselves from putting it out. You might burn your fingers in the flames. Do not smile at my counsel—the counsel of a dreamer. Smile not at the illusionist who anticipates in the realm of appearances the same revolution as in the realm of the spirit. The thought goes before the word, like the flash before the thunder. German thunder is in truth German, and is not very flexible, and has a long deliberate roll; but it will roll, and when you hear the crash, such a crash as has never been heard before in the world's history, then know that the German thunder has struck home. At this uproar will the eagles fall down dead from the sky, and the lions in the farthest wastes of Africa will put their tails between their legs and creep to hide themselves in their royal dens. Then will a drama be played in Germany in comparison with which the French Revolution will have been only a harmless Idyll. . . . . You have experienced yourselves—ye French—what may be

done in such a crisis, and you are no longer in such a crisis. Take care, I have kindly feelings for you, and therefore I tell you the bitter truth. You have more to fear from liberated Germany, than from the whole Holy Alliance together with all the Croats and Cossacks. . . . . *Whenever we feel desire to come to blows with you, there never will be a lack of urgent reasons.* In any case I recommend you to be on your guard, keep yourselves ever prepared; remain ever at your posts, arms in hand. I have friendly feelings towards you, and it frightened me when I lately heard that your ministers had the intention of disarming France."

There is no doubt that France is well hated by the Germans, and that jealousy of a more refined race than themselves is at the root of the recent continental troubles and desire to establish German unity. But it remains yet to be seen whether Germans have the courage to some day rise up and sweep away the haughty caste of princes and nobles who have so long bullied and kept down the generation of hereditary bondsmen, under a policy of blood and iron; and in their turn break the yoke of mean and ignoble servitude so long laid upon their dispirited necks. If the writings of the philosophers of nature are worth a thought, the warning of Heine may still bear fruit in proper season.

In another paper we propose to deal with Heine's life, while under French influences, as set forth in Vol. II.

A Sonnet.

The day is dull; the sky is leaden gray;
The distant hills look lonely, drear, and sad,
Earth's face beclouded ceases to seem glad;
The wild bird sings no longer blithe and gay
Lest his clear voice should mock the dreary day.
A sense of quiet calmness fills the mind
At such a time, and solemn thoughts arise,
That will not be by earthly cares confined,
But soar beyond time's low cloud-laden skies,
Your future home where life's day-star shall rise.
Even now some flushes of its coming light
Illume the murky sky of dreary time;
Fair promises of a hereafter bright,
In heaven's serene, pure, calm, and cloudless clime.

T. McC.

Looming Clouds.

"THE SITUATION"—AS LOOKED AT FROM THE BORDER.

"Nehemiah, one of the late Moshesh's subordinate sons, is said to have communicated personally with Umgikela, paramount chief of the Pondos, and to have sent messages to Kreli and other chiefs. The purport of these communications was that the whites were entering into an organization to subjugate the coloured races; it was, therefore, necessary that the coloured races should form an organization for resistance and mutual self-preservation. Some of the minor chiefs are said to have received Nehemiah's overtures with favour, but the more powerful chiefs, such as Umgikela, chief of the Pondos, and Kreli, have received the overtures with suspicion and disfavour."—*Memorandum of the Secretary for Native Affairs, April*, 1876.

MANY years ago the Rev. Dr. Philip—no contemptible authority on such a subject—confidently asserted that there existed in South Africa elements of adverse power sufficient, should a native genius arise capable of combining and organising them, to sweep the white man from the face of the land. Without necessarily endorsing this opinion in its full extent, there is in the above quoted "message," a shadow of coming events dark enough, at any rate, to make us think, and think seriously, on the present position of our border relations.

The ostrich, it is said, when danger presses, runs its head into a bush, and loses its fears. Ostriches have been increasing in the Colony of late years; and there is some reason to believe that we have more than one species of them amongst us. Englishmen have an old habit of being always unprepared for sudden emergencies; though after they have smarted severely under the consequences, they rise with wonderful vigour to the needs of the occasion. But surely, circumstanced as we are, it would be wise to get rid of this habit, and open our eyes to the real necessities of our position. We have "smarted" enough in years gone by, one would think, to rid us of the improvident carelessness that has cost us so dear. Let us look at a few of the existing facts of the day in relation to both sides of the Border.

I. In relation to Kafirland.

1. A strongly increased desire for the possession of fire-arms has been observed of late among the natives of every tribe on the border. At the Diamond-fields this has been remarked as the great inducement to work; and the obtainment of them has been the signal for return home with the coveted articles in possession.

2. To meet this desire there have been found English merchants and traders ready to supply the arms required in any quantity. The actual number of fire-arms sold to natives within the last few years has been variously estimated at from 200,000 to 500,000 stand! The smaller of these numbers would be sufficient to arm every able-bodied white man in the Colony three times over.

3. The "Blue-book for Native Affairs," published by Government authority last year, gives the following as the numbers of the

various native communities bordering on or "annexed" to the Colony :—

Basutos	120,000
Fingoes (Transkeian)	43,971
Emigrant Tambookies	40,078
Victoria East	6,901
King William's Town Division	89,891
Herschel..	22,664
Griqualand East	31,901
St. John's Territory	19,998
Umzimvubu District	8,357
	383,761

No mention is here made of Kreli's people, of the Independent Tambookies, the Queen's Town Tambookie location, the Amabomvana, and Amampondo tribes, the Ox kraal, or the Peddie Fingo Settlements. These would add 300,000 more to the number.*

4. The temper displayed by Kreli, and the critical position of things during his conference with the Special Commissioner, on the Transkei, were such as almost caused a panic in British Kaffraria. On that occasion, apart from the force that accompanied the chief, a strong division of the tribe was ordered to the banks of the Kei ; with what object has been variously conjectured. The Colonial Government's adjudication of the case of quarrel between him and Gangelizwe, has, I believe, never been accepted by him, and everybody knows that he cherishes a long list of "grievances" against the English.

5. The very large tribe of the Amampondo was for many years too far away from the border to have any direct relations with the Cape Colonial Government. But the "march of events" has changed all this. The annexation of "Nomansland" has brought up boundary questions ; and it is well known that the "might-is-right" style in which some of the points have been decided has been anything but palatable to the Pondo chiefs.

6. The Tambookies, taken in the aggregate, are one of the largest, and in their relations with the Colony, the most important tribe of all Kaffraria. Their frontier is conterminous with ours from the Windvogel Nek up to the borders of New England. For three successive generations their paramount chiefs have never fought with the Colony, and about forty thousand of the people are now located within the colonial boundary. To preserve friendly terms with this tribe must be seen to be a matter of great importance. A general invasion from them would pour the tide of war over a hundred and twenty miles of frontier *at once*, and it would not require six hours'

* In round numbers the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony has to deal with a barbarian neighbourhood of 700,000 souls ; which means an army of 140,000 men, all warriors. There is no "non-combatant" class in Kafirland.

march to do it. Now with this tribe, the heart of which had been so long loyal towards us, our relations at present, are not a little precarious. The paramount chief, Gangelizwe, in character despicable enough, and important only from his position, requested some time ago to be received with his people as British subjects. His object appeared to be protection from the attacks of Kreli, who had already defeated his army once, and was threatening him again. Gangelizwe had acquiesed in the adjudication of his case with Krieli, and had paid the fine imposed. His admission as a British subject was with the understanding on his part that of that affair there had been a final settlement. But when the measure of annexation came to be carried out, and that with the presence of the mounted police as a *forcible* argument in its favour, it was formally announced to the tribe that Gangelizwe was deposed altogether from his rank as a chief. When the question was asked "Why is this done?" the reply was, "He has innocent blood on his hands." It was instantly rejoined, "He became a British subject *after* that case had been settled; and the fine he paid *is in the Government's hands.* What *new* thing has he done *since* you accepted his allegiance?" I believe that this "word" "stands alone,"—that is, has received no satisfactory answer. And the significant result is that from all branches of the tribe, excited "deputations" are reiterating the awkward question to the colonial authorities, "Why has our great chief been made a common man?" Nor is this all. Sympathy for their "order" is awakening among the chiefs of other tribes; and the latest "news" is that even Kreli is feeling jealous for the honour of Kafir "kinghood," and is ready to bury his quarrel with Gangelizwe rather than see him cast down from his high estate. Meanwhile, the rather summary appointment of European magistrates with the secondary chiefs of the Tembu tribe is said to be a mere dead letter, and their very presence ignored by the people. Rather a significant step all this towards "black man's combination!"

7. The Fingo settlement in the Transkei (40,000 strong) occupies a very important position, locally and politically. Under Captain Blyth's judicious management, the people have been making rapid strides towards civilization; and up to the time of his removal he carefully fostered the sentiment of loyalty towards the British Government. With a successor to Captain Blyth, like-minded, and equally able, and sustained by the material support of the Colonial Government, this settlement may do much towards preserving peace in the country. But the position of the Fingoes is a cause of jealousy to Galekas, Gaikas, and Tambookies alike; and as these tribes completely surround them, they would, if unaided, be in danger either of seduction or destruction should war break out. There are other points, by no means unimportant that might be adverted to, but I may sum up my observations in relation to the Kafirland side of the "Situation," by saying that the great danger to be guarded against is that of alienating the great body of the Tem-

bookies, and throwing them into the arms of Kreli. This once done, I believe a general war with all Kafirland would be inevitable.

II. In relation to the Colony.

1. There are thousands of Kafirs living within the Eastern Province as squatters. Their thievish propensities make them a pest to the farmers. Their indolence and insolence make them almost unbearable. Their sympathies are all with their countrymen over the border. They have, again and again, been complained of as being locally formidable. They could, and in the event of a sudden outbreak, *would* take possession of those fastnesses within the Colony that that are almost unassailable. Many of these people are possessed of fire-arms, and the growing eagerness of the rest to purchase them is just now exciting unusual attention and anxiety in Lower Albany.

2. The depredations of these squatters were formerly held in check by the presence and action of the mounted police. But the police are now almost constantly employed beyond the borders, and even the stations on the frontier line are many of them virtually abandoned.

3. For mutual protection there now exists among the rural population no authoritative organization. The old burgher law is dead, and it would require an Act of Parliament to call a man for defensive purposes beyond the bounds of the division in which he lives. The annual muster of the Queen's Town "grantees" has died out. It had indeed become an imposture and a mockery. Here and there Rifle associations have been formed; but these are few and imperfectly organized. Nor does there exist any understood system for co-operative action in case of necessity; or any defensive rallying points as gathering centres for the scattered farmers. We have no Militia law; nor, so far as can be seen, any substitute for it.

4. The towns and villages on the immediate frontier are simply defenceless; although some of them are literally within cannon-shot of the border line. From Whittlesea up to Aliwal there is not a single soldier. The towns are straggling, wide-spread collections of houses. There is not a fort, battery, or earthwork of any kind, nor a single piece of artillery to arm them with if there were. The open positions of such places as Whittlesea, Queen's Town, Dordrecht, and Aliwal are such that the possession of a few Mitraileuses or light Gatling guns would supply a most effective means of defence, and volunteer artillery companies would be gladly formed by the inhabitants to work them. The neglect to provide such a place as Queen's Town with such a defensive arm is unaccountable, when its relation to the upper districts, its own local position, and the vital importance of maintaining it, are considered.

5. The formation of volunteer corps in some of the frontier towns is a very important step in the right direction, and should be earnestly encouraged. It has done much to evoke a feeling of manliness among the youth, and has taught not a few to use a gun who did not know before how to put in a cartridge. But the movement is

a very limited one, compared with what it should be, and it needs a fresh impulse. Another visit from the genial Commander of the Forces, and an inspection of the frontier line with a view to defensive precautions, would be hailed with thankfulness, and would breathe new life into quarters where it is flagging.

6. On the experiences of concentrating the whole *military* forces in one spot I do not presume to hazard an opinion. The inhabitants of British Kaffraria probably consider it a very judicious arrangement.

The great object of colonial anxiety in the face of the present "situation" should be, "How to devise the most effective measures for *self*-help." And to this object it is most devoutly to be hoped the earnest attention of those at the helm of public affairs will be directed, bearing in mind the not unimportant truism, that "It is only before war begins that war can be prevented."

SENEX.

Sunset.

Slow sinks the Sun-god to his ocean-grave,
Flushing the sombre clouds with light,
Scorching the crest of each ambitious wave
In the vain vengeance of his failing might.

From the dark waters of the stagnant fen,
Far as the oozy marshland lies,
Like some fell serpents from their reedy den
The curling wreaths of shadowy mist uprise.

And now, athwart the sun's face,—redly dark,
Some lines of cloudy blackness lie,
Like a brow torture-knit by woe,—to mark
The dying monarch's speechless agony.

So he sinks seaward; and when at the last
Lost in the unknown regions of his rest,
Still the fierce flames his dying throes had cast
Fade only slowly from the heaven's breast:

Still glisten,—although all is gloom below,—
On the tall summit of yon tree,
Like a hand thrust from out the waves to show
Another victim of the craving sea;

And on those leaves the lustre lingers
Till—with the last expiring ray—
Twilight's tender, trembling fingers
Close the sad eye-lids of the dying day.

Mozambique and Delagoa Bay.

A GLANCE AT THE PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS ON THE SOUTH-EAST COAST.

One of the most striking contrasts in the history of colonization is presented by the past and present condition of the Portuguese possessions in South Africa, as compared with the settlements which have come under English dominion. The former are but little more civilized than they were when first occupied or conquered; while the latter have progressed with wonderful strides in material prosperity and rapidly-increasing population and wealth. These facts are prominently brought before us by Consul Elton's report for 1875, on the trade and commerce of Mozambique, which has recently been published, and in which we find much that is interesting and instructive respecting the South-East Coast.

The discovery of the southern point of the African continent by the Portuguese navigator, Bartholomew Diaz, took place 166 years before the Dutch first established their colony. The Portuguese had but half a century previously commenced to colonize. They had founded Madeira in 1420, the Azores in 1433, and shortly after, the settlements on the Gold Coast of Guinea. In 1486, Diaz was sent out by King John II., of Portugal, on the voyage in which he made his great discovery. The change of the name of the Cape, from the stormy one of "Cabo des Tormentos," which he gave it, to that it now bears, is known to all: the King saw, in prospect, the realization of his hopes of establishing a maritime trade between India and his own country, then perhaps the best able of all the nations of Europe to undertake so splendid a project. It was not, however, until the reign of his successor Emanuel, that the Government availed itself of the discovery of Diaz.

On the 8th July, 1487, three vessels, the *S. Gabriel*, the *S. Rafail* and the *Berrio*, left their moorings in the Tagus, in company with a barque laden with supplies, destined to accomplish one of the greatest deeds of that age. The chief of this expedition was Vasco da Gama, a gentleman of the King's household, and his chief pilot was Pero de Alemquer, the same man who doubled the Cape of Storms under the command of Bartholomew Diaz and Topo Infante. The fleet sailed, with varying fortune, as far as Cabo Verde, and there the commander parted company from the other vessels of his convoy, but some days after in the same latitude they met again, and the joint force proceeded in search of the stormy Cape of Good Hope.

On a Wednesday, the 22nd November of the same year,* at midday, the famous promontory was doubled with a fair wind; and on the 25th of the same month the "Angra (creek) de S. Braz" was

* Castanheda, Goes, Barros, and other chroniclers give the date of the 20th November, for the doublingof the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco da Gama.

entered, where some delay was made to water the ships, but after passing the mouth of the "Rio do Infante," the furthest point discovered by the people of Bartholomew Diaz, such a strong southerly current and so heavy a sea was encountered, that on the 25th December scarcely seventy leagues had been gained beyond the Cape. In commemoration of the day the name of "Terra de Natal" was given to the point of the coast then sighted, the name which it still preserves this day.

On the 10th January, 1498, a small river was sighted, which was called "do Cobre," and its banks, which were visited, were named "Terra de Boa Gente," from the good reception given by its inhabitants. Afterwards the Bar of Quilimane was passed, and the river here flowing into the sea was called "dos boas signaes." After a month's stay at this point, and the erection of the Pillar San Rafael, the voyage was continued in search of the wished-for India.

On the 1st March of the same year, 1498, the Island of Mozambique was sighted, but communication was not held with the inhabitants until the following day, when some came off in boats to help the ship, even before she had anchored near the town. Here the adventurous navigators found a colony of Arabs established, from the Red Sea, mixed with some Asiatics, trading in the exchange of Indian products for gold, ivory, amber, and other riches of Sofala and Monomotopa.

The fleet of Vasco da Gama then visited Mombaça and Melinde, and obtaining in this last port the desired pilots to show the way to Calicut, he continued his fortunate voyage of discovery. We have not to follow him on this new route, but propose to confine ourselves only to the results of his successes on the East Coast of Africa.

From 1500, the commencement of Portuguese colonization in East Africa may be dated. In March, 1508, the fortress o Mozambique was finished on the spot where afterwards the Jesuit Fathers built their college, which is now the palace of the Governor of the province, and the church of St. Gabriel was commenced, and a hospital. This rising Colony continued with varying fortunes for some years, when the court resolved to divide into three governments the immense territories that then formed the estate of India, and determined that one of them should comprise the conquests from the Cape of Guardafui to Ceylon; another, the possessions from Pegu to China; and the third, the African coast from the Cape of Corrientes (Cabo das Correntes?) as far as Guardafui. The famous Francisco Barreto, who had already governed India and was general of the king's galleys, was appointed governor and captain-general of this last division, with the additional title of the "Conqueror of the Mines of Monomotapa." He left Lisbon at the end of April, 1569, with three ships and 1,000 armed men, many of them hidalgos, and all enlisted voluntarily, because the conquest of gold mines was the object in view, besides 100 Africans destined to form the nucleus of a corps of cavalry for service in the interior.

Francisco Barreto, after his arrival, collected all the information obtainable, called a grand council, and took votes with regard to the route which should be followed to the mines of Monomotapa; the most general opinion preferred the road by Sofola, and to this the Governor-General inclined, but as it appeared a rule under his government that nothing could be settled without hearing the opinion of Father Francisco de Monclaros, of the order of Jesus, and the latter wished to travel through the lands of Monomotapa as the appointed instrument to avenge the death of his colleague Gonçala da Silveira, martyred by order of the potentate of that country, the exigencies of the Jesuit were allowed to prevail, and the expedition embarked for Quilimane. It was composed of 1,000 European soldiers, certain Moors as guides, and many slaves. An abundance of provisions were taken, skins for carrying water, clothing, horses, donkeys, and camels brought from the coast of Arabia.

By ascending the River Cuaena or Zambezi, the army arrived at the fort of St. Marçal, in Sena, where several straw-thatched houses were found, and a church which had been built by the Portuguese merchants who traded there,* and near this village of Christians was another of Mahommedans. If the chronicles do not exaggerate, these barbarians poisoned the horses of the expedition, and were preparing to do the same to the men. Francisco Barreto inflicted a terrible vengeance upon them, the larger number being ordered to be put to the sword, and others being killed by being blown from guns, or by means of horrible torments.† Subsequently one of the old merchants of this settlement was sent as ambassador to Monomotapa, directed to signify to the Emperor the wish of the Portuguese to go to the mines of Abutua and Manica, and their offer to chastise the rebel Mongas, who had risen against Monomotapa, and whose lands were situated between those of the latter and the factory at Sena; and the permission being obtained, the camp moved from the village of St. Marçal, and a harassing march was commenced along the River Zambezi by the 560 available soldiers of the expedition, the rest being left in a neighbouring island, fighting with the fevers of the country. At the end of ten days, after enduring cruel hunger and

* The date of this establishment is unknown, and the same doubt exists with respect to the town of Tete; the dates of foundation of some of the factories on the sea, even, are unknown. At this time the Portuguese had no fixed establishment in Inhambane, and the ivory traders only stayed for four months in the year in temporary huts at the Bay of Lourenco Marques. The factory of Quilimane dates from 1544.

† Mr. Elton remarks:—"There can be but very little doubt whatever that Francisco Barreto's horses died, either from the Tsetse fly or from the acute form of pneumonia, known in South Africa as "horse sickness." I was with a party going to the gold-fields in Matabele country, where we found traces of Portuguese handiwork in the large platforms built of stone and cement, upon which the burnt quartz was crushed in order to extract the gold, and we had twelve horses amongst us, all of which died of "horse disease" within thirteen days of entering the game country. In two visits to the Zulu country I saw five die out of six, all from the same disease, and the Tsetse fly is still more certain death. A "salted horse," viz., one which has survived an attack of this mysterious disease, and is not liable to a second, commands in the Matabele country, from £50 to £130 for elephant hunting, though in the Transvaal perhaps not worth more than £15 to £50.

thirst, these adventurers encountered an innumerable number of Kafirs, who attacked them repeatedly, but who always retired in disorder. As, however, supplies failed totally, nothing could be done but to retreat and to encamp again at Sena.

The Captain-General died in Sena, and before his body was buried in the hermitage of St. Marçal, the document of succession was opened, and therein was found the name of Vasco Fernandes Homem appointed by the King to succeed Francisco Barreto in the government, with the same powers and titles. This new Governor desired to continue the discovery and conquest of the mines, but again Father Monclaros prevented him from carrying out the orders of the Court, and Vasco Fernandes determined to return to Mozambique. However, freed from this tenacious and perfidious counsellor and his brethren, who left for the kingdom in the following summer, the Governor turned his attention again to the conquest, and soon arrived at the port of Sofala with 1,500 armed men and some field guns. This point was reputed, by those who knew the country, to be more convenient as a base than Sena.

Vasco Fernandes, not obtaining voluntarily from the Chief of Quiteve the leave which he asked him for through an emissary to traverse his country, at the head of a handful of adventurers, went a great way into the interior, confident in his own courage and that of his soldiers. Although they did not meet any open enemies, they found the wells filled up, and the habitations deserted all along the route to the Zimbad of Quiteve, which they set fire to. From thence they went to Chigonga, where they received the best possible reception from the chief, who placed at their disposition the mines in his districts. Great, however, was the disappointment of the Portuguese when they saw the hard work and little profit which the working of these so long coveted mines produced.* Machinery, labour, and time being wanted to work the ore, the Governor resolved to retire, making peace by the way with Quiteve, which prayed for it, promising to allow the Portuguese to pass without hindrance to the mines at Manica.

Shortly afterwards, in 1609, there arrived at Mozambique the first Governor of all the East Coast of Africa, with the title of "General da Conquista das Minas," but still subject to the orders of the Viceroy of India; and in 1612 the ecclesiastical government of the same coast was disconnected from the authority of the Archbishop of Goa. The explorations to Monomotapa continued in search of the promised El Dorado, and plenty of gold was obtained from them by the generals and even the soldiers; however, the silver mines of Chicova, another object of exploration, always fled, "like a shadow," said those ambitious people anxious to discover them without work. In 1623 it was finally ordered to suspend the quest of the imaginary

* These mines may have been those now known as the Tatin and others in the northern part of the Matabele country.

mines, without, nevertheless, ceasing to penetrate, when it might be possible, the heart of Africa.

A narrative of the doings of the various administrators who succeeded to the Government of the Province would be too wearisome for our readers. One of them, Lacerda, in 1710, describes the life followed by them, thus:—"They did not move out of their houses except in sedan-chairs and with two great velvet umbrellas with large handles of silver held on either side, so that the rays of the sun, already nearly setting, should not injure them; they lived enveloped in silks, and the finest white muslins, often suffering from attacks of indigestion and colic, the result of their splendid and profuse living, and finally they spent their time in scattering goods and collecting gold and ivory."

With such nabobs the progress of colonization was impossible. There were some, however, like Isidoro d'Almeida de Sousa e Sà, who looked with more seriousness upon their position and duties. He proposed the division of the crown lands into small lots, so that each one of them might be cultivated by a family, without distinction of colour, the payment of tithes or any other tax to be dispensed with for a certain period. He also wished to establish intelligent agricultural societies in each town on the Zambezi, whose business would be to examine the arable lands, to give prizes to good cultivators, and to turn out those who neglected cultivation; and also to examine the qualities of each property, to point out what was the most fitting crop for it, and teach the best method of sowing, of cattle-breeding, &c. But the country wanted greater aid from the Home Government, more troops for the pacification and garrison of its districts, and European colonization on a larger scale, which, owing to the wretched state of its finances, were never forthcoming.

The trade and commerce of the Province, commencing with a royal monopoly, successively passed through the various stages of Governmental monopoly, party monopoly, and local monopoly, at each step losing somewhat of its value and importance, from the facts that the manipulation of its management almost invariably rested in the hands of irresponsible people, over whom no means of check were possible, owing to the difficulties of communications, the apathy of the Portuguese Government, and an apparently common understanding amongst high officials that the primary use of a colony was to rapidly enrich individual representatives of the mother-country, even to the speeding of its own financial ruin, "for they usually returned rich men to Portugal or India, if the fevers of the country did not extinguish ambition as well as life."

So much for the past. Let us now look at the present condition of these Portuguese possessions, which at present extend over more than 1,200 miles of coast line, from Cape Delgado to the Bay of Lourenço Marques, comprising the southern shores of Delagoa Bay

as far south as 26° 30′ south latitude. They are divided into seven military districts, under Governors, viz. : —

1. Moçambique (Governor-General).
2. Quilimane (Zambezia).
3. Tete.
4. Sofala.
5. Inhambane.
6. Lourenço Marques.
7. Ilhas de Cabo Delgado.

Zambezia comprises Quilimane, Sena, Tete, and the districts bordering on the Zambezi River and its delta, as far north as the Mocusa River. This is the district wherein the colonists maintain their best footing, and here with assistance from the Portuguese Government and a system of consolidation it is possible they may subsequently succeed in creating a profitable and creditable settlement, although local energy is on the ebb.

The district of Sofala comprises at the present day only the town and port of Sofala and the convict depôt at the Bazaruto Islands. Umsula is the paramount chief on the sea-board, and sways over Manica, Quiteve, and the gold mines, where all hold has been long lost by the descendants of the conquerors of Monomotapa.

In the Inhambane district, certain crown lands are held on the mainland, and around and even beyond Inhalinga River, northwards, and the neighbouring chiefs would be friendly to the Portuguese rule had it the power to protect them from the forays of Umseila's wandering bands, who really govern the interior from the Limpopo to the Zambezi.

On the rivers of the low coast of Mozambique—where those mangrove swamps that are flooded by spring tides only become receptacles for vegetable *debris*, fermenting under heavy rains and a hot sun—both fevers and ague are rife, but with careful precautions there is nothing for any Englishman to fear who is gifted with a strong constitution and moderately careful in his habits. The secrets of avoiding serious attacks are plenty of work and frequent change of scene. Quilimane is perhaps the most unhealthy port, after which follow, in improving rotation, Ibo, Mozambique, Inhambane, and the district of Lourenço Marques. The latter district does not deserve the bad character it has earned from the site of its town, surrounded by an open swamp, and from the imprudences and consequent experiences of prejudiced and frightened visitors; when on the high land, within one mile of the "Comptoir," fresh sea breezes, a pure air, and good health are enjoyed.

Agriculture and industry, despised for more than three centuries in these Portuguese possessions, still remain completely in the background. Coffee is of excellent quality, and its cultivation does not present great difficulty, but certainly the whole province does not produce two tons. The sugar-cane can be cultivated on the whole

coast, but no sugar is made, and no effort made to form plantations. Cotton, for which the land presents great adaptability, is not planted, or the tea plant; in fact, the cocoa-nut plantations and the Caju trees near the settlements, represent the agriculture of the Portuguese settlers. The natives are more industrious than those who should be an example to them, and plant rice, maize, millet, ground-nuts and oil-seed, as well as the cassava (mhogo, which forms their staple food). Cattle are imported to Mozambique from Madagascar, but thrive fairly on the coast until the game country is reached, where the tsetse fly invariably commences, but recedes in the face of civilization, in company with the buffaloes, whose society it affects. But few horses are seen, and those there are on the coast are imported from Natal and the Cape.

Where the utter want of "colonisation power" is most evident is at Lourenço Marques, where after centuries of occupation, within a few walled acres of settlement, nothing is to be seen beyond a few cabbage gardens on the edge of the swamp outside the town, although almost the entire district consists of fertile and productive soil admirably adapted for the cultivation of tropical produce, sugar-cane, coffee, tea, &c., and the inhabitants are hard-working agriculturists who seek labour upon plantations at Natal.

But emigration, colonisation, capital, and enterprise will continue to draw back from Eastern Africa so long as there is no material guarantee for security. The system of the occupation of fortified settlements at distant points upon the sea-board of a coast, with no jurisdiction over the intervals or over the interior country (except upon the Zambezi), cannot in 1875 be properly termed the effective colonisation of the vast and fertile districts known as the Portuguese possessions.

Around Lourenço Marques are the Amatonga under petty chiefs, some of whom are vassals to Umseila, and some under the government of Noyingele, none being under Portuguese jurisdiction, although perfectly willing to take empty oaths of vassalage to the Governor of Lourenço Marques, in return for the privilege of buying guns and powder, and the celebration of their advent with rum. Cheap guns, gunpowder, picks, blankets, and spirits are introduced under the present tariff at cheap rates, and the result is that a dangerous port for reckless and wholesale supply of guns and ammunition to natives is opened at Delagoa Bay, whence thousands of guns pass into the hands of the Zulus and other neighhouring tribes, whilst at the same time the utter absence of control by the Portuguese beyond their "Comptoir," and the unregulated sale of spirits to the Amatonga is fast demoralising the country. When it is remembered that in Natal all trade in guns is placed under restrictions for the very purpose of preventing any supply of arms to our warlike neighbours the Zulus, the fact that all our precautions and legislation are nullified by the existence of an armoury on our flank opens a question of the gravest consequences, and demands serious consideration.

A rich field lies open to the botanist on the Eastern Coast of Africa, and both flora and fauna require attention and further classification and description, whilst many valuable textile plants, utilised at present by the natives only, would repay research.

Coal measures are widely scattered throughout the province, notably on the Zambezi and near Delagoa Bay. The mines near Tete have been recently purchased by a company, which asks for a monopoly of the steam navigation of Zambezi to carry out its projected workings in combination with a carrying trade. A trial was made of this coal by H.M.S. *Thetis* in August last. The existence of coal in the Limbombo is, however, of greater importance to general trade, for, with the short line of rail projected, run to the foot of the range, it might be delivered to steamers in the bay itself at such a price as to transform Delagoa Bay, with its undoubted facilities for trade, into the coaling station for the Eastern seas.

Malachite and copper is reported in the interior west of Mozambique, and iron and coal, but this has been hitherto a sealed country, and no Portuguese can venture beyond the Coast Settlements near the capital, owing to the bitter memories preserved by the unfortunate Makuas of the slave trade, of which they have been the ill-used victims.

The gold mines of Manica and Quiteve, &c., have completely passed away from the Portuguese, together with all hold upon the ancient kingdom of Monomotapa, which is now divided between Umseila and Lobengule, chiefs of tribes of Zulu extraction, the former the son of Manicusse, the latter the son of Umsiligazi, otherwise known as Moselikatze, both energetic Zulu adventurers, who conquered the districts now held by their sons. Lobengule permits access to the gold-fields in the Matabele country, and granted his southern mines on the Tati settlement to a company in 1871, and also a concession of part of his northern fields, still very imperfectly explored, to the late Mr. Baines, F.R.G.S.; but the richest mines are undoubtedly known to exist within 120 miles of the coast and in Umseila's country, who is not inclined at present to let any white man travel to within thirty miles of their exact whereabouts. But recent gold discoveries in the Transvaal, commencing with Marabastadt, have led to active prospecting, and alluvial diggings being found south of Umseila's country, at Pilgrim's Rest and on the Blyde River, near Leydenberg, in the Transvaal Republic. From 800 to 1,000 Europeans are at work here, exclusive of their families and natives employed, and from five of the best claims, situated near each other, gold to the value of £26,000 is reported to have been extracted. Want of water is a drawback, and the work is very heavy, owing to the best nuggets being covered over by a stratum composed of heavy, water-worn, boulder drift. The climate is healthy, and a prosperous settlement springing up, to which Delagoa Bay is the natural port.

There are no railways, canals, bridges, or telegraphs in the Portuguese possessions on the East Coast of Africa, other than the small

bridges, culverts, and raised roads within the coast towns. Neither are there other roads than those within the "comptoirs" and in their immediate neighbourhood, or any roads for communication with the interior, with the exception of an imperfect section of road from Lourenço Marques leading to the Transvaal.

On the Zambezi, water communication exists, but nowhere else do the Portuguese attempt, as a rule, to penetrate the interior of Africa, neither do they avail themselves of the Angoxa, Moma, Kisungo, Busi, Sabia, Limpopo, King George's, or the Maputa rivers, all means of communication, for the extension of trade and the civilization of the country, but on the contrary, they do their very best to keep these rivers hermetically closed to lawful trade, in order to avoid prejudice to the customs-houses they have established at a few scattered points held upon the seaboard of the coast, over which they claim an entire sovereignty, but in reality exercise no jurisdiction, save over the fortified "comptoirs" and on the Zambezi. As a result, in the district of Mozambique the slave trade is carried on from most of the rivers fronting Madagascar, because the returns are enormous, and one cargo run out of three or four gives a large profit; for the would-be legal trader who cannot afford to lose one venture out of twenty, is driven, by the circumlocution and operation of customs regulations he fails to understand, into slave trade in the hope of rapid gains, knowing that if denounced at Mozambique as doing "a contraband lawful trade," an opportunity will be watched for to seize and confiscate his dhow.

Public works are now limited virtually to the repairs of the buildings of the coast settlements, and devoid of general interest, with the exception of the re-construction of a lighthouse on St. George's Island at the entrance of Mozambique Harbour, and the fixing of a light upon a pedestal at Point Reuben in Delagoa Bay.

Many improvements have been suggested by the present Governor of Lourenço Marques, Senhor de Castilho, but none of them are carried out, because all the surplus revenue from the Delagoa Bay custom-house, after paying current expenses, is remitted to Mozambique. The sea wall of the fort has been sufficiently repaired to keep out the sea, but the fort remains completely open to the river frontage, and there are no wharfs for discharge or shipment of cargo, which is carried out to boats by natives up to their middles in water, and is frequently damaged when the wind is blowing on the beach.

The road from Lourenço Marques to the Transvaal, after following the low coast land to the foot of the Limbombo ranges, passes over a bold and rough country, crossing the Crocodile and Umcomati rivers, and many minor streams, but the nearest approach to the coast which can be made by ox wagons from the interior, at present, owing to the tsetse fly, is more than sixty miles from the bay. No skilled engineers were employed on this road, and its construction is very defective, although to some extent the purposes for which it was opened have been served, and the receipts of the Lourenço Marques

custom-house increased, for diversion from local improvements to ease the financial strain at Mozambique.

In practice, goods are carried by porters only upon this road, and concessions have been lately given to a carrying company, but as they include a rebate of 3 per cent. on goods which the proprietors themselves import, it is gradually becoming evident that the company's interest is to keep carriers with other merchants' goods off the line, and at the same time confine its own operations to the conveyance of its own property to an advantageous market.

What is required to effectually open up the interior trade with Delagoa Bay is undoubtedly, in the first instance, an unpretentious line of railroad, or even tramway, through the "Fly District," the Tierra Caliente of the coast, to the Limbombo, the Tierra Templada, whence, until an extension is effected, ox wagons can carry the traffic over the Drakensberg, the Tierra Fria, to the broad, healthy uplands of the rich mineral Transvaal Republic.

Mr. Moodie, C.E., originally laid out a line, via Lotite, Hamilton, (New Scotland), and Klipstapel, following the watershed leading naturally in a gradual ascent to Pretoria, and recently the line has been inspected by Mr. Hall, C.E., who constructed the Port Nolloth line on the West Coast. Mr. Hall reports it to be an easy gradient, and shows that water carriage is available to Bombai, fifteen miles from Lourenço Marques, on the Umbolosi River, the course of which is followed to the Limbombo, and his survey thence proceeds to a point equidistant from Pretoria and Leydenberg, where the first section of the line would end.

Our Mountain.

Changeless, yet ever changeful friend,
Within whose massive breast
The pink-tipped cloudlets nestle
In timid trustful rest;
Or chasing others from thy shelter, fly
Towards their homes within the tranquil sky.

I've watched thee, crimson 'neath the gaze
Of rising sun, and pale
Beneath the moon's less ardent eye;
And when the sweeping gale
Hath swept the light from off thy brow,
And left a grander though a sterner glow;

When sultry heat of summer noon
Softens thy shadows deep,
And wearily the languid clouds
Over thy blue crest peep,

Which in its rocky strength defies
Sun-sultry or wild-winter skies.

The busy world throbs at thy feet—
  Man's little wave of life;
In ebb or flow our bosom bears
  Some token'd joy or strife,
Which on the sands of time neglected lie,
Or else are hid in oceaned secrecy.

Hearts that in brave, bright strength
  Of youth have found in thee
Reflections of their brightness, now
  Other reflections see;
For heart and eye have scanned the page
Which change with surer change than age.

Death with life daily 'neath thee blend—
  Virtue, with time-tossed sin,
Their heavy warfare ceaseless wage,
  And each some victory win—
And changeful seasons come and go,
Bearing to all some weal or woe.

But thou, unmoved by time,
  Reflect each smile and tear
As on sweet Nature's face
  They fade and reappear;
And gay or gloomy, gold or gray,
Thine own in her bright beauty dost pourtray.

And as we gaze we muse,
  And musing, understand
How deep the shadow of that Rock
  Within life's weary land,
Whose Majesty, like the great mountains, lie
Almost beyond the reach of human eye.

Almost, but yet not so,
  For, raising heart and eye
Toward that Rock, we find
  Earth-mist and vapour fly:
And our lives but bright reflections prove
Of His stupendous Righteousness and Love.

ZILLAH.

Some Domestic Experiences.

BY A NEW-COMER.

How delightful are many visions of the future, at any rate to a certain class of minds ; and I fancy I may be reckoned amongst those who are inclined to clothe the unknown future with a halo of delightful glory. I am sure I did invest the Cape with many charming attributes, which on a nearer acquaintance "left not a wrack behind." I remember how engaging seemed the prospect of living cheaply when I was thinking of migrating to a southern clime ; how I looked forward to a sort of land of Goshen, where roasted geese and other cooked birds and beasts ran about crying, "Eat me, if you please." On what would appear a *very* limited income in England I was going to keep a wife, numberless children, a horse, a house, and all other belongings of a man of family. Need I say to anyone who knows the Cape that I found this day-dream a delusion. Bread, alone, was double the price we paid in England—6d. for 2 lbs. South Africa *versus* 6d. for 4 lbs. England, and this was the case with many other articles too numerous to mention, as the auctioneer says at the end of his advertisement. But after all, and after considerable consideration, I feel satisfied the good report of the Cape servants is the greatest misrepresentation ever perpetrated on English credulity.

How well I recollect that among my numerous friends who condoled with me on the prospect of my genteel transportation, there were many who consoled me on the bitterness of expatriation with the belief that I was about to dwell in a land of faithful and devoted negroes. I was even asked to send photographic groups of our children with their black nurses, the good creatures who were to repay our kindness with love and devotion.

I need but shortly recount our experience to tell how bitterly and thoroughly the bottom of this expectation fell out.

We arrived at the end of the summer at the village in which our lot was to be cast, and it is only fair to say that we succeeded in obtaining the services of a very "fair" (she was black as a coal) and honest coloured woman as a general servant. It is quite true there were trifling drawbacks—such trifles as the unaccountable presence of three or four children whose paternity was by no means obvious—but she was a good cook and clean, and learned after a little time our English mode of cooking ; but in return for this there were some habits she could not part with. She thought it best to clean our silver with river sand ; the silver was cleaned, but "it did not take the scratches out." She liked her own way in most things, but this is a fault not confined to South African servants, and is too often the error of the best and most accomplished of English servants. Sorry enough were we when she announced that her son in the Diamond-fields required her to keep his house, and it was with real regret that

we parted with her, and I think she with us; for during the time she was with us quite a tragedy occurred in our household, and it was mainly to her courage and faithfulness that the tragedy ended as few tragedies do.

During our preliminary stay in Cape Town a very worthy lady, who perhaps erred—as we since learned—on the side of an overflowing charity towards her darker brethren, recommended us to take a child of about eleven as a sort of tiny servant, "given," as it is called here, by her brother, she being an orphan as to her paternal relation; but on examination I refused, as at that time I thought it to be a modified form of slavery. At any rate, the child accompanied us to our destination in the country. She was mainly employed in looking after a child of two years, keeping it out of harm's way. She appeared fairly educated for her station, and might have been thought an engaging child, and for a few months all went well. Towards the fall of the year and the spring at the Cape, five of us were laid down with fever, and only one of the two adults was left to nurse. Dinah, our general servant, still continued to depart at night, as is the wont of country servants, and our engaging little maid took the opportunity to abstract her mistress's keys, and first ransack a dressing case, and carefully abstract therefrom all that was valuable in the shape of money or gold ornaments, &c. She had a Jew's eye for pinchbeck, and left this as too inferior for her purpose. The best of our stock of English clothing was chosen to adorn or enrich the person of this little maid; new boots, gloves, dresses, lace, work, ribbons, all were stowed away in a small tin box, with a wonderful eye to packing and discrimination of the value of new things as compared to those at all worn. Fortunately for our light purses and slender store, already deeply dipped into, we stayed her exit and secured her booty. Then came a dilemma. Should we prosecute her? Our worthy friend and R.M. advised us that she was almost too young to punish, and we could not return her as damaged goods, with the taint of scarlet fever. So perforce she must remain, on her profession of penitence, until a clean bill of health could be produced. A fortnight went by, and we were all fairly convalescent, when a fresh alarm took place. The aforesaid baby of two years, just come in from a walk, and sitting down to milk and bread, fell from her chair insensible—apparently dead. What a scene of excitement! One rushing for the doctor, another for hot water, the younger children weeping, screaming, and Dinah, the older servant, shouting that her dear baby was dead. The only one who seemed to be unmoved was the little child of eleven. During the three hours of the doctor's attendance, and the hot baths, emetics, mustard plasters, she alone was unexcited, and I well remember her asking with a gentle voice to "see the baby once more before she died." She was allowed her wish, and stood over the death-like form of her little charge, and gazed upon her without a tear. After the lapse of twelve hours' unremitting

attention, the baby stirred, and seemed to gradually awaken out of a deathly sleep. Another ten days passed quietly away, and we had almost recovered the shock, and our thankfulness daily grew deeper. My avocation requiring our absence from home on Sunday, we left our house in the evening in charge of the elder servant and this little maid, with three children, the eldest ten and the two youngest four and two, the former sleeping in a dressing-room leading out of our bed-room, and the latter in an iron crib at our bedside. We returned to find that our room had been in flames, and with all the indications of a wilful setting fire to the house. To make a long story short, happily for us our friend the R.M. lived opposite, and not being at church that evening, he had at once taken possession of our house, and prevented the damage which would otherwise have happened. By the determination of our elder child of ten, Dinah the woman servant was made to pass through the blinding and choking smoke to rescue the two children, and on the arrival of help the fire was quickly got under, with little damage, considering all the circumstances. The evidence pointed strongly to the sweet-looking child. She was last in the room without any necessity, and had had a lighted candle with her. The marks on the under part of the mattress corresponded with those which would have been made by a candle; but, in truth, when brought before the R.M., she appeared so artless and innocent that I could hardly believe she could have been guilty of so diabolical an act, although circumstances were so strongly against her; and I think it was not until she said in the same artless, confiding, innocent way, "I know I have been a very naughty girl; I did put the candle round the bed," that I perfectly believed in her guilt. I know I should have hardly liked to have been set before a jury and judged by appearances as against her. She certainly seemed by far the most innocent of us two. I need hardly say we did not sleep much the night of the fire, and during the pause of our fitful slumbers, my better-half suggested with a sudden inspiration that our little child had been poisoned with some medicine of hers—hydro-chloral. At the earliest dawn I aroused our doctor, and showed him the now empty phial, when he declared that all the symptoms agreed with poisoning by this new and then little known soporific. Then we could most of us recollect that our angelic help had been left alone in the bedroom with baby and the poison, and that the baby had been seen to wipe her mouth, as if seeking to be rid of something. It must be remembered that hydro-chloral is sweet, and I ought to say for our justification from carelessness that the medicine was in a concentrated form, put away carefully, though not corked up, and labelled with a flaring red label, with most unmistakable white letters, "Poison." There could be little doubt when all the circumstances were put together, that this dreadful attempt at murder was the act of our sweet-looking coloured child. I confess with shame that, shaken with a serious illness, and all the various events that had preceded

the fire, I suffered the child to go without judicial punishment, though, by the advice of our friend the R.M. And here let me say that the main consideration which induced me to consent to abstain from prosecuting her was the absence of a reformatory in the Cape, the only fitting place for a juvenile criminal of such a kind.

After this we had a considerable time of peace, for old Dinah continued to stay on, though the peace was broken for a month by the presence of a full-grown nurse girl, say of seventeen or eighteen, removed at the end of her trial month, peremptorily, by her guardian or grandfather, she weeping violently, and averring she did not wish to leave so kind a master and mistress, but which love we afterwards discovered to be really placed on various stores, such as bottles of wine and coffee, concealed beneath her mattress. I afterwards found she had retained a letter given her to post, containing various cheques, though she did not use them, as we supposed she hardly knew their value, or how to turn them into money.

But our troubles began again when faithful Dinah departed. Our new help was a gaunt, weird, witch-like looking woman, who was an excellent cook, a very fair cleaner and worker, but she had a temper, with which if she could have parted at a trifling price to the lowest bidder, would have made her a very valuable servant. During the first month or two she managed to keep this temper of hers within bounds; but as familiarity breeds contempt, so staying in a situation seemed gradually to remove the safety valve of her wrath. It grew to such a pitch that on the arrival of an interesting event and the monthly nurse in my house, I determined to take the law into my own hands, and rid the house of such an incubus, before my wife should again take the reins. Accordingly, at the end of Sarah's month, when I paid her wages, which happened to be the Saturday after Christmas Day, I informed her that at the end of the month I should dispense with her services. This seemed to have a startling effect upon her. True, she was very quiet, but I noticed her from my study window working with a most uncommon amount of energy. Every room seemed to be undergoing purification, and the polishing of pots and pans was marvellous. But after supper time she was *non est*, she had departed, leaving nothing behind. This was the most provoking as the next day was Sunday. A house full of children, a new baby, and a monthly nurse, just at the end of year, when any new servant was quite unattainable, and the prospect of an immediate removal to another house; all these circumstances combined made my position not a very enviable one. I was up early, and managed to arrange the household matters somehow or other. So passed Sunday, but how about Monday and the following days with the inevitable move. So I again consulted my friend the R.M. to help me out of this scrape, and with his usual kindness he did what he could. A constable was sent to request the presence of Sarah, and it was not unamusing to see the tall and formidable looking

woman conducted by a very undersized but most important officer of justice. The whole interview was unofficial, but it led to some result, I heard such phrases as these, "tronk," "hair cut," &c., and Sarah gave in and consented to work her month out.

Foolish man as I was, I thought my troubles were partly over, but I ought to have remembered that "you can force a horse to the water but you can't make him drink." Sarah returned, but not to work. We moved, but not one hand did she put out to help; like Shylock she seemed to say "it is not in the bond." True, she just cooked our dinner and other things that were necessary, but she more than revenged herself by her fits of demoniacal passion, and after a few days she suffered herself to rise to such a pitch of fury that I feared the consequences, either to the children, my wife, or myself, so I determined, as we had now shaken down, to get rid of our incubus and terror, and I offered her a month's wages and bid her depart at once. But now she declined to go, refused the money, and stalked about with a carving knife in her hand. Again was I obliged to implore help from the R.M., and not daring to leave the house scribbled a hasty note, and as soon as possible two constables arrived, and by the united efforts of the two, (not this time the diminutive officer of the previous occasion) "sweet Sarah" was ejected from our house, not again to trouble us, I am thankful to say.

After this there was a calm, but it was the sort of calm described as "making the world a desert and calling it peace," for we could not procure any servant at all. Our appeal to force had been duly bruited abroad, and we were avoided by servants wanting places. It may be all very well for a day or two to have the house work and cooking to do, but after a while it becomes monotonous, and though I found I had talent, which cultivated would doubtless have proved a Soyer or a Fáncatelli, yet when there are other claims upon one's time, to say the least, the study of the art of cooking is not to be desired.

After a while we were highly favoured in obtaining the service of a young lady—I say the word advisedly—who arrived one morning to offer her services, and found my wife busy at work, when she informed us "she had no objection to help missus." I ought to say that she turned out to be a very honest, clean and trustworthy servant. She was with us about eighteen months, the last six of which she acted as nurse-maid, but there were, certain oddities about her that I ought not to omit. I never did meet any one so proud in every way of her own person and abilities. She played the guitar and sang, so she said, though I never heard her, and she told her mistress one day that she "sang so beautiful that her friends were melted to tears." She went with us to the sea-side for a few weeks, and though she was as black as a coal and with thick lips, and woolly hair, she complained bitterly of the effect of sea-air upon her complexion. One of her funny stories to my children, reminded us of the old history of how the sea became salt. She said her hair had not been always woolly, but she was in a house when it was on fire, and her hair had been burnt, and ever

since this her hair had taken to curl excessively! While we were at the sea-side a young fisherman began to pay her some attention, which she evidently reciprocated; as far as we could judge, a little too much so, and the event proved that we were right, for on our return to the country, "John" made no advent and did not even deign to fulfil his promise of a letter. On her mistress asking her if she had heard from "John," she replied, "No, no, missus, John is so cross because I don't write to him." She lived in a very serene atmosphere and expressed her conviction that if John searched anywhere, "he could not find a nicer girl than she was." However, John seems to have thought otherwise. Notwithstanding her utmost endeavours to make herself attractive, she, as far as we know, has not succeeded in capturing a real swain, but if dress would act as a lure to the wife designing man, one would have thought that she must succeed. On the last Sunday of her stay with us, she appeared in a white muslin dress, a sleeveless jacket, a Spanish comb, a hat very fashionably set far back on the head, with a very long and expensive white ostrich feather as an ornament, side sash, buckles, &c. But there was another side to this picture. In the early morn she appeared in a dress that would have been dear at sixpence, without shoes or stockings, and wool *au naturel* unhidden by the evening pad of enormous dimensions. One offensive habit of the Cape servants seems to me to be, the wearing of finery when out and the immediate change to almost indecent clothing when they return to serve their masters and mistresses.

As I read over what I have written, I feel that many will be inclined to think these pictures exaggerated, but every word is within my own experience and is strictly true. I saw a remark lately in one of our local journals that "we had as good servants at the Cape as we had in England." My experience has not led me to this conclusion. I may have been specially unfortunate, but the conversation of my neighbours does not induce me to think so.

We have no right to expect that from the grandchildren of the Cape aborigines, on the mother's side, above all, the refined and almost lady-like domestic servant of England, can be produced; it must of necessity be many, many years before our raw material is worked up into so elegant a material; yet if we could but procure honest, clean, and obedient domestic servants, the labour of our lives would be lightened and our happiness increased. But though we cannot fairly expect the average Cape servant to be at all equal to the average English servant, yet I think we might use greater endeavours than we do for the training of this class. One feature, and a most painful one certainly discourages one, and that is the apparent inability to obtain their hearts, they do not seem to understand kindness, and mistake it either for fear or a perfectly self-interested motive. Their object seems at present to be to obtain as high wages as possible and do as little work as they can. The sense of doing work for work s sake, as in the sight of God, is far removed from them; but

at any rate we will not despair. Never despair of the effects of kindness; it must succeed in the long-run, and though individual cases may vex and try us, let us remember that in every act of confidence and kindness, though it may seem to go unrewarded, yet we are adding our stone to the pyramid which shall in the end crush this demon of ingratitude. In the present apparent scarcity of servants, I see not how the cord of discipline—for this is what our serving classes require—can be drawn any tighter, and the suggested immigration of English servants can after all affect but a few, and will not for many years have an appreciable effect upon the servants of the great bulk of the community—the middle class with small incomes; for the expense of the voyage out, which must needs be borne by the employer, and the wages which must be paid to induce a respectable Englishwoman to emigrate, puts this class of servants out of our reach. One's South African experiences lead one to feel that after all there were *advantages* in slavery, and if it were possible to secure good, religious, just, and temperate masters and mistresses, slavery is the discipline that would be suitable to the lower classes of this country. They need to be treated like full-grown children and scolded and punished into good behaviour.

I can quite imagine that this expression of opinion may shock many who have just as real a desire as I have for the well-being of our lower classes. I know that any such system is unattainable and impossible, and that even the mild form of juvenile apprenticeship is looked upon with suspicion, and while I yield to no one in hatred of slavery in the abstract, I cannot disguise from myself that it had its amiable side. But cannot we endeavour to do something; and would not a general understanding that characters should be asked for and claimed be a step to raising the class of whom we are writing? In the villages in which I have lived, it was considered an insult to ask a servant for one, and if you ventured to make inquiries for yourself the applicant invariably declined to engage herself afterwards.

Education does not seem to have had the effect of producing or stimulating the classes of women servants we need. There was an able article a month or two ago in this magazine advocating most wisely increased opportunities for technical education in connection with the schools of our larger towns. Would it not be possible (at any rate in the centres of our civilization) that groups of mission schools should be furnished with industrial trainers for girls, whose duties should be to train the rising generation in those simple duties, which, though despised perhaps by the lofty minded, do add to the happiness, the wealth, and, above all, the morality of a people?

L.

Recent English Translations of the New Testament.*

THE Authorized version of the Bible of A.D. 1611, now generally used by all English-speaking Christians, is regarded as so interwoven with our deepest and dearest associations, and is in itself so grand yet simple in its diction, that any attempt to supersede it by a modern translation is looked upon as akin to sacrilege. A body of learned men is engaged, in England, in the preparation of a revised translation, which may be expected to be promulgated in a year or two by ecclesiastical authority ; but in the meantime individual scholars have done much to lessen the need for such an authoritative revision, particularly of the New Testament. The word of God, as recorded by the Apostles, was recently selected as the thousandth volume of the famous Tauchnitz series and was illustrated fully, through the labours of Constantine Tischendorf, with all the variations from the text of the Authorized version, as gathered from a collation of the Sinaitic Codex, the Vatican, and the Alexandrine ; the text on which the Authorized version was based, had been formed by Erasmus and Stephens in the first half of the sixteenth century from manuscripts not of the oldest dates, perhaps of later date than the tenth century, and subsequent researches have brought to light Greek manuscripts of greater antiquity than those used by Erasmus and Stephens ; and the first place is now assigned to the valuable manuscript, known as the Sinaiticus Codex, belonging, as is usually thought, to the middle of the fourth century, but only discovered by Tischendorf at the Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, in 1844 and 1859, and published by him, under the patronage of the Emperor of Russia in 1862. As Tischendorf rightly judged that no single work of ancient Greek classical literature could command three such original witnesses to the integrity and accuracy of the text, as the Sinaitic, Vatican, and Alexandrine manuscripts of the New Testament, it was thought desirable to place ordinary English readers in full possession of the variations from the usually received text, which are furnished by these three respectively.

Another scholar, who "builds a church to God, and not to fame," and therefore declines to inscribe the pages with his name, has pre-

*(1). THE NEW TESTAMENT. The authorized English version, with introduction, and various readings from the three most celebrated manuscripts of the original Greek text, by CONSTANTINE TISCHENDORF. Tauchnitz edition, volume 1,000. 1869.

(2). THE GOSPELS, ACTS, EPISTLES, AND BOOK OF REVELATION : commonly called the New Testament. A new translation from a revised text of the Greek original. 2nd edition, revised. London : G. Morrish, 24, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row. 1875.

(3). THE NEW TESTAMENT ; after the Authorized version. Newly compared with the original Greek, and revised by HENRY ALFORD, D.D. London : Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1869.

(4). THE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated from the critical text of Von Tischendorf by SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D. London : Henry S. King and Co. 1875.

pared a new translation from a revised text of the Greek original; this version was recently published in London, by Morrish, of Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row, and a second edition, further revised, has just appeared. It is a bold undertaking for any scholar, single-handed, to submit such a volume to public criticism; and the apparent indifference with which Dean Alford's translation is regarded, does not offer much encouragement to such bold ventures. That this anonymous translation has great merits will be evident to every one who is at the pains to compare it either with the original Greek or the Authorized version.

Take, for instance, the variations of the rendering of the word Κρίσις which occurs in St. John *vv.* 22, 24, 29, and which is translated in the Authorized version by *judgment* in v. 22; by *condemnation* in v. 24; and by *damnation* in v. 29.* These three renderings of the same word in one chapter were no doubt purposely made, but they are apt to mislead. The anonymous translator retains the word *judgment* in all the passages. Where theological views appear to have influenced the translators, as in Acts i. 22, the interpolated word *ordained* is rightly struck out and the passage is rendered—"one of these should be a witness with us of his resurrection." Again in Acts xiv. 23, the Authorized version wrongly gives, "When they had *ordained* them elders," instead of *having chosen* elders for them. (χειροτονήσαντες conveys no idea of ordaining but only of choosing or stretching out the hand to vote). Among other examples which might be quoted in favour of the anonymous translator's jealous accuracy, the passage in 1 John iii. 4, is remarkable, where the Authorized version has "Sin is the transgression of the law," the accurate rendering is "Sin is lawlessness" † (ἀνομία), just as ἀνόμοις in 1 Tim. i. 9 is rendered *lawless* in the Authorized version. So that the definition of sin which has formed the text of so many discourses must give place to an expression, which is more strictly consistent with the Greek and not less so with the general tenor of Pauline teaching.

But as examples culled at random are not satisfactory evidence of the general character of a work, it may be more convenient for the reader to see portions of this New Translation placed in juxtaposition to the Authorized version, and the variations of the Sinaitic (S), Vatican (V), Alexandrine (A), as given by Tischendorf.

The comparison will, I think, show vividly the indescribable beauty of diction and the rhythmic charm which pervade our time-honoured version. Whilst this new translation exhibits a rigid and literal rendering of the revised original text, it cannot displace the version now in use, but will be of great service to those who, being unacquainted with the Greek, desire to see an exact reproduction of the original, especially in those passages where the substitution of a

* The Dutch version gives *oordeel* in v. 22, and *verdoemenis* in the two other places.
† The Dutch version gives *ongeregtigheid*.

less exact equivalent may have rendered the meaning doubtful or erroneous.

Ephesians i., 1—12.

AUTHORIZED VERSION.

1. Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, to the saints which are at Ephesus, and to the faithful in Christ Jesus:

2. Grace be to you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

3. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ:

4. According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love:

5. Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will,

6. To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved.

7. In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace;

8. Wherein he hath abounded towards us in all wisdom and prudence;

9. Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself:

10. That in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth; even in him:

11. In whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will:

12. That we should be to the praise of his glory, who first trusted in Christ.

VARIATIONS OF

S. V. A.

1. V. of Christ Jesus.
S. A. to all the saints.

2. S. V. *omit* at Ephesus.

3. V. the God of our Lord.
S. of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.
S. *omits* us.

6. S. V. A. wherebyhe hath made us accepted.

7. A. to the riches of his goodness.

10. A. according to the dispensation.
S. V. A. all things in Christ which are.

11. S. V. A. in whom also we are called, being.

Ephesians i., 1—12.

NEW TRANSLATION.

Paul, apostle of Jesus Christ by God's will, to the saints and faithful in Christ Jesus, who are at Ephesus. 2. Grace to you and peace from God our Father and (the) Lord Jesus Christ.

3. Blessed (be) the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenlies in Christ; 4. according as he has chosen us in him before the world's foundation, that we should be holy and blameless before him in love; 5. having marked us out beforehand for adoption through Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, 6. to (the) praise of (the) glory of his grace, wherein he has taken us into favour in the Beloved: 7. in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of offences, according to the riches of his grace, 8. which he has caused to abound towards us in all wisdom and intelligence, 9. having made known to us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he purposed in himself, 10. for (the) administration of the fulness of times; to head up all things in the Christ, the things in the heavens and the things upon the earth; in him, 11. in whom we have also obtained an inheritance, being marked out beforehand according to the purpose of him who works all things according to the counsel of his own will, 12. that we should be to (the) praise of his glory who have pre-trusted in the Christ.

It is fair to the anonymous translator to say that whilst his object has been to give the student of Scripture, who cannot read the original, as close a translation as possible, he rather doubts the justness of the taste which attempts to *revise* the Authorized version. The reader will probably have concluded, from this example, that

" the new bit is more distasteful from its juxtaposition " to the old. Except for the substitution of the expression *marked out beforehand* for the school-term *predestinated*, I cannot see that the Christian reader gains more than he loses : certainly the word *heavenlies* (if there is such a word) is no adequate rendering of τοῖς ἐπουρανίοις, which Burton translates *in heavenly things*, *i.e.*, in things pertaining to heaven. Dr. Davidson gives " in the heavenly places " and joins " in love " of v. 4, with " having predestinated " in v. 5. A few more isolated passages deserve reference. In Matt. ii., 11, προσεκύνησαν is tranlated *did homage;* so in viii., 2, and ix., 18, and many other places ; where *worshipped* is found in the Authorized version ; a change was proper, as *worship* is now more restricted in its use than in King James's time ; the old use is found in the Marriage Service of the English Church—" with my body I thee worship." In John iv., 20, the translation *worshipped* is kept : " Our fathers worshipped in this mountain." The expression " if thine eye *serve as a snare* to thee " is more suggestive than the ordinary " if thine eye offend thee " (Mark ix., 47) ; yet in Matt. v., 29, the translator writes, If thy right eye *be* a snare. There is the same absence of uniformity here which he himself condemns in the case of κρίσις, quoted above. In Davidson's translation, we find perhaps a more correct rendering—" if thy right eye causes thee to offend."

As this paper is essentially critical, and in no sense doctrinal, it may be permitted to say how the anonymous Translator deals with those passages whose authenticity is disputed. In 1 Tim. iii., 16, his new translation gives –God has been manifested in flesh . . . . although in a note it is said that very likely ὅς (*who*) should be read, not θεός. Greek scholars know the controversy too well ; but for those who read the English version only it is fair to state that Tischendorf and Davidson support the reading of ὅς (*who*) by the Sinaitic Codex and the Alexandrine MS., although in the latter there is evidence that a later hand has changed the ΟC into ΘC, *i.e.*, has altered ὅς (*who*) into an abbreviated form of θεὸς (*God*) ; and Biblical critics generally admit that ὅς (*who*) is best supported by the external evidence of MSS., Versions, and Fathers. (Davidson's Biblical criticism, c. 56, p. 844). The difficulty of connecting *who* with the context is usually got over, by saying that the passage is intended to show that the mystery of godliness is embodied (in the person) *who was manifested in flesh*. Davidson renders it "*in him* who was " : the key to the meaning is in Coloss. i., 27, " of this mystery which is Christ."

In 1 John v., 7, the Translator renders the verses, which have been the subject of a controversy during centuries—" For they that bear witness are three : the spirit, and the water, and the blood ; and the three agree in one " (*in a note,* " are to one point or purpose ") : there being no real MS authority for the additional words which are found in the Authorized version. Tischendorf states that all the three S. V. and A. omit that portion of the text which is translated—*in*

heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one.

In Matt. vi., 13, the words "for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen," are also omitted from the new translation; and correctly; as the S. and V. MS. both omit them, and Patristic writers, notably Origen and Jerome, did not regard them as Christ's words. It may be noted here how difficult it is to give an exact translation of the original of what is known as the Lord's Prayer: this may be used as a test of the probability of the acceptance or rejection of any new English version; and certainly the following, however exact verbally, will never supersede our catholic summary of devotion. Matt. vi., 9—13.

Our Father who (art) in the heavens, let thy name be sanctified, let thy kingdom come, let thy will be done as in heaven so upon the earth; give us to-day our needed bread, and forgive us our debts as we also forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but save us from evil.

No exception can probably be taken by scholars to this translation generally: *needed* is an unusual rendering of ἐπιούσιον which appears to mean *sufficient*, just as περιούσιος means *more than sufficient, superfluous.* The anonymous translator prefers the word *needed*, although from his note he accepts the contrast of meanings, given above, as the plainest and most natural explanation; Alford gives *needful;* Davidson retains *daily.*

The universal interest felt in securing for use the most exact translation of the New Testament is, I hope, a valid reason for offering these critical remarks; and no doubt the volumes put forward as the subject of these criticisms will contribute largely to an accurate knowledge of the variations from the Authorized version and of the literal rendering of each Greek word into English; and will facilitate the labours of the Committees of Revisers now engaged in England.

Dr. Davidson's work deserves some special remarks. He adopts the latest critical text of Tischendorf as confessedly the best, and gives not a new translation but a revision of the Authorized version. In the valuable introduction, we are informed of most of the great deviations from our version, *e.g.*, Matt. vi., 13, containing the doxology which concludes the Lord's prayer is eliminated from the genuine text. There are difficulties about Mark xvi., 9—20, but an appendix, containing these verses, is retained. John vii., 53, to viii., 11, are rejected as not forming part of the original gospel: they are wanting in the Sinaitic Codex and the Vatican MS. Some of the Fathers appear to have thought that the story of the woman taken in adultery was injurious to morality; the sentiments of the Fathers may be put aside, but the decision of the two MSS. appears to be final. The passage, "to feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood," Acts xx., 28, has occupied the ingenuity of Biblical critics. The various readings are the church of God . . . of the Lord . . of our Lord and God. . . . of the

Lord God . . . of our God and Lord . . . of Christ. The two MSS. just referred to, give . . . of God; the Alexandrine gives . . . of the Lord. Dr. Davidson thinks that the expression "The blood of God" could hardly have emanated from the author of the Acts, much less from Paul himself: but authority is on the side of the Authorized version. A critic has nothing to do with doctrinal difficulties or distasteful or unusual expressions: he must be "colourless"; and whether the passage makes for or against the views of the so-called patripassians is a question not for textual criticism but for doctrinal exegesis.

Dr. Davidson considers that it is desirable to translate the same word or phrase in the same manner, as far as possible; but uniformity must of course yield to several limitations; the chief deviations from uniformity are those due to the idiosyncrasies of thought and diction, which distinguish the various writers, and particularly John and Paul. Some modern scholars have brought their knowledge of classic Greek to bear upon the version, and tried to make the particles as well as the tenses and moods of the verbs, conformable to those rules which apply to the highly finished productions of profane authors; others, more wisely, have studied the verbal peculiarities of the Hellenistic Greek, in which language the New Testament is written, knowing that Attic precision of words, tenses, phrases, and constructions is not to be looked for among the authors of the sacred text.

Among the many verbal changes in *Matthew*, given in Davidson's revision, may be noticed vi., 27, "can add to his lifetime" instead of *stature;* 34, "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow;" ix., 8, "and glorified the God who gave such authority to men;" 17, "neither do they put new wine into old skins, otherwise the skins burst and the wine runs out, and the skins perish;" x, 16, "wise as the serpents and simple as the doves;" 30, "the very hairs of your head have been all numbered;" 39, "he that found his life will lose it, and he that lost his life for my sake will find it;" xi., 19, "And wisdom was justified by her works;" 23, "And thou, Capernaum, shalt thou be exalted unto heaven? Thou shalt be thrust down to hades;" xii., 6, "But I say unto you that what is greater than the temple is here." xiv., 33, "Of a truth thou art God's son;" xx., 16, 17, "Teacher, what good thing shall I do that I may have everlasting life? And he said unto him, why askest thou me concerning the good? One is the good;" xxvi., 15, "And they weighed unto him thirty shekel-pieces;" 26, "Jesus took a loaf;" "and he took a cup;" 30, "And when they sang the hymn;" xxvii., 34, "they gave him wine to drink, mingled with gall;" 40, "Save thyself if thou art God's son;" 42, "He is King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we may believe on him;" 43, "He has trusted in God; let him deliver him now, if he likes him: for He said, I am God's son;" xxviii., 6, "He is not here, for he was raised, as he said: Come, see the place where He lay;" 14, "we will persuade him, and will save you all anxiety."

It would exceed the limits of a magazine article to continue such quotations, even throughout the other three gospels; but to enable the reader to realise more thoroughly the advantages of a study of the Authorised version side by side with Davidson's exact revision from the best Greek text, a few more passages are here given :—

Luke xi., 2—4. When ye pray, say, Father, hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Give us day by day our daily bread. And forgive us our sins: for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation.

Luke xxii, 15—17. And he said unto them, with longing I longed to eat this passover with you before I suffer; for I say unto you, that I will not any more eat it, until it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God. And he took a cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this and divide it among yourselves.

John vi., 51. I am the living bread that came down from heaven; if one eat of my bread, he will live for ever: yea, and the bread that I will give for the life of the world, is my flesh.

John xiii., 10. Jesus says to him, He that has been bathed needs not to wash himself, but is clean every whit.

Philipp. ii., 6, 7. Who, being in the form of God, did not think equality with God a thing to be grasped at, but emptied himself by taking upon him the form of a servant.

The translator rejoices, and with him every English-speaking inquirer after truth may rejoice, that the Greek text now circulates in the English tongue, bearing the sacred words, current in the church of the third century, into the dwellings of the humble, putting the plain reader on the same platform with the scholar, and inspiring him with confidence in records whence he draws the sustenance of the soul.—*Introduction to Davidson's Translation.*

Those who are privileged to have the spirit of an unquestioning and submissive faith, yielding an unreserved obedience to the prescriptions of their teachers, find it hard to reconcile the wrestlings of the critical spirit with the passiveness of their own. The spirit of critical inquiry may not always be a companion and helpmate of the spirit of religious devotion, but there is no necessary antagonism between them; pietism and criticism may be the characteristics of two extreme phases of Christian life, but they may well approach each other to join hands over any work which tends to solidify the basis of Christianity. Charity teaches us that, whilst some men are so constituted by nature as to feel bound to inquire into the grounds of faith, before they believe, the passively confiding Christian ought not to judge by the light of his own emotional faith those fellow-Christians whose habit it is to prove all things, to try the spirits whether they be of God; and it is hoped that the labours of Christian scholars in the field of Biblical research will be accepted by all, not as the promptings of scepticism, but as valuable contributions to the knowledge of Truth; as the means by which belief may remain "the reasonable conviction of the reasonable soul."

NOTE.—The subject of the Revision of the Authorized version of the Holy Scriptures was brought before the Convocation of Canterbury, in 1870; and the Committee, appointed by the Convocation, divided itself into two companies, the one for the revision of the Authorized version of the Old Testament, the other for that of the New; and persons desirous of making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the whole question, are referred to a full and detailed exposition of a critical history of the various English translations of Scripture, with remarks on the need of revising the English New Testament, just published by Professor Eadie, of Glasgow. (The English Bible: 2 vols., 8vo, by John Eadie, D.D. Macmillan & Co., London, 1876).

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Delusive Visions.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.)

In dreams once more I tasted youth and gladness—
It was the villa, high upon the hill;
I bounded down the pathway, blithe to madness,
Yes, bounded hand in hand with sweet Ottil.*

How dainty is this little love! how brightly
Her sea-blue glances twinkle roguish fun!
How firm she plants her little foot, yet lightly;
The type of gracefulness and strength in one.

Her voice's music, true and ardent ever,
Seems to reveal her inmost soul's repose;
Her every utterance is gay and clever;
And her sweet lips—the new buds of a rose.

It is no love-lorn fantasy that draws me—
I am not rapt—I clearly understand—
Yet magically strong, her being thaws me;
And trembling inwardly I kiss her hand.

I fancy, at the end, I plucked a lily,
And gave it to her, as I said my say:—
"Marry me, sweet, and be my wife, Ottilie,
That I too, like you, may be good and gay."

What she made answer, is for ever hidden;
For sleep departed from me, and I lay,
Once more a cripple, hopeless and bedridden,
Here, in my chamber, now since many a day.

C. B. P.

* Contracted from Ottilia.

A Month's Trip to Natal.

By A. Douglas.

Doctors now-a-days prescribe a change from the daily routine of toil and household cares, as the *sine qua non* of health and longevity. In England the advice is universally given and acted upon, being easy of accomplishment, either by a trip to the favourite watering places or a run to the Continent. Here in South Africa, however, the facilities for enjoyment do not so readily present themselves: a dreary month's camping on the beach or a cottage at the Kasouga Mouth, are usually the only alternatives. But the experience I have just had during a month's excursion to Natal induces me to give a brief sketch of it for the information of those who may wish to enjoy the pleasure of a well-earned holiday, and yet, like myself, cannot possibly be away from business for the time required for a trip to Europe.

It was in April last, when indigestion one day, sleepless the next, and the doctor afterwards, all cried out that nature had been overworked, and rest was absolutely necessary, that I suddenly bethought me of Natal, and the next day saw our passages taken by the steamer leaving Algoa Bay, giving us three days to prepare. Of course, at such short notice, all was hurry-scurry; there was the children's clothing to put right for the lady friend who was to take charge of them, and all the little instructions of how if Clara had a cold, she was to have this medicine, and if baby began to cut his teeth, that, &c., to say nothing of the written and verbal injunctions to the manager respecting what ostriches had to be plucked, and what was to be done if they began laying again, and the hundred and one things belonging to a large ostrich-farming establishment. But at last the morning comes, and with great glee we spring into the passenger cart, with nothing to be thought of for a month but how to enjoy one's-self.

Well; arrived in the "Bay,"—of course the first thing is to collar a boatman with the anxious inquiry, "Has the *Zulu* sailed for Natal?"

"Sailed for Natal! Why she is not in yet, and won't sail for three days."

"Why, hang it, they told me in Graham's Town I should only be just in time."

"Oh, Graham's Town! You didn't think they knew anything about the steamers in Graham's Town, did you?"

Well, I certainly did, but "live and learn" is a good proverb.

Never mind, three o'clock on Saturday saw us aboard, and in ten minutes steaming out of the Bay anticipating the disagreements of *mal de mer*. It is astonishing how little people would suffer if they would only observe the following rules: Directly you are on board get as near the centre of the vessel as you can, and remain on deck,

on no account going near the stern. No matter how sick you are, keep on deck as long as possible, having your meals brought to you, and doing your best to eat them, however disinclined you may feel. Then when you retire to your cabin, get to bed with all haste as it is the most trying time ; in the morning when you get up, dress as quickly as you can and go on deck, and by mid-day you will be able to laugh at sea-sickness for the voyage. I write this from many years' experience at sea.

At the mouth of the Buffalo River (East London) there were indications of the new life which is being introduced into the country. Eighteen vessels were at anchor in the roadstead—including a large steamer, with railway material. From here, all along the coast line of Kaffraria to Natal, the voyage is most delightful, running along within three or four hundred yards of the shore of a lovely country with the grass growing right down to the water's edge. It was late at night when we passed St. John's Gates,—the mouth of the Umzimvubu ; but the scene was charming—there being glorious moonlight and every one lingering on deck, long after the lights were out, for a last weed, or a last little flirtation between the young couples leaning so fondly over the bulwarks, pretending to admire the phosphorescent water while they whisper vows of eternal love, which a week on shore invariably evaporates into airy nothing.

Sighting the lighthouse on the Bluff, we were soon outside the Port of Natal, where we look for "the angry bar that is moaning ;" and nothing is talked of but the horrors of the middle passage—one gentleman sending the ladies nearly into hysterics by telling them a perfectly true story of how on one occasion the bar being very bad, the passengers were all put in a cargo boat and the hatches fastened down upon them, when they found themselves in perfect darkness with an atmosphere something like what it must have been in the black hole at Calcutta, and how the boat was then taken in tow by the steamer when suddenly, at a critical moment, the warp broke and the boat broached broadside on to the surf, but thanks to a favourable breeze the crew managed to hoist a sail and save them from being drowned like rats in a hole.

The Bluff, however, is now rounded, when, joy! not a ripple is to be seen on the bar ; the guns fire, and the rough old pilot comes on board, around whom everybody crowds to hear the glad news. We are just in the nick of time, high water, spring tides, the bar is passable for the steamer—a thing that has not happened for some months—and the *Zulu* steams in, and is soon fastened to the side of the landing stage. Durban is some distance from this "Point," but we manage to get a seat in the little railway running up, and are soon afterwards comfortably quartered at the "Royal."

Durban may be described as consisting of three parts : the Point where the shipping lies, when lucky enough to get inside the bar, as snug as in the Cape Town docks ; the town of Durban, where the

stores and places of business are; and the Berea Hill about a mile and a half off, where most of the inhabitants live with a beautiful look out over the inner and outer bay, where every house has its garden teeming with fruit and gorgeous flowers, and where people endeavour to make life as bearable as the fearful heat in the summer and the myriads of venemous little ticks which are not only to be found in the grass but in the very sand in the streets, and the mosquitos, will allow them. But perhaps these unavoidable outside troubles tend to make the people far more sociable and pleasant than they are in the capital, Maritzburg. Acting on this principle the people of Natal have just purchased a marine residence for the Governor in Durban.

The next day we took a ride to Claremont, the property of the Hon. George Wood, of Graham's Town. A beautiful place about five miles from Durban; and on our way we inspected the railways in course of construction. These are to consist of three, the main one going from Durban to Maritzburg, about sixty miles long, to tap the interior trade, and two along the coast for the sugar-growers, one being to Verulam on the east, twenty miles, and the other to t'Sipingo on the west, eleven miles. The whole is being done by contract with a large English firm, at a total cost of about £9,000 per mile.

The whole of the Colony of Natal may be roughly divided into three sections; the first, the coast belt, about 150 miles long and six broad, with a truly tropical climate, with a rain-fall of fifty inches, in which the sugar-growing and other tropical industries are carried on; the next, a belt extending beyond Maritzburg of which little use seems to be made; and from there inwards, sheep country.

The coast belt is the part which of course interests Cape colonists the most, and after two days in Durban, we started off to Verulam, the centre of one of the principal sugar-districts, well-armed with introductory letters to some of the sugar-planters round. Here, putting up at the hotel, as our head-quarters, we hired riding horses for a week and the next day visited Mr. T. Milner, the largest sugar-planter in Natal. To anyone who like myself had never seen sugar-making in process, it is astonishing to see the enormous amount of machinery employed, as though sugar-making pure and simple consists only of boiling the juice until it is turned into sugar, modern science makes it a most elaborate process, and the mills and buildings cost from £4,000 to £10,000. First, there is the crusher, consisting of two iron rollers, driven by a powerful steam engine for squeezing every atom of juice out of the cane, when it is taken to the clarifiers, and then to the battery, which consists of four or five enormous open boilers, where it is set boiling and passed on from one boiler to the other, the scum being constantly raked back, till after about an hour's boiling it is pumped up into iron tanks where it is left to settle for two or three days. The next process is boiling it at a low temperature in vacuum, by means of steam (the most modern principle, for which another engine is required to drive the exhaust pumps); or by the "Wetzel" principle, the old-fashioned plan. It is then put into immense

shallow pans, where it is allowed to cool and granulate for some days when it is transferred to the "centrifugals" which consists of casements of perforated copper which are kept revolving at an enormous pace, which causes the water to fly off from the sugar. The sugar is then spread out on immense tables and allowed to dry, when it is ready to be bagged and sent to any part of the world.

Most sugar mills have also a large distillery attached to them for making rum, but as I do not wish to shock any of my good Templar friends I will not describe it; but perhaps they will be delighted to hear that the Government have an excise duty of 2s. 6d. a gallon, but which is refunded upon all shipped, so that very little is used in Natal, the great bulk of it going to Zanzibar and other places on the East Coast. Most places have a flour mill also attached to them for grinding meal for the immense number of people employed on these estates. There are also large sheds in which the cane, after the juice is crushed out of it, is stacked, to be used as fuel for driving the engines and boiling the sugar. The great drawback to sugar-growing is the limited extent of country that a mill can command, as about two miles is the longest distance at which it is at present held it will pay to ride cane, so that few mills can be kept constantly going. Mr. Milner has two mills, both of which we were fortunate to see in full work, employing together, with cutting the cane and riding it on, about 150 men to each mill; and it was a pleasing sight to see how well the Kafirs and coolies worked together, and what splendid discipline prevailed throughout.

Cane takes about two years from the time of planting to be ripe for crushing. First, the ground is cleared of bush, it is then roughly ploughed, where possible, and pieces of cane about a foot long planted in rows about four feet apart and about two feet between the pieces. Where it cannot be ploughed, the cane is first planted in holes, and the ground afterwards cleaned by hand hoeing, and nothing else is done to it with the exception of stripping off the dead leaves. When ripe, it reaches the height of about nine or ten feet. On virgin soil, the cane known as the green Natal is the first kind planted. This is the best kind, but is too exhausting to the land fo r more than one planting, and is generally followed by the China cane, an inferior, but less exhausting kind. After the first crop is off, the stumps are left, and two more crops are taken off, at an interval of eighteen months between each crop; these are called ratoons. The land then, unless exhausted, is replanted, or if exhausted, abandoned; for as yet they have had so much virgin land to fall back upon, that little or nothing has been done in the way of manuring to restore it.

In the evening we visited the Umhlóti Central Mill Company. This is one of the new system, coming much into vogue, of a company building and working a mill to crush the cane grown by the neighbouring cane-growers; the usual terms being, if the mill owners cut and ride the cane, they then get one-half the sugar, or if the grower cuts and rides the cane, the mill then gets one-third. As yet

this system has hardly come into proper work, as on the one hand, the mill owners are completely at the mercy of the growers, for if they neglect to plant and look after the cane crops the whole capital invested in the mill remains idle, while on the other hand the cane-growers often complain bitterly of the way in which the sugar is manufactured at the mill. There is no doubt it is a system which will eventually extend over the greater part of the sugar-growing districts, as it enables men with a very much smaller capital to go into sugar-growing. At this mill there is a tunnel cut through a hill in a bend of the river seven feet deep by four broad and 150 yards in length. It is through solid rock. It was originally only five feet deep, and was done by contract for £500. Water is brought through this and drives the crushing machine.

The next few days were spent in visiting and riding about to different estates. On the Waterloo estate, there is a tramway laid down for bringing the cane to the mill, but it seems a disputed point amongst planters whether it pays, owing to the necessity of moving it about to different parts of the field as the cane is cut.

We also visited several coffee estates which are a beautiful sight, but at the same time most melancholy, as a few years ago the trees began to cease bearing and then to die, bringing ruin upon hundreds of families who previously were the envied ones of Natal. For the few years that the coffee bore, the returns were magnificent and a bright prospect of a rapid fortune appeared in front of them all, as can be seen by the beautiful gardens and homesteads which they had created in the brief time of their prosperity. The cause of this failure still remains a mystery, and as many theories can be heard for it as for the sheep decreasing in the Eastern Province; but the most generally received one is that it was caused by a beetle called the "borer," and it is perfectly puzzling to a stranger that any community of Englishmen could let such a promising industry die out without compelling the Government to get out a scientific botanist and microscopist to find out the cause. One thing that gives the coffee estates such a beautiful appearance is, that they are all divided into small patches, interspersed with lines of banana and orange trees to break the wind off the coffee shrubs.

We also visited the tobacco estate of the Hon. C. Manning, who is said to be the largest tobacco planter. For some reason or other Natal tobacco cannot command anything like the price of the American—some people vowing that it makes you drunk to smoke it, and others that it takes the skin off your tongue, though this is indignantly denied by the growers. There are several arrowroot estates, and some men have made these very profitable. It is said that success or non-success chiefly depends upon the nature of the water used in the manufacture. For some reason the export in 1874 was only £2,000 against an average of £5,000 in the eight years previously.

We returned to Durban, after spending a very enjoyable

week amongst a most hospitable lot of people, and the next day started for Maritzburg in the "bus" which runs daily. This travels slowly; but the post-cart, which starts at noon, arrives at six and also takes passengers, but it is break-neck work, as, deducting the stoppages, it travels ten miles an hour over terribly hilly country. Every seat in both conveyances had been filled for days past, as the next week was the one great gala week of Maritzburg; the first two days being the races, which were exceedingly good for colonial races, and attended by everybody, all the shops being closed. In the evening the great bazaar to raise funds for a library and museum, for which all Natal had been preparing for a year past, was opened by the Governor, when the usual plundering process of getting money out of people by hook or by crook, so well known by frequenters of bazaars, commenced, and was kept up with wonderful success for the next four days, a sum of £2,000 being netted. On the Queen's Birthday, the troops and Volunteers were reviewed, and the race-course was even more crowded than it had been the two days previously. In the evening there was the usual birthday-ball at Government House. The next day was the Agricultural Show, rather a poor affair excepting in the matter of horses, which were very good, Natalians being decidedly "horsy people." The exhibition of agricultural implements was also good. There must have been a dozen reaping and mowing machines exhibited. These are coming greatly into use for cutting grass hay.

Maritzburg must be anything but a pleasant place to live in, as society is made up of about half-a-dozen different cliques who are all opposed to each other. It is here one feels how terribly isolated Natal is. The only line of Telegraph they have being between Durban and Maritzburg, and their means of news from the rest of South Africa being when a steamer arrives. People consequently become wrapped in themselves and evince the most astounding ignorance of anything outside them. A remarkable feature in the town is the immense number of lightning conductors one sees, every house having one or more. On one moderately small house I counted five. They are all made of two-inch wire rope.

On Friday, the Legislative Council was opened by the Governor; but it has rather fallen in repute in the Colony since the introduction of the present constitution which, however, was only passed for five years, when they either revert to the old system or carry Responsible Government, unless some scheme of Confederation for South Africa comes to pass in the mean time. Confederation is the dearest dream of Natalians, especially with the coast people, as their sugar industry would then be safe by coming in to the Cape Colony free of duty, instead of having to compete as it does now with the other sugar-producing countries. The Western Province would also receive reciprocal advantage by its wine and brandy coming free into Natal; as it is now, the only Cape wine I have seen here has been Cape Hock.

We now left for the Umgeni Falls, as a coach runs twice a week to the Castle Hotel Howick, close to the Falls. These alone are worth coming to Natal to see, and a week's fishing at them would be one of the most enjoyable things to be had. The next day we took horses and went to the Kar Kloof Falls, about eight miles off. These are little known even in Natal, though far superior to the Umgeni; good fishing is also to be had here, but intending visitors should remember there are no fish *above* the Falls. Here begin the sheep districts of Natal. Flocks as yet are small, as it is only just lately people have discovered how well sheep do in these parts. The only thing necessary seems to be to provide some artificial food through the winter, when no rain falls and the grass becomes impoverished and dried up. We spent altogether three days at the Umgeni Falls, one being taken up with going to the foot of them, which is the only way really to see them. It is a good hard climb, as the perpendicular fall of the water is about 300 feet, nearly twice the height of Niagara.

Returning to Durban, we found our journeyings had come to an end, as I had arranged with some free coolies to meet me there, who I meant to take to the Eastern Province to see how they would answer as farm servants; but I found every difficulty thrown in my way, and only succeeded in getting four, and then I had to agree to pay the price of a passage back to India at the end of the three years, for which I contracted them. Whilst here, a ship arrived with 400 coolies from Calcutta. On arrival they are allotted to the different planters who have put down their names for them, who have to pay down £4 a head to the Government and £4 again each year for the next four years, making £20 in all. This, I believe, covers the cost of importing them, but not of their return passage. At the end of the first five years, they are free to select their own master, and if they present themselves every six months to a resident magistrate, who endorses their pass, they are then at the end of another five years entitled to a passage back to India at Government expense. They cannot leave the Colony without getting permission, and in any case by doing so they forfeit their right to a free passage. A charge of 1s. a month is paid by all masters for every coolie he employs, which goes to Government to pay for medical inspectors Many free coolies are now settling down on the coast and hiring or purchasing small patches of ground which they make wonderfully productive, and will in the future be an important element in Natal. The labour difficulty on the coast is now quite at an end, the Indian Government about two years ago having taken off the embargo that had been put on immigration to Natal, whilst at the same time the agents amongst the tribes about Delagoa Bay have been pouring in large numbers of Kafirs; but the planters put down the crisis they are going through now in many difficulties to little or no cane having been planted during that time which would now have been coming in, while the up-country districts deny this, and declare that sugar

never will pay. This induced me to get hold of the best statistics could from Government returns, and from the planters, with the following results :—

Capital invested in an Estate to keep up a production of about 300 *tons annually.*

1,000 acres of land, at £5	£5,000
Mill and buildings	5,000
75 oxen, at £9	675
5 carts, at £50	250
6 horses, at £20	120
First two years' expenses in which there is no return	6,000
House, cottage, tools, &c.	800
	£17,845

Annual Statement.

Dr.

125 men, including all descriptions, at 1s. 6d.	£3,375
Transport	600
Grazing for oxen	50
Repairs, &c.	100
	£4,125

Cr.

300 tons Sugar, at £20	6,000
Balance	£1,875

or 10½ per cent. on capital invested. This is leaving rum-making out of the question.

It will be seen from the above that the capital required is far beyond the reach of most men, even if the money for land and machinery is raised on mortgage. It is a wonder to me that there has never been a law passed to enable the mortgaging of cane as it stands on the land. As it is now, a planter may be possessed of many thousand pounds in the shape of standing cane, and yet find it very difficult to raise a few hundreds on it. The bank or the agent advances to carry them on till the crops come in. They must be prepared to see him through, no matter what it amounts to, as if he has to stop, they would come in as concurrent creditors. But if an Act were passed they could take a mortgage on certain fields as collateral security and draw in whenever they liked.

On the 3rd we bid adieu to Natal and found ourselves in the *Florence* with fifty passengers and six cabins for their accommodation, landing at the Kowie three days afterwards, and from there returned, invigorated in body and mind, to our home at HILTON.

In Quarantine.

It is told of Mahomet that having once beheld Damascus from the gorge of a neighbouring mountain, he was so impressed with the matchless beauty of the city which lay beneath him in the midst of its orchards and gardens, that he declined to enter it, saying that "his Paradise was not to be in this world." Perhaps it was as well that the Prophet did not permit the illusion to be destroyed by a nearer visit. Eastern cities are notoriously "whited sepulchres," presenting a fair exterior, but inwardly reeking with unutterable abominations. The traveller, who views Constantinople from the Golden Horn, might sympathise with the despair of the "sick man," as he feels this glorious city slipping from his nerveless hand. But a visit to the interior would soon convince him that in a sanitary point of view the sooner the Osmanli are out of Europe the better. The writer of this article having seen one or two Eastern towns, can bear testimony to their extreme filth and neglect of all sanitary laws, despite, in some cases, the beauty of their external aspect. He has also had some experience of the Irish village, as it is seen *pur et simple*, in the wilds of Connaught; but never has it been his lot to have his preconceived ideas so rudely dispelled, in an English settlement, as on his arrival at Cape Town.

Seen, as the traveller approaches it from the seaward, with a bright sun lighting up the grand battlements of Table Mountain, and the green slopes of the lower hills, the Metropolis of South Africa presents a noble appearance, worthy of its rank among the cities of the world. But the moment he lands, the visitor begins to feel conscious of a loss—a splendid vision has faded from his sight, and there remains but the vinegar and common-place reality of a dirty and uncared-for town. As he makes acquaintance with the interior of the town, he finds that its inhabitants are far from unanimously endorsing the Palmerstonian definition, that dirt is "matter in the wrong place." He finds dirt in the right place, and in the wrong place, where it ought to be, and where it most emphatically ought not to be. He visits the streets and finds many of them made receptacles for the filth cast out of the houses, and in nearly all, even in the most frequented thoroughfares, he sees (and smells) open drains running along, contaminating the air with their black, slimy contents. He visits the markets and other public places, and everywhere notices the same want of cleanliness. With the vain hope of breathing the pure sea air, he strolls along the beach outside the town, and finds his nose assailed with an effluvium of the most fetid character, arising from the breakers bursting in black foaming filth, on sands polluted with decomposing matter, vegetable and animal, of the most hideous description. He proceeds, let us fancy, a little further, until he reaches Papendorp, and experiencing in this suburb so disgraceful to a Christian and civilized community, the complete and universal dominion of dirt, the visitor naturally asks himself what spell is over this rich and highly civilized community, dulling their senses, and rendering them insensible to the horrors of this *regimé* of filth? The Dutch in their own country are models of cleanliness, and wherever the British flag waves, guaranteeing order and security for life and property, cleanliness should thrive.

What occult and mysterious cause has interdicted Cape Town from receiving the great lessons of sanitary science, which are one of the glories of our century, and which, where carried into practice in the crowded towns of England have, according to the testimony of the Registrar-General, already produced a perceptible effect on the longevity of the people ? These are questions which a mere visitor cannot answer. There are, doubtless, reasons of one kind or another for the toleration of this state of things. But in matters of this kind affecting not only the comfort but the health and lives of the population, these reasons should be incontrovertible. There may be, and there are, to the casual eye, serious natural obstacles to the improvement of the drainage and the disposal of sewage. But, "where there is a will there is a way;" and in these days when engineering achievements are among the greatest wonders of the age, it can scarcely be said that any obstacles are insuperable. There has been much vapouring about confederation during the past year, and a confederation is urgently needed in Cape Town, but it is one of engineers, sanitary officers, and scavengers.

To what extent the health of the town is affected by insanitary causes, it is difficult to determine in the absence of reliable statistics ; but as surely as the filthy bazaars of the East, if not the parents, are the nurses, of cholera, and the Irish villages of typhus, so surely the noxious emanatious, which pollute the air of Table Bay must add their quota to the annual mortality. The epidemics whose destructive ravages are the terror of other countries, seldom, indeed visit this favoured land. The very existence of these open drains, and this mal-odorous beach, are a standing proof of the salubrity of the climate and the absence of disease in a form which should compel popular attention to the subject of sanitation. But in this immunity lies the great danger that, because sickness in an epidemic form is rare in this country, therefore, the preparations for its reception may be indefinitely postponed. It is harrowing to picture the consequences were an epidemic to break out in a town crowded with inhabitants, many of whom, of the different coloured races, live in habits of extreme uncleanliness, and where those most distinguished for wealth and influence remain supine and indifferent to the sanitary evils in their midst. How death would revel in those filthy slums, and along these noisome gutters ; how he would rejoice as a giant striking down on the right hand and on the left, young and old, good and bad, rich and poor alike ! How many happy homes would be broken up for ever ; how many hearths made desolate ; how many life-long sorrows would such a visitation produce ! Granted the bare possibility of such a calamity, and it is surely the paramount duty of those in authority to take every possible step towards reducing the sources of danger to their lowest elements. Next to famine, pestilence is the most terrible scourge of the human race. The noble Litany of the Church of England includes it as one of the evils of our present state to be assiduously prayed against. And those who have ever experienced an outbreak such as those which periodically ravage whole districts in the East and West Indies, remain appalled ever after at the ferocity of the pest and the helplessness of its victims. It was the writer's fortune to pass through this ordeal, in a somewhat milder form, at Gibraltar, in the year 1865. In the absence of good sanitary regulations, there was at this time a strong analogy between the state of Gibraltar and the present condition

of Cape Town. And as tending to illustrate the evil effects of this want of urban cleanliness, a brief account of his experiences may not prove unacceptable.

Whether in obedience to a general law, as held by Dr. Lawson in his theory of Pandemic waves, or springing from fortuitous causes, epidemic influences were singularly rife in the years 1864-5. In 1864, yellow fever ravaged Bermuda and the West Indies, and cholera raising its baleful head in the East, soon afterwards carried on the work of destruction in the older hemisphere. Originating as usual among the pilgrims, who in the spring of 1865, crowded into the holy cities of Arabia, the disease travelled gradually but steadily towards Egypt, and the towns along the basin of the Mediterranean. In these seaports, frequented by ships from Alexandria and the Levant, "scares" of cholera are of frequent occurrence, and few hot seasons pass without the appearance of sporadic cases. But the alarming virulence of the present attack —no less than 100,000 deaths having been reported at Mecca—invested the rumours of its outbreak with a graver than ordinary importance, and terrified at the pertinacious advance and deadly type of the appalling pest, boards of health and sanitary authorities everywhere began to set their houses in order.

At this juncture it behoved the inhabitants of Gibraltar to be stirring. Harbouring a large and heterogeneous population in a very circumscribed space, the town was in anything but a satisfactory sanitary condition. In the absence of an efficient sanitary police, filth to an alarming extent was permitted to remain in the courts and yards of private houses, no efficient means of removing excreta from private dwellings were in force, and in the important matters of public drainage and sewerage, old and inefficient methods were still tolerated, which had in days not long past rendered Gibraltar, despite its fine situation, one of the most unhealthy places in Europe.

In the spring and early summer of 1865, quarantine was rigorously imposed on vessels from all suspected ports, and this led to some dulness in trade. But the Spaniards, who form the bulk of the population of Gibraltar, are a very philosophic people, and though business was depressed and cholera approaching, they passed their languid days pretty much as usual. Given an indefinite number of cigars or cigarettes, an agreeable senora or senorita, an hour or two's siesta during the day, and a little music or quiet gambling in the evening, and a Spaniard requires no more of Fate, except it be a skin of wine, a bull-fight, and perhaps once a year a revolution. While cholera was raging with fearful virulence at Mecca, at Constantinople, and at Alexandria, the Gibraltarians, regardless of the alarming news of its advance, were amusing themselves as if there were no such disease in the world. The weather during the spring and early summer of 1865 was remarkably cool and agreeable. The health of the fortress was above the average; the bull-fights this year were unexceptionally good; and the regiments in garrison being highly popular, the Alameda was crowded nightly by gay throngs, enjoying the music of the military bands.

Up to the end of June, the vigilance of the authorities in enforcing quarantine on all suspected vessels preserved us from infection. But it was not destined that we should enjoy this security longer. On the

10th July, Her Majesty's troopship *Orontes*, with a battalion of the 22nd Regiment on board, arrived at Malta. Pending the arrival of transports to convey it to Mauritius, whither it was bound, this regiment was landed and placed under canvas at the North Fort, a portion of the low sandy isthmus which connects Gibraltar with the Spanish mainland. Cholera had appeared at Malta before it left, but neither before nor after its embarkation had any case occurred in the 22nd. The battalion remained in camp until the 30th July, when the transports having arrived, it was re-embarked, and on August 3rd proceeded on its voyage. During its stay there three well pronounced cases of cholera occurred in the camp, each terminating in death. These cases did not excite much alarm among the inhabitants, as they occurred outside the town, and two of the victims were said to be intemperate men, whose excesses brought on fatal diarrhœa, while the third was a woman of feeble constitution. But the medical officers who were too well acquainted with this fell disease to be mistaken in their diagnosis pronounced them to be true cases of Asiatic cholera, and regarded their occurrence with the gravest concern. Their apprehensions were soon realized. On August 3rd two fresh cases, also fatal, occurred in the vicinity of the camp vacated by the 22nd. It was now evident that the regiment had left the fatal virus behind, and to the eyes of its terrified inhabitants the pestilence appeared hovering over the devoted fortress. On the 10th August it made its deadly swoop. Early on that day a soldier was attacked at the Casemate barracks and died in about seven hours. It is worthy of notice as showing the regular advance of the disease that these barracks are the first inhabited places to be met with in coming from the North Front into the town.

In this barrack seven fresh attacks occurred during the afternoon and night of the same day, some of which were marked by symptoms of great virulence. The carts conveying these sufferers to the Military Hospital had to traverse the whole length of the town, and the terror excited among the civil population by the rapid succession of these mournful *cortegés* is never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The weather happened to be gloomy and depressing, and the shadow projected by the approaching pestilence seemed to cast a deeper gloom over the fortress. As the ambulances passed through the narrow crowded streets men shook and cowered with fear and hurried with blanched lips to spread the news through the town. Business was by tacit consent suspended at an early hour; the shops were closed, the sites of traffic and of pleasure were shorn of their frequenters, and the sick carts with their moaning freights cast their echoes after nightfall through deserted streets.

The fears of the civil population were quite justifiable, and were fated to be realized in the most awful form. They (the poorer classes especially) were much overcrowded and lived in badly-constructed unwholesome dwellings, in the midst of insanitary conditions of the most pernicious character. During the few days following the 10th a few scattered cases occurred amongst them, but it was not until the 21st that the devastating career of the cholera may be said to have commenced among the inhabitants of the town. Hitherto and as confined to the military the path of the disease could be traced on its onward march, but the cases now occurring among the civilians had the graver significance that they were

not in a definite line of progression, but broke out simultaneously in different parts of the town. All hopes of quelling the disease were now abandoned, and as the number of attacks continued to increase, and their circle to enlarge, the medical authorities decided that the visitation was of an epidemic character.

No means were omitted by the principal medical officer, Dr. Rutherford, and his colleagues at this crisis to mitigate and circumscribe the ravages of the epidemic. The town was divided into four districts, each entrusted to the care of a local medical practitioner. A system of house to house visitation was established, whereby the first symptoms of an attack could be discovered and treated at once, and depôts were established where medicines for the cure of diarrhœa could be procured at any hour free of charge. The noble devotion of the medical profession was never more conspicuously displayed than in the evil days on which we now entered. But the resources of medical science proved in this, as in all other cases when confronted with this mysterious disease, totally unavailing.

The aspect of the plague-stricken town at this time was mournful in the extreme. So widespread had been the ravages of the epidemic, and so indiscriminately had it attacked persons of all ages, ranks, and degrees of physical strength, that nobody felt his life his own. Of the thousands who nightly sought their pillows none could feel that the next sunrise would find them free from attack. For though showing an unmistakable predilection for those whose constitutions were weakened by excesses or by the inhalation of impure air and want of proper food, the disease in a large number of cases assailed persons of good positions, whose healthy dwellings, well-nourished frames, and temperate lives might have been supposed to ensure immunity from attack. The joyousness of life withered away under this chilling apprehension. The business marts were thronged no longer, the main thoroughfares, usually so full of life and bustle, were almost deserted, while of the smaller streets where the poorer classes were "huddled together," there was scarce one in which the sounds of lamentation were not to be heard. Amusements of all kinds were discontinued. Military bands played no longer of nights in the Alameda, and that favourite haunt of the coquettes and dandies of Gibraltar was left to the Cicadas. The clattering of castenets, the tinkling of guitars, the snatches of song floating out on the air, the hum of the soft southern tongue, and the click-click of the restless fans as their fair owners promenaded in the cool of the evening, all the pleasant sounds of olden time were heard no longer. The daughters of music were brought low! The streets were frequented by few, and these few moved on in silence and had little of the aspect of persons who took much pleasure in this world or anything in it.

A very necessary measure taken at this time by the Spanish authorities for preventing the introduction of cholera into Spain augmented greatly the gloom of Gibraltar. It may not be generally known that the inhabitants of this fortress are "locked up" every evening at sunset, when the keys of the gates are conveyed to the Governor's house, and that between this hour and sunrise on the following morning when the gates are again opened, nobody can enter or leave the place without permission. The idea of being periodically confined to their narrow limits was, therefore, familiar to the inhabitants, but it was now their fate to be restricted to the

narrow bounds of the English territory while the epidemic lasted. An intense horror of sickness and death is a noticeable trait of the Spanish character. It was therefore decided that as regarded the remainder of the Peninsula the town and fortress of Gibraltar should be viewed as a lazaretto, and the whole of their plague-stricken inhabitants should be placed in quarantine. To effect this a cordon was established at the neutral ground. Ropes were placed across the road leading into Spain, and beyond these it was the business of soldiers, who guarded them, to see that nobody passed. Across these ropes the necessary supplies of vegetables, &c., for the use of the town, were thrown, and on the Spanish side an official stood beside a large tub full of disinfecting fluid who received letters from the fortress with a tongs and having sprinkled them with the disinfectant passed them on for transit to the outer world. A large crowd was generally assembled in the vicinity of the cordon, where, amidst a Babel of tongues, friends and relations exchanged their salutations and their news. The greatest care was taken, however, by the public on the Spanish side to keep as far as possible from their infected neighbours, and once I saw a crowd of the former scattered as if a shell had burst among them, by a wretched dog, who, coming from the Gibraltar side, trotted guilelessly through the ropes but found himself doomed to immediate destruction. Sticks and stones were at once in requisition and as the yelping cur "made tracts" for Las Lineas, the nearest village, a demoniac pursuit commenced, led by a carbineer in high jack-boots, who speedily overtook and destroyed the unlucky brute.

The success of the cordon in isolating the epidemic and preventing its extension into Spain was, as far as could be ascertained from Spanish statistics, which are of rather a hazy nature, perfect. But in depriving the poorer classes within the fortress of many means of support and thus affecting their health, it led to a more general predisposition to attack.

Fear is said in time of epidemics to be one of the most potent allies of the pest. Whether this opinion be true or not in the main, instances came under the writer's observation at this time which strongly tended to corroborate it. One was that of a soldier, a patient in the military hospital, who, on accidently touching a man who was being conveyed to the cholera ward, was observed to turn livid and exhibit all the marks of intense fear. He was shortly afterwards attacked himself with the disease and died on the following day with all the symptoms of one whose system was completely saturated with the poison. Another instance out of many was that of a Spanish woman, who, in good health, entered the house of a neighbour, and finding it tenanted only by a corpse which had been deserted by the living members of the family, was struck with sudden terror. She also was attacked in a short time afterwards and died. It was curious to mark how fear acting on individuals of different temperaments produced diverse results. Some took to drinking, some to rigid temperance, some had recourse to prayer and penitential fasts, others plunged into the most reckless debauchery. Brandy was used by many as a prophylactic, but quite ineffectually, and among the victims of the cholera there were not a few whose attacks were attributable to the weakness of a constitution sapped by this poisonous fluid. The ignorance of the native population with regard to the true nature of cholera led to many episodes which would be amusing were not their endings so tragic.

One eccentric lady of the better class who lived in a good house, conceived the idea of "barring out" the disease. Having laid in a stock of provisions, she locked her doors, closed her windows, stuffed the apertures of the chimneys, and thus hermetically shut up, resigned herself to fate. But in vain were her precautions. The angel of death as he passed found no divine mark on her lintels, and the unfortunate lady fell an early victim.

As the number of deaths increased the rights of sepulture were reduced to their simplest elements, and the dead were interred with as little display as possible. Military funerals were conducted unostentatiously and without the mournful music which in ordinary times accompanied the soldier to his last home. To rouse the spirits of the troops, who were suffering severely, Sir William Codrington, the governor, ordered a grand parade of all arms in the Alameda, but even this attraction did not rouse the civilian population from their lethargy of fear. The troops defiled through empty streets and manœuvred before only a few straggling spectators.

From the 13th of September, the date on which the largest number of attacks occurred, until the 26th, the disease continued nearly stationary, about 35 cases and 15 deaths occurring daily. On the 27th a decrease became observable for the first time and continued, but not in a marked form until the 12th of October. At the beginning of this month a most agreeable change took place in the weather. The dark easterly wind, associated with so much gloom and suffering, ceased, and with fresh western breezes and a bright and exhilirating atmosphere hope began to spring up in every breast. It was now trusted that as the cool weather and the rainy season were approaching the epidemic would soon disappear. Rain especially was looked for with feverish anxiety. It was believed that a good downpour of rain, by cleansing the town and flushing the drains would be effectual in removing the deadly materials which the cholera required for its maintenance. The worshippers of mammon never prayed more earnestly for gold than the poor stricken Gibraltarians now prayed for the rain. On the 18th of October it came.

> "One night the lift grew ragged and wild,
> With a sound like the lisp and the laugh of a child
> Fell the first sweet drops of the rain !"

To describe the joy of all classes as the long-hoped-for rain hissed and gurgled on the parched surface and through the stagnant drains of the pest-laden town would be impossible. Like prisoners condemned to death all felt as if their lives had been reprieved. With the ardour of their impulsive southern nature the Spaniards hurried through the wet streets, kissing and congratulating each other on the approaching end of their trial. Despite the wintry discomforts of the night, young Gibraltar which had hid itself I knew not where for the past two months, was again to the fore, and the cafés were for the first time for weeks ablaze with light and jubilant with the songs of revellers.

The good effects predicted from the rain were happily accomplished. In a day or two after its occurrence a marked decrease was noticed in the number of attacks. Henceforth the epidemic steadily abated, and on the 27th October, the last case occurred. The Spanish authorities, however, with characteristic caution maintained the cordon until all probability of infection had disappeared, and it was not until the 24th of

November that this barrier was removed and exit to the outer world afforded to the long imprisoned Gibraltarians.

But behind the crowd hurrying with renewed life to their business and their pleasures there lay the bodies of over 500 victims of cholera, who were never more to have their portion in this living world. Out of a population of about 21,000 souls, 1,065 attacks and 583 deaths had occurred during the epidemic,—a proportion which shows the terrible malignancy of this outbreak. How many of these attacks were the result of preventible causes can only be guessed at. But the indisputable fact that the localization of cholera in any place depends on its finding in that place the conditions favourable to its diffusion, and the knowledge that these conditions can be partially, if not altogether destroyed by strict attention to sanitary laws, invest the death of even a single human being from cholera, or any other disease which springs from overcrowding and dirt, with an awful import.

Though with regard to cholera, many of its capricious movements are incapable of explanation, the general fact of the inseparable connection between squalor and liability to attack is clearly demonstrated. It is invariably in the poorer quarters of towns where the persons of the inhabitants, their houses and their streets are exceptionally dirty, that the majority of cases in epidemics of cholera and other zymotic diseases occur. The lesson taught by this is obvious, and nothing can place in a clearer light the culpability of those who, with the power and means of improvement in their hands permit the continued existence of these sanitary defects which poison the air of Cape Town, and counteracting the benefits of its salubrious climate, give us sickness and death instead of a standard of health such as the natural advantages of few towns in the world enable them to aspire.

J. P.

Notes of the Month.

It is gratifying to note that the Government and Legislature, in the Session of the Cape Parliament now concluded, have in a very encouraging measure recognized the claims of Literature and Science. The sum of £500 has been voted as an instalment towards the work of classifying, indexing, and, we presume, translating, the archives of the Colony. A Commission will be appointed by the Governor, to superintend the collection and management of these valuable records of the olden time, and to provide for their safe custody in some place, where, under proper regulations, they may be accessible to the public.

The proposal to secure a successor to the late Dr. Bleek, to prosecute the philological study of the languages of South Africa, has not yet taken a practical shape, although it has been favourably received. Meanwhile an additional vote of £200 has been given in aid of the publication of the late Doctor's Bushman Researches. The catalogue of the Grey Library is being advanced to completion; and Professor Max Müller, who naturally takes a warm interest in the matter, is hopeful that a scholar of congenial tastes and adequate training will yet make use of the materials collected for a Comparative Grammar. As regards this, an extract from a letter by Mrs. Bleek is given in a late number of the *Academy*, which says: "The MS. goes but a little way (some thirty or forty pages folio) being followed by a very elaborate set of tables, in which he was working out certain things in about twenty-eight African languages to prove or exemplify some of the propositions he was arguing in the text. But from its perusal I can

hardly doubt, that it will be of real interest and service to other scholars if printed by-and-by merely as the fragment it is."

THE Colonial Veterinary Surgeon, Mr. Branford, will be assisted in his new field of labour by a Commissi n to be appointed for the investigation of the causes of the so-called decadence of the pasture lands in some of the Eastern Districts; and £1,000 has been voted for the service.

GEOLOGICAL researches, which we hope will be of considerable value, are to be undertaken during the year—a sum of £1,500 having been provided for the purpose. This will enable the Government to make a thorough examination of the quartz reefs in the Bokkeveld and Wittebergen, as well as of the localities at the Knysna, which have given indications of being auriferous. It will also afford the means of making an accurate survey of the coal-beds in the Northern Stormberg Districts and Basutoland, as well as of the corresponding formations in the Nieuwveld and Kareebergen in the West. The Parliament has also sanctioned the employment of a competent Geologist who shall be specially engaged in the systematic inspection of localities (private or otherwise), known or likely to be possessed of mineral wealth, and thus no doubt will materially contribute to develop the resources of the country.

LIEUT. CAMERON has commenced, in *Good Words* for June, his sketch of his journey across South Africa. He is said to be organizing a new expedition into Central Africa by way of the Congo. It appears that the difficulties of penetrating into South Africa by that river have been over-estimated since the so-called failure of Lieut Grandy, who it is well known was recalled when he was on the point of succeeding, having got beyond the tribes most interested in impeding the progress of white men into the interior, whilst experience had taught him what was wanted. There is little doubt that Lieut. Cameron will meet with plenty of support, and that many will volunteer to follow such a leader, should he require their services.

THE return of H.M. St. *Challenger* to England, after her cruise round the world, is duly chronicled in all the scientific journals. *Nature*, for June, has a double number containing a narrative of the voyage and its results, with many very interesting illustrations, and an excellent portrait and account of the life of Professor Wyville Thomson. The *Academy* has also a summary of the *Challenger's* work, by Professor Duncan, who specially notices the importance of the knowledge gained respecting the vast extent of the red clay deposit now forming on the floor of the ocean at profound depths, and the comparative absence of life there. There is proof given to science now, that hundreds of thousands of square miles of superficial areas of deposits are collecting with but few traces of organism within them, while the sea above teems with life. A concurrent discovery, ably worked out by the chemist of the expedition, and well (but not without opposition at home) elaborated by the chief of the staff, materially assists the comprehension of the cause of the comparative absence of organic remains in the red clay. The amount of carbonic acid gas held in suspension by the sea at great depths is very great, and it acts as a solvent on carbonate of lime passing through the zones of depth where it is most abundant. There is no doubt that a perfect rain down the depths of floating and swimming things occur day and night, of things once alive, which settle down gradually into their mighty grave. But their atoms are not always destined to rest in mother-earth, for coming within the intervening space they suffer corporal dissolution, and their molecules are wafted far and wide as a liquid, as carbonate of lime with an attendant spirit in the form of a corresponding amount of carbonic acid. Even those which reach the clay have suffered loss of substance, and then they are altered by the mineral matters of this remarkable earth, and still further changed from their original form.

The detailed results of this long and interesting voyage of discovery will soon be placed before the public. Professor Thomson has from time to time been sending home to Messrs McMillan & Co such portions of his work as he had leisure to write on board ship, together with a large number of drawings of the many curious forms of life now first brought to light, executed by Mr. Wild, the artist of the expedition. The first instalment will appear early in the autumn.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

On Scholastic and Philosophic Studies.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF THE HON. W. PORTER, C.M.G.,

FIRST CHANCELLOR OF THE CAPE UNIVERSITY.

When the tidings reached me that I had been chosen by the University of the Cape of Good Hope to be its first Chancellor, I felt, strange as it may seem, something like alarm. The honour was, indeed, a great one. I had had, from time to time, and, more especially, when I was quitting office in 1866, tokens of good-will from the Parliament and People of the Colony, as much beyond my expectations as beyond my deserts, and it did not cross my mind that anything remained to be added to the list. I had awaited with interest, but with an interest free from all personal concern, the action of Convocation in choosing a Chancellor. I knew that, in England and Ireland, the Universities, in choosing their Chancellors, invariably selected influential statesmen. I knew that in Scotland, the honorary Heads of the Universities there are always either influential statesmen, or men who have made themselves a name in the literary world. I knew that when, in 1873, we were discussing, in the Colonial Parliament, the Act which incorporated the University of the Cape, the general impression seemed to be that the Chancellor ought to be a man who, having no special duties imposed upon him, should combine, as far as practicable, the prestige of high state with some claim to scholarship. There was, therefore, nothing in the practice of the Universities of the United Kingdom, nor in the views which were entertained by the Cape Legislature in 1873, which prepared me to hear that Convocation had passed by statesmen and scholars and had elected me. If, indeed, no qualification were needed for the office to which I have been elevated but a love for learning, and a desire to promote it, I should not deem myself entirely unfit. I have, as every one knows, no other qualifications. But if our gratitude for favours should be all the greater because we cannot but be sensible how little

we have deserved them, the members of Convocation, who have followed an old Colonial servant into his retirement in order to do him an honour of which any man might be justly proud, may rest assured that their generosity of feeling is justly estimated, and will never be forgotten.

It has not been without serious misgivings that I have made up my mind to attempt something in the nature of an inaugural address. Such addresses are, I believe, unknown in the Universities of England. In the Scotch Universities they are customary, and not a few of them, pronounced by some of the most eminent men of their age, have been of so rare an excellence that none of those who heard them would willingly let them die. The difference in the nature and tenure of the office of Chancellor in England and in that of Rector in Scotland may account for the difference in the practice of the two countries. I like the Scotch practice, and think that it should be followed at the Cape. It appears to be desirable that the Chancellor of the University should, when entering upon his office, say what he is able to say to the Council, the graduates, and the undergraduates, however little what he says may be worth the hearing. I feel how incompetent I am to inform the minds, or engage the interest of those whom I address. There are amongst them men by whom I should be glad to be instructed, and whom I have not the presumption to suppose I can instruct. But I wish, as the first Chancellor, to begin a practice which far abler men may follow. I am encouraged to do so by the history and success of the annual addresses delivered at the meetings of the subscribers to the Public Library. Five and thirty years ago and upwards, I took occasion, as chairman of one of those meetings, to depart from what, I believe, had been the previous practice, and to offer some remarks of a general nature in connection with libraries and literature. The practice then begun has since been followed, and I need not say how much which tended to refine the taste, extend the knowledge, and stimulate the thought of the colonial public has, from time to time, fallen from the lips of chairmen of the Library. I am as ready now as I was in 1840 to expose my own incompetency for the sake of securing, if I can, to the University and to the public, the benefit of hearing from my successors in office addresses of another stamp than mine.

Speaking to the Chief Educational Institution in South Africa, it is natural that what I say should connect itself with education. But upon education, in the wider acceptation of the term, this would not be a fit occasion to dwell at length, nor, in these times, does it stand in need of advocacy. It was not always so. I am old enough to remember when opinion in the United Kingdom was, in reference to the great and increasingly important subject of popular education, far different from what it is now. But the paradoxes of one age become the truisms of another. Fifty years ago, those who urged in Parliament, from the platform, and through the press, that one of the plainest and most imperative duties of the State was to see to

the education of the people, were sometimes pitied as enthusiasts and sometimes hated as disturbers of society. Teach those who are to earn their bread as domestics, or in agriculture, to read and write and cast accounts, and you are sure, it was said, to turn their heads, to puff them up with vanity and conceit, and to put them above their work. When you have, with your Mechanics' Institutes, your lecture rooms, and kindred agencies, educated your artisans, as you propose to do, look to see them use the weapons which you have put into their hands, first against their masters and next against the institutions of the country. And no one who has read the debates upon popular education in the present session of Parliament, can fail to see that some little of the old feeling still lingers here and there, though not openly avowed. But, upon the whole, all religious sects and all political parties, men who agree upon little, agree upon this, that the people must be educated. They know that education can nurture vanity and conceit only when education is the distinction of the individual, not when it is the property of all, and that the diffusion of education is the cure for such evils. The best friends of the workmen will be amongst the first to admit and lament that in the struggle for what they regard as a fairer division of profits between capital and labour they are often in the wrong. But it cannot well be questioned that, amongst the working classes, combining, as the law permits them to combine, for the promotion of their interests, there never before were so few attempts to promote those interests by violence and crime, whilst it must be evident to every one that the evils which are still experienced exist, not because the working classes are too much educated, but because they are not educated enough. Whether we regard national tranquility within, or national security without, nothing can be depended upon except an educated people. To keep the masses ignorant is not the way to keep the social fabric safe, for Samson, though blind, may yet contrive to grope for the pillars, and bow himself upon them. And as regards national security without, who can fail to call to mind the great conflict between Germany and France, which the world, six years ago, held its breath to witness? The French Emperor ascribed his overthrow to the superiority of the German artillery. Others thought that the consummate skill with which Von Moltke made his military arrangements achieved the victory. Doubtless, both of these agencies were effective. But, after all, the truth is, that a highly educated people overcame a people much less educated, and that Germany owes her present place amongst the nations less to her strategists and her guns than to her schoolmasters and her schools. All over the civilized world, the men who live by labour are in motion, and the ears must be dull of hearing which do not catch the sound of their advancing tread. Some may regard this sign of our times with hope, and some with fear, but all must concur in the opinion that those who are rising, more and more, into influence and importance,

should, by sound education, be fitted for properly exercising the power which is falling into their hands.

The Cape Colony knows, and has given proof that it knows, the value of education. I question if there is another colony in which a larger portion of the public revenue is devoted to the instruction of the people, and I will venture to assert that in no other colony is the portion of the public revenue devoted to the instruction of the people made to do more good. In the Superintendent-General of Education the Colony sees, what is not always seen in official life, the right man in the right place, and it will long bear, in grateful memory, the name of Doctor Langham Dale.

But whilst elementary education is so important, not less important is education of a higher order, and the more widely elementary education is diffused, the more elevated should be the standard of that higher education. Knowledge gravitates, and the tendency of culture is to sink down and spread. It would not be easy to overestimate the benefits which Europe, for many ages, derived from its Universities. For the origin of not a few of them we must go far back into the middle ages. Long before the invention of printing had to a great extent, enabled the press to supersede the Professor, the Universities taught, to crowds of eager students, all the knowledge that was then known. To have an University in its midst was an object of ambition to important States and to great cities. When supporting, in the Colonial Assembly, in 1873, the Bill for establishing the University of the Cape of Good Hope, I referred, I remember, to the establishment of the University of Leyden in 1575, and tried to interest the House by describing, as I was able, how Leyden had resisted, with heroic fortitude and valour, during its long and terrible siege, the then mighty power of Spain ; and how, when its resistance proved successful, and the dykes were opened, and the siege was raised, and the heart of all Holland swelled high with gratitude, the reward which the brave burghers of Leyden asked for and obtained was the founding, in that dark and troubled hour, of their noble University. This striking incident in the history of Holland marked a tendency in her people which early manifested itself, and has never become extinct. The Universities of Holland have borne their fruits. "In the upper classes of no country," says Mr. Mathew Arnold, "is the education for public affairs so complete and universal as in Holland, and nowhere does the best thought and information of those classes so well succeed in finding its way into the Legislature." In the Assembly, on the same occasion, I said something about Oxford University and Alfred. The tradition which makes Alfred the founder of the University of Oxford may not stand the test of sceptical inquiry, but that this University must have arisen at a far distant time, when the country round it was still a wilderness, may be inferred from the curious ceremony of immemorial antiquity,—the Bringing in of the Boar's Head. A student in Queen's College, wandering in the woods, reading his Aristotle, was attacked by a

wild boar. The savage beast was rushing, open mouthed, upon his prey, when the student, having no other means of defence, thrust his Aristotle down the monster's throat and choked him. The head of the animal was borne in triumph by the victor into his College, and the annual "Bringing in of the Boar's Head" still commemorates the nameless scholar who, upon a trying occasion, turned his Greek to good account.

But Greek may be turned to good account—and so may Latin too—in other ways than this; and I shall venture a few remarks upon the study of the classics. A glance at the University Calendar shows a considerable and useful variety in the subjects of examination for matriculation and for degrees; but shows, also, that Greek and Latin take a foremost place. In my opinion, Greek and Latin are well entitled to take a foremost place. I am aware that much is urged against the prominence given, in most Universities, to the study of the classic languages; and it is undeniable that, in our stirring times, when many are going to and fro, and knowledge has increased, and when society demands of every educated man that he shall know many things that were formerly unthought of, too much time may be bestowed upon any one sort of study, however important. But if it be borne in mind that the object of a liberal education is not to fit men out for any particular profession, but to lead out the faculties of the mind by proper exercise, it may be fairly argued that no study is more fitted than that of the classic languages to secure the end in view. I say the classic languages, because, although no language can be mastered without bracing, more or less, the sinews of the understanding, Greek and Latin, owing to the greater regularity and complexity of their structure, are, more than any modern language, the best of intellectual gymnastics. When a youth with his Homer or Virgil before him—or, still more, with his Thucydides or his Tacitus —sets down with his lexicon to make a translation which shall be at once literal and elegant, his reasoning powers, his tastes, his memory, are all brought into play. Many years ago I was convinced of the value of the study of the classics by the most eminent of female writers,—one who combines German depth with French precision, and who superadds a breadth of common sense which we are apt to consider peculiarly English,—Madame de Stael. In her book on Germany she considers the subject; and her conclusion is that the study of the classics is the best foundation that can be laid for a thorough education. It is sometimes said that good translations will serve every purpose; but this is a grand mistake. To use a translation saves toil, but it is the toil itself that strengthens. If we buy the game which we should ourselves have hunted down, we lose the benefit of the chase. Not that I think the student will work out for himself as good a translation as the translator has worked out for him. There are few who will be able to master Plato's meaning as well as Jowett; or the meaning of Lucretius as well as Munro. But a bald, and it may be a scarcely correct, translation, made without the

aid of Jowett or Munro, will do more good than a better translation made with such assistance. Then, there can scarcely be a more beneficial study than that of the principles of general grammar; and the principles of general grammar can best be studied in the languages of Greece and Rome. It is true that opinions differ in regard to the Latin language, considered as an instrument of thought, and that many scholars have held it in low esteem, whilst all scholars agree that, in comparison with the Greek, the Latin is poor and feeble. Gibbon finely says of Greek, that it gives a soul to the objects of sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy; and the nomenclature of every science attests its copiousness and delicacy. Greek and Latin, owing to the regularity and complexity of their structure which distinguish them from all modern languages, are especially fitted for illustrating the science of grammar,—a science which helps to clear thinking, accurate statement, and sound reasoning. The schools of the middle ages in teaching the ancient "Trivium" saw the value of grammar as a good foundation;—and minds well grounded in grammar, and its two kindred studies, logic and rhetoric, are prepared for mastering other kinds of knowledge. I do not say, as some do, that the only road to a thorough knowledge of the grammar of our own language lies through the classics. This is, I think, an error—refuted by the purity with which multitudes of men and women who never learned a word of Greek or Latin write and speak their native tongue. If the only reason for studying Greek and Latin were to speak and write our own language with propriety, we should take a very roundabout road to the end in view by travelling to it through Rome or Athens. But while the reading of good books, and the conversation of cultured people will, if combined with ear and aptitude, enable a man who never learned any grammar whatever to avoid solecisms,—still, if he would go down below the surface, and penetrate into the principles of grammar in connection with general philology, he will find a knowledge of Greek and Latin indispensable.

In considering whether we should or should not learn any particular language, we usually take into account, not merely its nature and structure, but the worth of the literature which it embodies. A language may be well fitted for exercising, in its acquisition, the mind of the learner, and may yet, when learned, be found to contain little worth knowing. On the other hand, a language rude and irregular in its structure may contain a noble literature. Possibly, there may be some connection between excellence in a language viewed as an instrument of thought and excellence in the thoughts expressed by that language. I am disposed to doubt the existence of such a connection, but the question is one which I should be quite unable to discuss, and I pass from it to say a word or two about the value of the literature of Greece and Rome, regarded as distinct from the languages of Greece and Rome. The war between the champions of the Ancients and the champions of the Moderns has long been waged, and possibly will prove endless.

A man of great mark, a distinguished classic, formerly an ornament of the University of Oxford, and now the representative in Parliament of the University of London, Mr. Robert Lowe, deplored the other day, before the Institute of Civil Engineers, that so many men spend their lives in grammatical researches, and in reading bad poetry and execrable histories and biographies. This was strong language, even in an after-dinner speech, and it may, perhaps, be doubted whether the speaker would now be what he is, and where he is, but for the studies which he had denounced. The late Mr. Cobden considered that a few of the leading articles of *The Times*, in his day, were worth more than all Thucydides. Such opinions are very extreme opinions, and, as most people will consider, are very unsound opinions. But, that Time, the great innovator, tends age by age to lessen more and more the reputation of Greek and Roman Literature is, I presume, undeniable. Upon the revival of learning in the fifteenth century, of which revival the recovery and study of the works of the classic authors was partly the cause and partly the effect, those works were worshipped with an almost superstitious veneration. The buried remains of antiquity were searched for and dug up in every direction. Specimens of intellectual races, then regarded as gigantic, became objects of wonder. The literature of ancient Greece and ancient Rome was long the sole literature of Europe. By degrees, slow at first, but gradually becoming faster and faster, that state of things was changed. The various European nations, as their languages improved, began to create each its own literature, and as modern literature grew richer and richer, the value of ancient literature declined. Intrinsically, the ancients are, of course, as valuable as they ever were, but in comparison with the moderns their value has been lessened. Spain at one time supplied all Europe with gold, but when the gold of the new world began to be poured into the market, the mines of Spain ceased to be what they had been before. Something of the same sort, although by no means to the same extent, has taken place in regard to ancient literature since modern literature became more and more developed. In physical science the ancients, as every one knows, have left little behind them except errors. But if in all such knowledge as is founded upon experiment, like chemistry, or upon observation, like astronomy, antiquity thought as a child and spoke as a child, and the people of to-day are those who have put away childish things, it will not follow that in matters purely literary the world has made progress. The old poets—at least the old ballad poets—are generally held to be the best ; although Mr. Savage Landor was bold enough to regard the Battle Canto in Marmion as superior to anything in the poems which bear the name of Homer. Milton makes magnificent use of his classical attainments, and they add to the rich variety of his imagery, and to the stateliness of his sonorous versification, majestic as the march of an army with banners. But the learning which one man wears lightly might possibly weigh another down.

Ten years after the appearance of "The Paradise Lost," a preaching tinker sent forth the only other great imaginative work produced in England in the seventeenth century,—"The Pilgrim's Progress." There is but one passage in this matchless allegory to prove that the author had ever read any book except one, which is itself an ample storehouse of idiomatic English,—King James's Bible. When Matthew became grievously tormented inwardly, from eating of the fruit that hung over the wall of Beelzebub's orchard, there was prescribed for him a pill compounded "*ex carne et sanguine Christi.*" Lest such a display of scholarship should lead the reader to suppose that he had in hand the work of a Scaliger or a Bentley, the conscientious writer is careful to put in the margin, "The Latin I borrow." For picturesqueness of narrative and condensation of style, the historians of antiquity have been long and justly celebrated; but of the philosophy of History—of History regarded as philosophy teaching by examples—they knew nothing. Nor are the ancient orators less renowned than the ancient historians. The late Lord Brougham was of opinion that a member of the British Parliament who should speak as Demosthenes spoke would infallibly succeed. The experiment has not been tried, for although many a Parliamentary speaker has been called a Demosthenes, the parallel has rarely been more exact than that of Fluellen between Macedon and Monmouth. Lord Brougham himself, although he took infinite pains with his perorations, constructed them so that they read like stiff translations, and stand out in marked contrast to his ordinary style, which is too loose, diffuse, involved, and parenthetical to bear any resemblance to the famed Athenian. As regards public speakers, the truth is that so much turns upon the taste and talents of the speaker, upon the nature of his subject, and upon the tone and temper of his audience and his age, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to trace the influence of any particular sort of training in conducing to success. The scholarship of Mr. Gladstone has been amply proved, and is universally acknowledged. Mr. Bright may know something of some modern tongues, but knows nothing of either Latin or Greek. Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright are, admittedly, great speakers. But Mr. Bright has, in my mind, more of Demosthenes in him than Mr. Gladstone has, and, in all probability, would not be less Demosthenic than he is, if, like Demosthenes, he knew no language but his own.

Next in the order of the studies in the University of the Cape come Mathematics. That the study of mathematics forms an important part of liberal education cannot admit of question. Nothing else will exercise to the same extent the rare but the invaluable power of fixing the attention and of forming the habit of patient thought. The peculiar nature of mathematical reasoning teaches him to demonstrate, step by step, such truths as are capable of demonstration. We all of us know men and very able men, who, as it were by instinct, go straight to the heart of the question before

them, but who, when they try to present to others what they see themselves, fall into confusion and fail. Had these men studied mathematics they would have learned how to forge and rivet, link by link, the connected chain of proof. We are not now viewing mathematics as a special training for any special calling, such as surveying, engineering, or navigation, any more than when, just now, considering the classics, we viewed them with reference to any special calling, such as divinity, medicine, or law. The mathematics are a valuable educational agency for men who may never touch a quadrant. I can imagine some one comparing the study of languages with the study of mathematics, and asking which of them will, irrespective of merely professional requirements, turn out the athlete, best fitted to start in the race of life, and contend for its prizes? It is not for a smatterer like me to answer this question. An inquiry into the careers of a certain number of the choicest Oxford men and an equal number of the choicest Cambridge men, extending over a hundred years or so, might, perhaps, throw some light upon the subject. Not improbably, however, the chosen men of the representative Universities would be found to keep as close to each other in the race of life as their chosen men keep to each other in the annual boat-race, where, of the thirty-three prizes awarded since the Universities began their struggle, seventeen have crowned the Oxford men and sixteen the men of Cambridge. Literary men and metaphysicians are apt to disparage the study of mathematics except as a training for some particular pursuit. Lord Macaulay, the literary man, when at Cambridge could not, as appears from his "Life and Letters" by his nephew, find words strong enough to express his abomination of mathematics, and he yearned to exchange the studies of the Cam for the studies of the Isis. Sir William Hamilton, the metaphysician, reviewing in the "Edinburgh" a tract of Dr. Whewell's on University education, assailed the study of mathematics with much acuteness of argument and a great array of authorities. Nor can it be denied, I think, that mathematical reasoning is a sort of reasoning rarely applicable to the questions which arise in ordinary life. In that reasoning there is no room for balancing probabilities or weighing conflicting evidence. Everything is either white or black, whilst in practice most of the cases which tax our powers are neither white nor black, but such as call upon us to distinguish between different shades of gray. The mathematics, if not combined with other branches of knowledge, and especially with that branch of knowledge which I shall next attempt to estimate, so far from fitting a man for success in the ordinary affairs of life, may rather tend to unfit him for it; but when so combined they must ever be regarded as of the highest value.

The branch of knowledge to which I have just referred has borne different names at different times, and those names have been sometimes understood in different senses. Perhaps the term Metaphysics, used so as to embrace the philosophy of the mind, with

Logic as a compound part and Ethics as a connected study, is as convenient a term as any other. I venture to think that no study affords a wider or more wholesome field for exercising the faculties and preparing men for life than that of metaphysics. Metaphysics are sneered at as a mass of subtleties which shift, from age to age, like a mass of sand,—as a profitless pursuit inherited from the schoolmen of the middle ages. I know little of the schoolmen of the middle ages, and know that little at second hand; but the little I know makes me wish that I knew more, for they sometimes astonish me by the depth and breadth and thorough originality of their speculations. Some of them may have thought about what is unthinkable, and mooted questions insoluble and even frivolous. I agree that to discuss whether angels can pass from one point in space to another without passing through the intermediate points, and whether angels can see in the dark, are barren questions; but the discussion of even barren questions may nourish argumentative powers, and the argumentative powers of the schoolmen were often employed upon the profoundest problems that can engage the human mind. I question whether we are entitled to look upon the schoolman as a creature of low mental type; but even if we be entitled to do so, we may yet respect the metaphysician as the schoolman developed, by a sort of Darwinism, into a creature of a higher order. The inquiries which he instituted are at once interesting and invigorating, concentrating the attention as much as mathematics do, and sharpening the reasoning powers more. Scotchmen, whether it is that their national bent is towards the cultivation of metaphysics, or that the cultivation of metaphysics has given the nation its bent, were for a long time the only men, and have ever been the foremost men, who, in Europe, made the science of mind their leading study; and Scotchmen, in all societies in which they are found, seem to rise to the top as naturally as oil rises to the top of water. It would, of course, be a mistake to ascribe to one cause what is probably the effect of more causes than one; but I cannot help thinking that studies which form so large a part of Scottish education have not been without influence upon the success which, in general, attends Scotchmen. It has often struck me as affording a presumption in favour of metaphysical researches that the modern and important science of Political Economy may be fairly said to be the work of metaphysicians. The three books which, next to the Bible, have, according to Sir James Macintosh, most influenced the world are the treatise of De Groot upon the law of War and Peace, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, and Smith's Wealth of Nations. The illustrious Hollander, who has left so much behind him, has not, I believe, left anything purely metaphysical or strictly economical. But Locke is the most original, profound, and suggestive of metaphysicians, and Adam Smith a metaphysician of a high order. Now Locke may be regarded as the father of Political Economy. He was so far before his age as to teach, nearly two hundred years ago, that

usury laws were wrong, and that it was as absurd to make laws fixing the price of money as to make laws fixing the price of cutlery or broadcloth. He thought out for himself a theory of political economy substantially the same with that which, long afterwards, was proclaimed by Adam Smith. Lord Macaulay, from whom I take the substance of what I have just stated, has, in his admirable account of the restoration of the Currency in 1696, contrasted, without meaning to do so, the greatest of mathematicians with the greatest of metaphysicians. Newton was master of the Mint, and, therefore, officialy connected with the measures then in contemplation ; but if he wrote anything about it, nothing that he wrote has been preserved. "Newton,"—it is written, in what will ever be the true Pictorial History of England for the twelve years it covers,—"Newton has left to posterity no exposition of his opinions touching the Currency. But the tracts of Locke upon the subject are happily still extant ; and it may be doubted whether any of his writings,—even in those ingenious and deeply-meditated chapters on Language which form, perhaps, the most valuable part of the Essay on the Human Understanding,—the force of his mind appears more conspicuously." As regards Adam Smith, his metaphysics prepared the way for his political essay ; and it is highly probable that if the Theory of Moral Sentiments had not been written the Wealth of Nations would never have appeared. Nor should I omit to notice that another metaphysician, David Hume, who as such occupies a position as distinguished as that of any other man (save Locke), did much to establish some of the most important principles of Political Economy. The result of such consideration as I am able to give the subject is, that metaphysicians are more likely than mathematicians to be many-sided men, and that this many-sidedness is directly traceable to the nature and influence of their studies.

I observe by the University Calendar for 1876 that except an examination paper by Archdeacon Badnall upon Logic, prepared for candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, there is nothing of metaphysics in the University course. Logic, which is the science of the laws of Thought, has, certainly its uses ; but it is not, I conceive, the most valuable part of the Science of mind. The syllogism can never discover a new truth, and as the conclusion is already contained in the premises, the syllogism which affects to prove involves a begging of the question. It will not teach us the meanings of words, nor teach us to use our words always in the same sense, which is an essential condition of sound reasoning. Truth is not to be discovered nor, I think, established by general propositions. Our inferences are, for the most part if not altogether, from particulars to particulars, when no general propositions intervene. Take away from a child, says Locke, a part of his apple, and he will know that a part of it is gone without any reference to the general proposition that the whole is equal to all its parts. It is only by his experience in regard to apples and other things, that he comes to frame that

general proposition. At the same time when we are arguing with persons on whose minds a certain general proposition has been inductively established, deductive reasoning, in syllogistic form from that general proposition may silence and, perhaps convince, whilst it is also to be borne in mind that the syllogism is not the whole of logic as logic is now understood.

If I plead for a wider and deeper cultivation of the Science of Mind, it is because I regard that cultivation as of urgent necessity in our times. Questions of the gravest character are rising up on every side which, without a thorough knowledge of the fundamental laws of our Intellectual Being, can neither be duly weighed nor satisfactorily determined. I know that we are apt to regard the questions of our own age as the most momentous questions ever agitated. But no questions so momentous as those which are now pressing themselves upon the attention of the world have ever, to anything like the same extent, startled and stunned any former generation. We have not now such questions as disturbed the early Church concerning the Divine Nature and the nature of the Divine Decrees; nor such questions as that between the Realists and the Nominalists, which divided into hostile camps the learned in the middle ages; nor such questions as severed Christendom asunder in the sixteenth century; nor such questions as have since been, from time to time, in controversy between those who believe in Revelation and those who do not. Important as most of those questions are they vanish into nothingness before the questions of to-day. Atheism,—avowed, aggressive, and here and there almost intolerant,—is preached as the first and legitimate outcome of Physical Science. The learned and excellent writer who, under the signature of Delta, has done much to diffuse information amongst the reading public of the Cape has, in the February number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, described a work with which I am, in some degree, acquainted,—"The History of Creation," by Professor Haeckel, of Jena. This important work, which has attained much popularity in Germany, and is introduced to the English public by Professor Ray Lankester, may be said to be Darwinism fully developed. It contains a vast amount of information upon Natural History and kindred sciences. its tone is belligerent and defiant. But it is not, the author confesses, a history of Creation at all. He prefers, he says, the term development to the term creation, because by using the term creation "the unscientific idea of a Creator existing outside of matter and changing it, may easily creep in." The notion that "every organism is the product of a creative power, acting for a definite object," is a notion named to be exploded, as one held only by people ignorant of science. "The much talked-of beneficence of the Creator," to use Professor Haeckel's language, vanishes, of course, with the delusion that there is a Creator, and that the order of nature exhibits a pre-arranged adaptation of means to ends. The origin and structure of the organs of sense are, we are assured, as capable of

explanation as any physical process,—since all natural bodies which are known to us are equally animated, and the supposed distinction between animate and inanimate bodies does not exist. "When a stone is thrown into the air and falls to the earth, according to definite laws, the phenomenon is neither more nor less a mechanical manifestation of life than * * * * the perception, or the formation, of thought in man." Thus, then, the apple that fell from the tree in Newton's orchard, and Newton himself—who, with the eye of genius, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, saw, in that simple incident, the all-pervading law of gravitation which holds suns and systems in their orbits—were both, without distinction, mere mechanical manifestations of life. Startling as such a statement is to people ignorant of physical science, it follows naturally enough if, as Professor Haeckel teaches, our most ancient ancestors were structureless and formless little lumps of mucus, or albuminous matter, spontaneously generated, without author and without aim, from inorganic substance. Those who may be curious to know how these little lumps of mucus blindly developed themselves, in the struggle for life, into the poets who have sung immortal songs,—into the heroes who bravely fought for Fatherland and freedom,—into the martyrs who nobly died for truth and justice,—may follow Professor Haeckel, as he traces their pedigree through twenty-two stages, until they ultimately emerge from the narrow-nosed apes. These doctrines may be true ; but if they are, then there has passed away a glory from the earth, and Humanity can only send into the darkness its despairing cry.

I am aware that many very able men who have studied Darwinism do not regard it as necessarily destructive. Why, they ask, may not men hold all the same faiths, and cherish all the same hopes, which they held and cherished before it was shown that they have been developed, in the course of countless ages, out of little lumps of mucus ? I dare not dogmatize. But if Darwinism be true for all the countless ages of past time, I fail to see why it should not be true for all the countless ages of future time ; and in that case the transitional creatures, now known as men, may change into something as different from men as men are different from little lumps of mucus. If "the idea of a Creator outside of Nature" were admitted, we might, perhaps, conceive of Him as carrying out His purposes or the plan of development, as stopping, in regard to man, the development of new species, and as endowing man with special privileges and immortal hopes. But any idea of this kind is set aside as an unscientific superstition, and the inferences from its exclusion are too obvious to need pointing out, and too momentous not to arrest attention. So far as my observation goes, the views of Professor Haeckel are shared by many men, eminent for their scientific attainments, both in Europe and America. Names might be mentioned, but it is needless. Formerly we reasoned from what were held to be the evidences of benevolent design, presented by the

Universe, up to the existence of a Benevolent Designer. Now we are told that what was mistaken for design was never designed, but was produced by the blind mechanical action of the atoms, the only eternal things,—and further told that Nature, instead of showing anything admirable, is full of blunders. Payley's Natural Theology, and the Bridgewater Treatises, and hosts of other works of the same class, which once carried conviction to our minds, may all be thrown into the fire. How much has been written by them of old time upon the Eye,—upon its beautiful adaptation to fulfil the purpose which it was plainly formed to fulfil,—upon the curious fact that some imperfections in the earlier telescopes were cured by a closer examination of the organ of vision! Far other is the utterance of modern science. Listen to the language which Professor Clifford, a distinguished man, quotes and adopts, from a great German physiologist:—"If an optician," says Helmholtz, speaking of the eye, "sent me that as an instrument, I should send it back to him with grave reproaches for the carelessness of his work, and demand the return of my money." In fact what is called the "Philosophy of Pessimism" has sprung up, and the world instead of being viewed as a chequered scene of happiness and misery in which, however, happiness is the rule and misery the exception, is simply evil altogether. Now, whilst there is, I am aware, an atheistical way of arguing against Atheism, as if Theism had no foundation save in men's opinions, and as if there would cease to be an overruling Providence in case men ceased to believe in its existence, —still the question of a Creator or no Creator is the question of questions. I do not dispute the personal worth of those who, like Professor Haeckel, preach loudly that there is no God. But I feel, or fancy, that indications are discernible in Professor Haeckel's book that his scientific creed has tended to pervert, at least in theory, his moral sentiments. I should be sorry to think that he is a hard-hearted or inhuman man. But the manner in which he refers to the practice of the ancient Spartans, and of the modern Redskins, "to kill all sickly, weak, and crippled children," in order, by artificial selection, to promote the survival of the fittest, and in which he derides the cry which the "so-called humane Civilization" would set up against any one who should now make such a proposal,—does not prepossess the reader in favour of his doctrines. Christendom does not kill its sickly, weak, and crippled children. It builds hospitals for them, and hires nurses to attend upon them, if they are poor; and poor or rich, they are, in general, the special objects of parental solicitude, and they meet, from all around them, sympathy and kindness. If, indeed, thews and sinews were everything, and we found everywhere what Professor Haeckel says we do find, "a pitiless and most embittered struggle of all against all," then a low and despicable sort of Utilitarianism might prompt to the destruction of the weakly. But a higher and truer Utilitarianism prompts to their preservation, since a far larger share of human happiness is

secured in a Society where the strong support the weak and helpless than in a Society where the weak and helpless are ruthlessly stamped out. But thews and sinews are not everything, and in preserving sickly, weak, and crippled children, the world has often been rewarded by finding in them some of its greatest men, not merely in the pursuits of peace, but in the art of war. The readers of Lord Macaulay's History will remember his account of the Battle of Landen, where Luxembourg defeated our Dutch William. Speaking of these two leaders, he says:—"In some heathen countries they would have been exposed while infants. It is probable that amongst the hundred and twenty thousand men who were marshalled round Neerwinden, under all the standards of Western Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarf, who urged forward the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England." Professor Haeckel puts the selection of soldiers for the army upon a par with the killing of sickly children, a parallel of which it is enough to say that it shows a want of clear thinking in regard to matters outside the author's special studies,—a want of which, I think, there is other evidence in his work.

Now my own conviction is that the all-important questions to which I have been referring, must, humanly speaking, be determined by the application of methaphysical principles to physical facts. Proved facts must not be denied, however much they may clash with preconceived opinions, for in the end facts will prove stronger than opinions, as they did formerly as regards Astronomy, and more recently as regards Geology. But amongst proved facts are the inviolate laws of the Human Understanding, and the question is whether the theory of Professor Haeckel, and the rest, is or is not in conflict with those laws. They call their theory the "Mechanical or Causal." Mechanical it clearly is, but not, in my opinion, "causal." Its ultimate principle is spontaneousness as opposed to causation, and if the idea of causation be a condition of our thoughts when we think about the origination of phenomena, it will remain to be seen whether the principle of spontaneousness can satisfy the condition of our thought. The idea of causation is not given from without, but arises from within. In our observation of material substances, we see nothing but antecedences and sequences; but antecedence and sequence is not the whole of our idea of causation. When we see one set of phenomena invariably followed by another set of phenomena, we call the former the causes and the latter the effects, but still all we see is the antecedence and the sequence. If I throw the paper I am now writing upon into the fire it will burn. I therefore say that the fire has power to burn paper. But I do not see that power. All I see is that when the paper has been placed in the fire combustion follows. The notion of a power in the fire to burn the paper is, indeed, a necessary notion, but it is a notion which I bring to the phenomenon, not a notion which the phenomenon presents to me. How we come by that necessary notion is a subject of inquiry, though one impossible

to be here pursued, but that the notion is a necessary one may fairly lead us to question whether any mechanical theories of the universe, atomic, dynamic, or evolutional, founded, as they must be, upon the observation of nothing but antecedences and sequences in phenomena, can satisfy our craving for true causation, and whether Nature, in the last analysis, does not force us to believe in something beyond Nature. Man, when he looks around him and within him, can scarcely bring himself to think that his own mind is the highest mind that exists; and he is now, and he has been in all ages, driven to believe that mind can only come from mind, and that whether Cuvier and Agassiz or Darwin and Huxley be right as to the nature of species and the limits of development, a higher intelligence than ours must have ordained the phenomena which we behold. Physical Science is undoubtedly most important, and its achievements are the proudest triumphs of our time; but it may seem to overstep its limits when it assumes a right to rule despotically the whole domain of human knowledge and belief. No one will understand me as seeking to disparage what scientific men have done, nor is a generation which has witnessed the tunnelling of the Alps, and the cutting of the Suez Canal, which is about to drain the Zuyder Zee, and which proposes to carry the waters of the Black Sea to replenish the basin of the Caspian, likely to undervalue the agency by which such feats can be performed. I observe with pleasure from the examination papers that besides the classic languages and mathematics, pure and applied, the candidates for degrees are required to show proficiency in many branches of knowledge more obviously practical, such as Chemistry and Mechanics. The curriculum of the University of the Cape is remarkable for its variety; and as variety in our food, when not carried too far, conduces to bodily health, so a certain degree of variety in our studies tends to mental vigour.

Some, I believe, have desired that the Cape University should become a teaching University, and should cease to be merely an examining University. Time, it is possible, may bring about the change. But for myself I am well content with the University as it is. Few things are more striking than the change of opinion in the United Kingdom in regard to efficacy of examination generally, and of competitive examination in particular. When it was first applied to the Indian Civil Service it was ridiculed by those who called themselves practical men, but who were only theorists with a bad theory, and much was said about the mischiefs of "coaching" and "cram." But the system has lived down all opposition and instead of abolishing t for India they have adopted it in England. It may not invariably give you the best men, but it will, in the long run, give you better men than any other system will. It was an aphorism of Dundas, Viscount Melville, that every man had capacity enough for any office in the public service which he had interest enough to get; but, at present, we think that the public is better served by men selected by competition than it would be by men selected by patronage.

Whether for office or for degrees, a judicious, well-considered, and searching examination will rarely, if ever, fail in securing competency. To what extent appointments in the Civil Service of the Colony are at present connected with the University examinations I am not informed; but I see no reason why I should not express here an opinion which I advocated long since in the House of Assembly, and that is, that to let entrance into the Public Service depend, when character is unimpeachable, upon proficiency in education, as evidenced by examination, would be a step in the right direction, relieving the Government of an irksome duty, and benefiting the Colony by opening the career to talent. But let it not be forgotten by any young man who may hear what I write that education has other and nobler rewards than appointments in the Public Service, or anything else that can be measured by Money. Education is its own exceeding great reward. To how many have a good education and literary tastes proved health in sickness and wealth in poverty, and a means by which, in more favourable circumstances, a man may gratify the noblest of all ambitions—that of leaving the world around him better than he found it. South Africa has of late been advancing in material prosperity, but material prosperity is not without its dangers; for unless the development of its material resources is accompanied by a development of its mental resources, it may become degraded in its sentiments and aspirations, and fall down before Mammon as its one God. But redeeming agencies are at work. The schoolmaster is abroad. The Cape Parliament is one great educational establishment, the Cape University is another, and its benefits are not confined to the Cape, but are thrown open to all South Africa. The political confederation of South Africa may not, at present, be practicable, but for the educational confederation of South Africa the time is ripe. I close an Address already too long by expressing my fervent hope that although now, to some extent, in the day of small things, the University of the Cape of Good Hope is destined to grow to greatness, and do much good. I wish I could have spoken more worthily; but I have spoken as I could, and the kindness of those who chose me to be Chancellor will forgive me my deficiencies.

The Picture and the Shrine.

It is curious that whereas the personal appearance of many of the great men of the past is familiar to us, as stamped on coins or expressed in sculptured bust, yet no authentic likeness of the Christ has been handed down to posterity. We recognise the crisp hair, broad forehead, and pugnacious nose of Socrates; the round head, bull-neck and gladiatorial face of Nero; the bald, thin-boned expanse of cranium and acquiline face of Cecero;—we recognise in pictures, the dark intellectual face of St. Paul; the refined sensitive features of "the beloved apostle;" the combative, impulsive, well-filled face of St. Peter; and so on, with every disciple, we can picture in our mind's eye the likeness, which we have unconsciously made up from the illustrated story-books of childhood, and the immortal productions of Raphael or Da Vinci; yet yearning, with all the devout passion which the cloistered novice may, for a vivid picture of her Master and Lord, it is in vain—every picture that comes on the mental camera is but a vain shadow, and so, Art, as expressed in the productions of the old masters and the new, has failed in giving to the world an Ideal which satisfies the imagination.——Since writing the above, I have made a discovery. In "the new Pilgrim's Progress" by Mark Twain, I read:—"We crossed a street and came presently to the former residence of St. Veronica; when the Saviour passed there, she came out full of womanly compassion and spoke pitying words to him, undaunted by the howlings and threatenings of the mob, and wiped the perspiration from his face with her handkerchief. We had heard so much of St. Veronica and seen her picture by so many masters that it was like meeting with an old friend unexpectedly to come upon her ancient home in Jerusalem. The strangest thing about the incident that has made her name so famous is, that when she wiped the perspiration away, the print of the Saviour's face remained on the handkerchief, a perfect portrait, and so remains to this day. We know this because we saw this handkerchief in a Cathedral in Paris, in another in Spain, and in two others in Italy. In the Milan Cathedral it costs five francs to see it, and at St. Peter's at Rome it is almost impossible to see it at any price. No tradition is so amply verified as this of St. Veronica and her handkerchief." When we pay our next visit to Europe, we shall certainly make a pilgrimage to the Handkerchief Portrait.

During the Autumn of 1873, one of the chief topics of conversation in London Society was the Portraits of the Christ, then first open for inspection,—the one, that, by Gustave Dorè, "Christ leaving the Prætorium;" the other, that by Holman Hunt, in his picture called "The Shadow of Death."

As it will probably fall to the lot of but a few of the readersof this Magazine to see these celebrated pictures, and as I had the good

fortune to do so within a few days of each other, and to compare the ideals of the two great painters, I dare say an attempt to give an account of each may be interesting.

The walls of the passage to the Dorè gallery are hung with many beautiful engravings and photographs of the works of this most indefatigable artist. Pushing the half-door aside, one enters a large well furnished room, with centre lounge, and forms, and chairs scattered about, where you can sit and view at leasure the pictures which adorn the walls ; the light is well arranged to do justice to the paintings. In this room, are many of the artist's celebrated works, which have made his name famous ; but without lingering here, we turn to the left, and, see occupying the whole side of an adjoining room, the picture, which has such a fascination on every beholder.

To the right hand of the picture, is the Judgment Hall of Pilate, and emerging from under the archway of the door, are a crowd of figures, officers, priests, and general audience, who have just been listening to the momentous trial. A stone balustrade seems to project from the side for several feet, and then run at right angles facing the spectator. At the bottom of the broad steps on each side, are a packed mass of rabble, only kept back from advancing up to the court by several brawny Roman soldiers, who can scarcely clear the way. So wonderful is the portraiture, that one recognises several of the disciples by the liknesses to which I have alluded, and the tearful loving women may also be discerned, faithful to the end. Every ledge, and wall, and house-top on the left of the picture is crowded by spectators; and at the back and away in the distance are seen the tops of the city buildings, a luried sky covering in the scene. All these details are only made out after looking at the picture again and again ; on entering the room and fronting the painting, one's eyes are riveted at once, on the central figure, and for a time you see nothing else, and for a few moments you have eyes for only the wondrous face. Slightly in advance of the emerging crowd, alone, and a little way down the broad stone stairs is the Christ,—a form rather above the middle height, clothed in a seamless robe of white from neck to feet, one foot being slightly in advance on its descent. A crown of thorns encircles the brow, and the cruel points have caused a drop or two of blood to stain the white vesture in front. The eyes are wonderful, and the expression of the face it is hopeless to describe—Christ seems to be so rapt, and unaffected by the wild surging crowd as not to see them. The hour of his agony has passed, the cup has been accepted and the future, into which the eyes seem to gaze, to be opened out full of unutterable glory. The whole form, pose and expression, is so full of dignity and purity that the mind is marvellously agitated and the pale faces of many of the spectators, and an occasional subdued sob, tell of the power of the artist. A more noble ideal I cannot conceive. One leaves the gallery brain full and heart full, and it is some time before the wealth, and noise and bustle of Bond Street, can bring one back to the real,

and dissipate the feeling that we have but just returned from some supernatural *seance.*

A few days after this, while the glamour of Dorè's picture was still on the mind—Holman Hunt's painting, "The Shadow of Death," was declared on view. Again, I repaired to Bond Street, and on the front of the house where the painting was exhibited was written in large guilt letters "The Shadow of Death." The words looked so startling in the midst of the bustle and gay life of the street, that one was reminded of the description of the great plague, when the death mark was inscribed on so many a dwelling.

Going up a dimly-lighted passage, you enter a room, of rather small dimensions, the walls hung with dark coloured cloth. Across a part of the room ran a bar. Behind this, were a row of chairs and a few raised seats. On the opposite wall was placed the picture, slightly projecting towards the spectators. A strong flood of light from above illuminated every detail. Powerful glasses were at your disposal, with which to inspect it in the most searching manner.

The Painting represents a somewhat cramped appartment—the ordinary carpenter's workshop of a Syrian peasant—the door was open to the road-way, and in front of a low arched window ran a carpenter's bench, on which were scattered, and also arranged on the walls, the various implements of his trade. On the floor, raised on two cross supports, was a piece of wood, half-sawn through, with the saw remaining in the cut. So familiar were the details that I immediately recognised them. One has only to saunter some sultry afternoon into the workshop of January Jacobs, or Kareme in old Uitenhage, to see the *fac-simile.* In front of the bench, and facing the spectators, was the figure of a young man, naked to the waist, skin of dark brown colour, the arms stretched out to the utmost in form of a cross, on each side of the head, which was also retracted—the eyes of a steel gray colour looking upwards—the dishevelled locks falling away from the face—the pectoral muscles and ribs in full relief from the action of the figure—there was a painful leanness expressed in the anatomy—the expression of the face, as far as it could be caught from the position, one of anxious weariness.

To the left of the painting, kneeling on one knee, the lean foot and ankle just appearing under the border of the dress, was the figure of the Virgin Mother, her comely head, with face half turned to her son, was adorned by dark coils of hair pinned up just as one sees on the Malay women. Her dress was of a wonderful blue colour. On a low cupboard, or stand, was an elaborately carved, ivory casket—open—the inside lined with soft richly coloured velvet, supposed to contain the gift of the Magi. The soft warm sunlight of the Judean summer poured through the window arch, and throwing the figure of the Christ in strong relief, cast a cross-shaped shadow on the wall. The floor was littered with chips and wood-shavings, so accurately and marvelously painted, that it seemed as if you could pick them up from the picture. Through the open door and partly

by the window was seen the hazy landscape, with the arid Syrian hills bounding the horizon. On the margin of the picture, below, was written these words: "But made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." After examining till the eyes ached every detail of the picture, one turned to one's fellow gazers to mark the effect. No faces pale with emotion did I see; no suppressed sob did I hear. As far as I could judge, it was one of incredulous, curious surprise. For myself the contrast between the ideal of Dorè, and the real, or what one's common reflection and experience of the East, taught, must *have* been the *real*, by Hunt, was almost painful; it was a sort of moral shock. The style, the colouring, the details were perfect; but, alas! the dim beauteous illusion, of the ideal Christ, was dissipated for ever. With a severe headache and a sense of coldness about the heart, we left the dark room and were once more lost in the hurrying tide of London streets.

During my stay in town, I had heard often of the Rev. Mackonochie, and the elaborate ritual of the service conducted at St. Alban's Church. A Sunday or two after seeing the paintings I made up my mind to attend the morning service at this church. After inquiring of sundry passers-by in the neighbourhood, I made my way up a narrow paved court leading out of a street at the back of Holborn, and came upon a handsome church in a locality where one least expected to see one,—a locality which, in bye-gone student days, was always associated with miserable shops and low lodging houses, a perfect rookery of night birds and social evils. Being in good time, we witnessed the whole elaborate ceremonial, familiar perhaps to some of my readers, but being "*cultor infrequens*" of this mode of worship, I could not from memory give its details; but I have a picture on my mind, of dim lights on a richly adorned altar, indistinctly seen in the foggy atmosphere of a dark November morning; a waving of censers, and gradual floating out of aromatic incense; genuflexions and prostrations incessant, which were followed accurately by many of the congregation; and the devout air of those who one guessed to be the habitues, showed the service was a soul-inspiring one. Either from ignorance of its meaning, or not being *en rapport* with it, I was not sorry when it came to an end, and then to my disappointment, instead of the celebrated Priest, one of his associates walked up to a reading desk (I don't think it was a pulpit), and gave out the text, "Is not this the Carpenter?" This question struck, at once, a responsive chord in my own bosom. I said to myself, he also has seen the picture; and interested to know how he would treat the subject, I leaned forward, and "with a greedy ear, devoured up his discourse," wherein he spoke in most appropriate polished language, of the early history of Christ, his surroundings, and pictured the simple uneventful life of a Syrian peasant. The sermon

took about twenty-five minutes in delivery, and concluded with drawing from the example of Christ a practical lesson on the sanctity of home, and the sacredness of work. I was very satisfied with the sermon, and even at this distance an echo of the preacher's words fall now and then as one goes marching on the life path.

When one calls to mind the scene on the mountain side, when the disciples heard the immortal sermon, or pictures in the mind's eye the eager mulitude on the sea shore, and the august figure that occupied the fishing boat, one fails to see the affinity between the elaborate ritual of this morning, and the simplicity, of the earlier service. But far be it from me to cast a supercilious look on the shrine and its elaborate ornamentation. I would sneer at no man for his mode of worship. "*Tempora mutantur.*" The world is sufficiently advanced to recognise the great truth, that opinion and ritual are not religion. If Mr. Mackonochie and the earnest men with him, "go into the streets and lanes of the city" and entice them to come in, are they not fulfilling the law of Christ? All honour and success to them, and to all who preach the doctrines of our Divine Master—whether it be on an open moor, in a simple chapel, or in the noble temples reared by the religious enthusiasm of a bygone age. Yet, I have known not a few, who, alone, either on the yellow margin of the dark blue sea, or under the cool shadow of some big boulder in the parched karroo, or "rocked in the cradle of the deep" under the bright stars, or viewing the broad landscape from some mountain height, with the cool air of incense-breathing morn refreshing the head and heart, have entered into closer communion with the spirit of the universe, and felt the wider bearing of the teaching of the Christ than they ever did, in temples made with hands.

To any student of comparative theology the words of a late writer in the *Westminster* seem to contain the truth: "As man changes, his Deity changes with him. The whole history of religion has consisted in a gradual refinement of the idea of God." Now in these later times, when humanity seems labouring in a new birth of a Christianity which will be one, more of the spirit than the letter, it behoves every one to cultivate the chiefest of the three, "that most excellent gift of charity." But I feel I am intruding on the province of others. It is so easy to preach, so difficult to practice.

In concluding my story of "The Picture and the Shrine," I would advise any of my readers, who are going home, to pay a visit to each, and I can promise them a great intellectual treat.

F. Ensor.

Port Elizabeth.

Cameron's Journey Across Central Africa.*

When in 1872 the despatches of Livingstone, brought to England by Stanley, describing the cruelties of the East African Slave trade, excited anew in the minds of all humane men the desire for the immediate suppression of this disgraceful traffic, Sir Bartle Frere was sent to Zanzibar in order to arrange with the Sultan the necessary measures for doing so; and at the same time the London Geographical Society entrusted to him the organization of an expedition which it was intended should seek out and join Livingstone, present him with the proofs of the admiration and gratitude of the whole of the educated world, and place at his command resources and assistance for the further enlargement of his researches in Central Africa.

For the leadership of this expedition, the Naval-Lieutenant Verney Lovett Cameron was selected, although but a tyro in African travel. Born in 1844, since his thirteenth year he had distinguished himself in the British Navy as a bold, prudent, and intelligent officer, and had served with distinction in the Mediterranean Sea, the West Indies, the Red Sea, and the East Coast of Africa, where he used all his leisure opportunities to acquire a knowledge of the Kishuaheli language. He was a skilled astronomer and surveyor, and well versed in the fixing of geodetical positions and the use of meteorological instruments, and had already made his scientific proclivities known through a translation of Admiral Batakom's "New Bases of Naval Tactics" as well as through the publication of a treatise of his own on Steam Tactics. As a companion, Staff-Naval Surgeon Dillon accompanied him; and soon after his arrival on the East Coast he was joined on the 13th January, 1873, by the Lieutenant of Artillery, Cecil Murphy, and by Mr. Moffatt, Dr. Livingstone's nephew, as volunteers.

At the outset the expedition received the official name of "Livingstone's East Coast Expedition," and it experienced the usual preliminary difficulties. Fever manifested itself, and many months elapsed before the necessary number of carriers or Pagusi could be collected; and it was not until the end of March that the expedition left the coast and was on its way to Lake Tanganyika, where they hoped to find Livingstone himself, or at least to hear some authentic news of him. They had to encounter on the march all the hardships experienced by their predecessors, Burton, Speke, Grant, and Stanley, and so ably described by them. They were especially afflicted with sickness, and poor Moffat who, as a native Africander, was supposed to be acclimatised, early succumbed, dying on the 22nd May, also four others before August; and on their arrival at Uniayembe were for many long and weary months detained there,

* Compiled from Peterman's "Mittheilungen."

when in October the sad intelligence reached them that Livingstone's servants were on their way to the coast with their master's body.

The principal aim of the expedition was thus through Livingstone's death frustrated ; and Lieut. Murphy and Dr. Dillon, who had suffered more from illness than Cameron did, resolved to return. Murphy accompanied Livingstone's body to the coast. Poor Dillon, after marching a few days in a high delirium of fever died. Cameron, with greater energy, soon comprehended the new line of action opened to him by Livingstone's death and determined to resolve the vexed question of the outlet of the Tanganyika and the course of the Luabala.

Leaving Uniayembe on the 11th November, 1873, he reached on his new road, Udschidschi on the Tanganyika (or Ujiji of Stanley) on the 28th February, 1874, and found there some of Livingstone's maps and papers, which he quickly dispatched to England ; and fulfilled his instructions by accurately fixing the position of Udschidschi (4° 58″ 3′ S.L., 30° 4″ 30′ E.L.), and the height of the surface of Tanganyika 2,710 English feet above the sea-level, as accurately as possible, and then prepared himself for greater undertakings.

The first was a deed worthy of a seaman—for a long time, until Stanley's cruise round the Ukerewe, standing by itself alone. Never before had a scientific traveller circumnavigated any of the great African lakes. Never once had the much-visited Lake Tchad in Bonou or Tana in Abyssinia been thus explored, until Cameron, between the 18th March and 9th May, 1874 sailed or rather rowed round the southern portion of Tanganyika, extending over several degrees of latitude, and a brilliant chart founded on his observations was sent to London. The scientific world greeted this work as one of the greatest importance, and as a favourable witness for the energy, geographical tact, and capabilities of the yet unknown explorer (his spurs being as yet unwon) ; and this cruise met its reward, for in it Cameron had the good fortune on the 3rd May on the west side of the lake to discover its egress into the water system of the Luabala by the outrunning stream Lukuga, and by this discovery to settle for ever the much-vexed question of Burton, whether Tanganyika was an enclosed basin without an outlet, or whether it communicated with the Nile or the Indian Ocean through an outlet on its eastern side ; and it was now quite unexpectedly found that it belonged to the great river system of Luabala, or more probably, to that of the Congo.

This was a discovery of the first rank, and the greatest hopes were raised of Cameron's future explorations, and at last in May, 1874, when he announced his determination to penetrate from Udschidschi westward and to explore the Lualaba and Congo to the Atlantic Ocean, the greatest confidence was entertained that he was the man to solve this still existing riddle of Equatorial Africa. But his comparative failure cannot cast the slightest shadow on his fame as an African traveller. That he did not reach the Atlantic on the waters

of the Congo, was owing to the same cause that detained Livingstone for months, namely, that with all his exertions he could not procure boats to navigate the Lualaba. Cameron, however, so far succeeded in reaching the West Coast from his own and Livingstone's furthest point on the Lualaba, *i.e.*, Nyangwe, not by the river, but in a track south and west of it as far as Lake Dilolo, where he struck Livingstone's old route from the Cape Colony in his first journey, and then by a track south of the former reached the coast a little north of San Felipe de Benguela instead of San Paulo de Loando, and thus intersected the tracks of Livingstone, Magyar, and Gracas, and on this long journey of 330 German miles besides his journey from the coast, or about the distance from Berlin to Odessa in his entire route, he accurately fixed his position both for latitude and longitude, as well as his heights above the sea-level, thus showing himself one of the most scientific and reliable of African travellers of all ages.

From the want of a map, we cannot go into any very accurate details of Cameron's route westward ; suffice it, however, to say that having discovered the western efflux from Lake Tanganyika which Livingstone incomprehensibly overlooked, he followed Livingstone's track nearly to Nangwe in Manjuema, latitude, 4·10° south, longitude 36·30° east, were he was for many months detained from nearly the same cause as his illustrious predecessor, namely, a reluctance on the part of the native chiefs to let him proceed in a westerly direction so as to reach the Lake Sankoma (the unknown Lake of Livingstone). It would appear that in all his later explorations poor Livingstone was suffering from Herodotus on the brain, and instead of steadily studying the different water levels from Lake Bangweolo northwards (4,000 feet), he deliberately shut his eyes to the fact that unless water could run up hill it was physically impossible that those rivers and lakes discovered by Livingstone could ever disembogue into the Lake Albert Nyanza and so into the Nile. The level of this reservoir is given by Baker at 2,720 feet. While Cameron gives the level of Lake Rassali (Ramalondo), 5° south of it, as only 1,750 feet, with the Lualaba running through it, which renders it quite impossible that it ever could reach the Albert Nyanza.

At Nyangwe, Cameron found the height of the Lualaba 1,400 English feet, while Livingstone had estimated it at 2,000 ; a large difference, certainly, but we must remember the extraordinary variation in the estimation of even such a well-known point as Gondokoro quite several hundred feet ; but as he has brought back his thermometers uninjured after making 3,718 observations (they are now at Greenwich), it will soon be proved whether his observations for height above sea-level are worth anything or not ; if they are, it will be one of the richest fruits of his journey.

Of that portion of Cameron's route from Nyangwe South, little need be said. It afforded him, however, splendid opportunities of cor-

recting the route laid down by Livingstone, who appears to have often confounded the East and West Lualaba as well as the Cassabi and Quango Rivers (true affluents of the Congo); he crossed hundreds of little streamlets running east into the Lualaba, and one or two larger rivers Lubiranzi and Lucaembi which flow into Lake Iki, the Lake Lincolm of Livingstone; in latitude 11° south, he reached the great African watershed which divides the waters running into the Zambesi from those of the Congo, and along it he proceeded steadily westward till he reached, as we before stated, the coast,—leaving the course of the Congo at least 7° to the north, a still unexplored region.

If Livingstone after his relief by Stanley had boldly penetrated to the west and north, instead of being led away south by the *fatuus ignis* of the fountains of Herodotus, he would with very little danger or fatigue have solved not only the problem of the Congo, but also that of Lake Albert Nyanza. He would have found the junction of Schweinfurths Nelle with the Lualaba (another puzzle), but it was fated not to be so, and poor Livingstone fell a victim to malaria and exposure in that land of waters southward, into which he had so recklessly and needlessly plunged, and the fountains of the Nile have still to be looked for east of Tanganyika, unless Stanley has already found them.

It will be needless here to advert to the ovations and honours which awaited Cameron on his return to England—the city feasts and learned societys' receptions, interviews with Royalty, gold boxes and medals, &c., enough to turn the head of any poor mortal as well as to destroy his digestive organs. Suffice it to say, that many philosophers consider that there is more real danger to the head, heart, and stomach of a successful African or Polar traveller in the first six months after his return to civilization, than in the years he had spent in barbarism; and the green turtle of a civic feast may do him more lasting harm than the toughest rhinoceros or elephant devoured by him in an outspan after a long fast in the wilds of tropical Africa; while to run the gauntlet of the smiles and flatteries and bright eyes of the beauties of the City Balls and Court receptions—beauties the more dangerous when compared with those of the finest ladies of the Court of Urundi, Ugoma, or even Manjuema himself, is probably the greatest of all his trials,—the gorgeous white satin, diamonds and feathers, completely outshining the humble leather, beads, and dry entrail adornments of the African beauties, whose full-dress toilet might be included in the superficies of half-a-dozen postage stamps, whose pearl powder is red clay, and perfumery rancid fat!

Cameron complains sadly of all this; and of what he has to go through without his head getting turned, and we believe it and feel for him.

H. Hall.

A Day on the Kraamberg.

STRANGER:—Do you know I've been in this blessed town a fortnight, and should die of *ennui* if I stayed another week in the place: There is really nothing to see or do. I am, of course, too much of a stranger to take any interest in the local gossip. I only hope the passenger-cart from below will not be delayed, that I may get on as soon as possible.

Musonius:—Indeed. I am sorry to hear such uncomplimentary remarks from you about our village. We had begun to think up here that what with the fine river and the hot-springs, and a not altogether inhospitable town, A—— N—— was not, after all, an unattractive little place. Besides, our sportsmen say—

S:—O bother the sportsmen, there is no such thing as sport in these rough and barren steppes. If a man bags half-a-dozen brace of partridge during a whole day's tramping up hill and down dale, he is delighted. He never sees a buck or a hare or anything else, and is lucky indeed to drop across a covey or two of partridge. There is no such thing as sport up here. The river and springs are very well in their way, but one can't keep up a very high degree of ecstatic delight in the contemplation of an ordinary stream, almost without fishing, and denuded even of the trees which once grew on its banks, nor springs which are certainly hot, but too filthy to bathe in, and too sulphurous to drink.

Fronto:—Well, grant all you say. It is indeed a dull little place, and yet I must confess that I have at least enjoyed one day's pleasure, not exactly in the town, but in its neighbourhood. It was a lovely day in May, and, as you may have heard, I have a smattering of geology, just enough to make the wonders of the common-place works of creation around us deeply interesting to my mind. My friend, Musonius, went with me, and an absurd fellow who positively didn't know a sheep's skull from that of a fossil dicynodon!

M:—Ah! you refer to our trip up the Kraamberg? See there, westward, some six miles distant, a mountain. We had heard from a few farmers and sportsmen, who had ascended, that *their* experience had determined them not to repeat the toil. This naturally acted as a stimulus, so up we went.

S:—You interest me. Do you mind recounting your experiences?

F:—Pardon my assuming the air and attitude of a lecturer. Thank you, I prefer to stand. The water, please. . . . The Kraamberg, though it be but some 1,400 feet above its eastern base, shows everything on a grand scale, for the mountain is not only composed of alternate bands of an almost pure sandstone, but the terrace-bands receding from each other form plateaux of considerable breadth before the succession bands can be reached, so much so that the mountain is composed of plains and valleys of such extent and depth that it would take a considerable time to explore it. Further,

the mountain itself bears evidence of having been ages ago left by the waters of a lake, which, for the most part, by filling up its bed and thus forcing a passage for the water through the weakest barriers, finally escaped through the filtering rocks to the ocean.

S :—" Prodigious !" What escaped, the water of the lake or the lake or the mountain ? But positively you geologists do romance with the most delightful gravity.

F :—You are rude and profane. Remember I am lecturing.

S :—Proceed, O most innocent and truthful of instructors.

F :—Each plateau or surface terrace-band is not only composed of soil, but has a considerable deposit of calcareous loam, of similar character to the deposits found some 1,700 feet lower, on the present plains.

M :—I am a bit of an observer myself in these matters, and can confirm everything you say.

F :—The faces of the terraces are composed of abrupt escarpments of sandstone, some 20 feet to 50 feet vertical, and with innumerable fragments of the disintegrated rock which completely hide the leading structure of the bands. At about 5,900 feet elevation above the sea, we found the usual silicified wood of the Karroo series. At a height of 6,400 feet, on the west side of the mountain, we found fragments of dicynodon bones in the red shale, and at 6,500 feet were traces of plants and beautifully distinct ripple-marks in the sand-stones.

M :—Stop, my dear old dry-bones. (*To the Stranger*) Think of it, my friend ! Six thousand five hundred feet above the sea, on a pure, bright Queen's birth-day—God bless her, Empress and all ! Nearing the top of the great mass, leaving terrace after terrace behind and below us, we worked round the deep gorges with rock-strewn valleys below. Our guide pointed to a particular crag in the Kloof beneath ; " down there," he said, " are numerous roomy caverns of such size that they have not been thoroughly explored. We have walked into them for some fifty yards ; the interior holes are the haunts of the vicious strand-wolf and jackal." Six thousand five hundred feet above the sea, with a glorious temperature, sunny and pleasant, dry, pure and warm, what a health-resort ! But in a storm, where is shelter ? There, look at the projecting rock-balconies, see the long rows of huge separate masses. What queer fantastic shapes they have. There is a pulpit, gigantic yet delicately fretted on stem by the winds and air of heaven ceaselessly at work. The silver-grey lichens and shades of varying reds and yellows complete its beauty. But hush ! What truth does it tell, what sermon does it preach from everlasting to everlasting ! Out of the dim past we seem to hear, " Law is the Order of Nature !"

F. (*to M.*) :—You threaten to push me out of my place, and besides are grown solemn. Am I lecturing or are you ?

S :—Indeed, if I may arbitrate, I shall decide that you do so alternately ; neither to speak for more than two consecutive minutes at a time.

F. to M :—Agreed.

F :—The general configuration and apparent structure of the mountain are similar to the terrace-bands of the plain below, but the strata are on a grander scale and the sandstones appear to have been unfavourable to the preservation of fossils. Indeed, in all these mountains, traces of ancient life are sparsely scattered, whereas in the lower strata of the present plains organic remains are abundant. The top of the mountain is covered with huge, and in most cases, inaccessible blocks of pure yellow sandstone, which are evidently the present witnesses of a once existing mass of strata.

M :—O prosaic and geologic description ! It is "De Kaap!" I have spoken of a pulpit, and now behold there stands "St. Paul's." Passing onward we are in the "Square," surrounded by great blocks of weather-worn boulders of varied shapes and colours, having lanes of considerable depth and width between, extending in places to the rim of the mountain's west face. You were saying, I think, that these blocks are of yellow sandstone and seem to be the remains of a great sandstone bed, denuded and weather-worn, from shortly after the times—inconceivably remote—of the dicynodent dwellers in the ancient lakes, until the more recent dykes had effected their changes into the present condition.

F :—I did not say so, but you are right. The blocks of sandstone are here and there honey-combed, but differ very considerably from similar rocks, some hundreds of feet lower, in not assuming such minute and elaborately fantastic shapes, as if due chiefly to mere weathering action on a rock of unequal hardness, whereas in those rocks aërial action has played a much more subordinate part, as it naturally would on a nearly pure mass exposed to its influence, and whose present shapes are mainly due to former results of denudations.

M :—Cease, and recover your breath. I take up the parable. In the jargon of geology, the upper sandstone strata are conformable to a reddish clay shale, in which we hastily observed a few fragments of dicynodon teeth and bones. The basaltic dykes show their usual action, even to the top of the mountain. But for their hardening effects little of this great mountain-mass could have withstood the mighty denuding agencies which have given such strange features to all prominences on the plain some 1,600 feet below us,—standing, as I picture ourselves, at the top.

F :—Your interruption was legitimate, but interfered with what I was about to add, namely, that it is an interesting fact that the blocks at the top of the mountain, isolated or connected, are so numerous that it would be difficult to count them, whilst on the Stormbergen, only a few remains, scattered very irregularly on the surface, are to be found. In both cases these masses, especially those of the Kraamberg, are evidently the remnants of a great thickness of strata which have been swept away. Other observers have found the highest Stormbergen strata to have similar sandstone blocks occurring over a surface of some hundreds of miles in extent.

S :—All this is no doubt very sound and very interesting, but I am growing sleepy. Description! Let us have some stirring description.

M :—Good. But I cannot promise that it shall be stirring. My innate modesty would debar me from any pretension of that sort. Place yourself along-side of me on the top of the mountain. Behold to the south-west the Stormbergen, extended in a chaos of table-lands and peaks, attaining to probably 6,800 feet in the highest part. Westward stretch away the plains of the Albert Division, seamed and ridged with innumerable dykes and diversified with conical sandstone peaks. Some forty miles off, though apparently nearer, the well-known Free State landmarks show the site of Bethulie, and clearly outlined on the horizon the contour of historic Boomplaats. To the north there is a charming view of the willow-fringed Orange River (for it *is* willow-fringed, notwithstanding your discontent), with its sharp curves where diverted by the dyke ridges, and then making great bends in the wavery low-lands. For thirty miles the river-course lies before us, in the broader parts having dark wooded islands, where the waters run round like silver bands, glinting in the sun light. Eastward regard the fertile New England mountains, the most distant stretching away into vague cloud-land and gradually fading out of sight. A grey haze obscures these blue masses, and invests them with an appearance of unreality very charming. A little to the left, the towering Malutis of Basutoland bound the vision.

F. :—Time's up. If you please; a little lemon—a *le-e-tle* more water—thank you. I was referring to the interesting fact that at the highest points of the Stormbergen, sandstone blocks similar to those found on the Kraamberg exist. I wish to follow that up by adding that, in my opinion, to assert that the once existing mass of strata has been cut up into the present large and numerous blocks by the disintegration of the softer parts of the original bed would be unreasonable,—

M. :—Preposterous!

F. :—For no traces, in any form exist of such resulting *débris*, either in the form of loam or anything else.

S. :—Proceed.

F. :—Further, the detached blocks, some 30 feet high above their natural base or the remaining portion of the original strata, are very interesting and imposing, and are styled *par excellence* "De Kaap," on account of these masses of rock being so singularly disposed as to form with very little imagination the streets and squares of an ancient city built on the top of a mountain.

M. :—O weak and impotent! We've had all that.

F. :—Irrepressible banterer, my ears are deaf to your jeers and taunts. Were these singular masses mounds of earth instead of rock a traveller would almost certainly come to the conclusion that here were the buried remains of primeval man.

M. :—I retract. It is a grand conception. Go on ; you hold me by both ears.

F. :—The place is awe-inspiring and on a magnificent scale. And what a solitude !—a solitude undisturbed by man or beast or bird. Naked rocks, treeless plains, scarcely a living thing, and, save the grandly rolling old Gariep, none but mimic streams in view. It is a solitude to enter the soul even of a worldling, and I should advise you, O stranger, to betake yourself to the top of that mountain and contemplate the vanity of rushing from town to town seeking pleasure or distinction.

S. :—A thousand thanks. I shall go forthwith—at least, in a day or two. I don't mind if I do. "Hot, sweet and strong," a maxim I inherited from my grandmother. (Peace to her ashes !) Capital stuff. In the meantime, tell me, pray, has this wonderful mountain no legend associated with it ?

M :—There are a dozen. I shall not bore you with more than one or two, related of a hero known as Strong Gert Bezuidenhout, who forty years ago and more, lived at the foot of the Kraamberg, one of the earliest pioneers into this district. Strong Gert believed only in a title acquired by the right of his own strong arm. Descended from a family notoriously strong, he was a near relative of that unhappy, misguided man, whose ill-fate at Slagter's Nek yet survives in old memories. A Nimrod among the *Trekkers*, Gert was feared by all. Though many an Alsatian had fled over the colonial border, preferring to lead a life of hardship with a hunter's liberty to remaining subject to the control of law and order, they had all to recognize the necessity of giving foremost place to this determined, resolute son of Anak. Despising civilization, and with his family in his wagon, he *trekked* over the plains in frequent hunting excursions, and, until he chose to return to the fountains for a temporary residence, his neighbours most scrupulously avoided encroaching on his domains. Tired of hunting, the strong man has returned to the spring, and, having cleared the waters of the impurities caused by the nocturnal visits of the game, he is now idling his days at the wagon-side. But famous for feats of strength, he has invited many an Herculean hunter to tests of strength and endurance. Reynier de Wennaar is reported a man of power. Straight he is challenged to trial. They proceed to a large ant-heap. Gert seats himself on it, and de Wennaar, with many a heavy blow, endeavours to knock him off his balance. With shirt torn and blood streaming from his battered arms and body, Gert sat grimly erect until de Wennaar, tired out, underwent his turn, but only to be so frequently knocked from the ant-heap that his final insensibility forced victorious Gert to spare his rival. It is yet told how a short and strong, but boastful champion from the Colony had the ignorant audacity to dare Great Gert to a contest. Gert calmly told the colonist he might hit him between the eyes, but could not make him bend his neck. The blow fell, the strong man gasped as the trickling blood dimmed his sight. The

approving hunters commend his endurance as with unbent neck stern Gert rose up and said, "I should kill you if I hit you with this fist or kicked you with this foot; but with these two fingers I will show you." Down came the uplifted arm, the challenger lay senseless at his feet, nearly scalped with the terrible pressure of the ireful man. Do you care to know the end of such a pioneer: Gert had reared a bush-boy for his hunting attendant. They had crossed the Orange River, and Gert was indolently and unarmed seated on his wagon-box, when the bush-boy, as he rode in the rear, without warning, suddenly shot his master through the back. The dying man would not allow the treacherous Bushman to be punished, urging that "it was his nature," and he must not be considered responsible.

S.:—This is positively affecting. I must confess I take more interest in reminiscences of this kind than I do in any number of dicynodon bones, about which you both appear to be so enraptured. My dear Fossil, I apologise if I wound your feelings. I am not ungrateful. Pray help yourself, and be seated.

F.:—Make no apologies. No man can rise above the conditions of his nature. Good evening.

S.:—Farewell. Ten thousand thanks.

H. S. C.

Heinrich Heine.

In our previous notice of this remarkable, and but little understood author, we confined our comments to so much of Heine's life as was passed in preparation of his final settlement as a literary man in Paris; we now propose to follow up his career, as set forth in Mr. Stigand's second volume, and show in what manner it was, that so much of his poetry and prose was but the reflex of the social, political, and artistic influences brought to bear upon him in France, and from which to his dying day he never could quite thoroughly shake himself free.

Like everybody else who has visited that gay city, he was charmed with its freshness and neatness, its associations and sourroundings; but Heine fell head over ears in love with it, and never could tear himself away from the object of his adoration without immediately wishing himself back again upon the Seine. His first impressions of Paris are to be found in a fragment of a novel called the "Florentine Nights," published in 1836. They are both lively and graphic in style:—

"Paris delighted me with the cheerfulness which is apparent in all its aspects, and which also exercises its influence on the gloomiest dispositions. Strange! Paris is the stage where the greatest tragedies in the world have been performed,—tragedies at the remembrance of which, even in most distant lands, hearts tremble and eyes are wet with tears, but it fares with the spectator of these tragedies in Paris as it fared once with me at the Porte Saint Martin, where I saw the *Tour de Nesle* produced on the stage. I was sitting behind a lady who wore a bonnet of pink gauze, and her bonnet was so large that it filled up the whole view of the stage; so I saw all the tragedy on the stage through the pink gauze of the bonnet, and thus all the horrors of the *Tour de Nesle* appeared to me in the most cheerful and most rosy light. Yes, Paris is filled with such a rosy light, which lightens the gloom of all tragedies there for the nearest spectator, in order that his faculties for enjoying life may not be sacrificed. Even the horrors which one brings in one's own heart to Paris lose there their disquieting pangs. Sorrows are wonderfully lightened. In the air of Paris all wounds heal quicker than elsewhere. There is in this air something as high-spirited, as rich in gentleness, and as amiable as in the people itself."

By way of contrast to the dull horrors of hateful Hamburg and other German towns, with their stolid inhabitants and their unpleasant frankness of manners, Heine then proceeds to draw a most flattering picture of French urbanity, and its expansive influence upon his shrivelled and sensitive soul.

"That which pleased me best in the Parisan people was its polite ways and its distinguished aspect. Sweet pine-apple odour of politeness! how beneficially didst thou console my sick spirit which had swallowed down in Germany so much tobacco vapours, smell of *sauerkraut*, and vulgarity! Like the melodies of Rossini, did the pretty phrases of apology of a Frenchman sound in my ear, who had gently pushed me in the street on the day of my arrival. I was almost frightened at such sweet politeness, I who had been accustomed to boorish German knocks in the ribs without any apology at all. During the first week of my stay in Paris I tried purposely to get pushed in the streets from time to time in order to have the pleasure of being apologised to so musically. But not alone on account of this politeness, but also on account of its language, did I find the French people to have a certain dash of high breeding, since the use of the French tongue with us in the North is among the distinguishing attributes of the high nobility. In German countries where the passions are less held under discipline, a social gathering of such heterogeneous persons as are to be found in Parisian *salons* would be something quite impossible. Also with us, in the cold North, the need of conversation is not so great as it is in the more genial land of France, where the greatest enemies, when they meet each other in a *salon*, no longer observe a gloomy silence. Also, in France the desire of pleasing is so great that people zealously strive to please

not only one's friends, but one's foes. Then comes a constant draping of themselves and play of pretty looks, and the women are terribly put to it to surpass the men in coquetry—but they do it nevertheless."

In a light, bantering vein, Heine contrasts the grace and charming qualities of French women with the stolid excellences and domestic virtues of his fair compatriots; and declares that he has no faith in the wicked legend which asserts that the Parisian ladies came into the world with all possible failings; but if they did, then some gentle fairy must have had pity on them, and attached a charm to every one of their failings, whereby each of these became a fresh incentive to love.

"Are the Parisian ladies pretty? Who can decide upon that? He who can look through all the intrigues of the toilette, he who can decipher whether that is genuine which the *tulle* betrays, or whether that is false where the swelling silken tissue fascinates the eye. Are their faces beautiful? Even this it were difficult to find out exactly. Since the features of their countenances are in perpetual motion, every *Parisienne* has a thousand faces, each one more smiling, more witty, more divinely sweet than another, and puts the man in confusion who would try to pick out among them the fairest face, or divine its real character. Are their eyes large? How can I tell? We do not scrutinise the size of the cannon's mouth when the balls are flying at our head; and him whom they *do* hit, these eyes—him do they at least blind with their fire, and he is happy enough to place himself in a sure place out of shot-range. Is the space between the nose and mouth large or small? Sometimes it is large, when they shrink their little noses; sometimes it is small, when they curt their upper lips scornfully. Are their mouths great or small? Who can tell where the mouth ends or the smile begins? In order that a correct judgment may be formed, the critic who is to pass judgment, and the subject of the decision, must find themselves in a condition of repose. But who can be in repose in front of a *Parisienne*, and what *Parisienne* is ever in repose? There are people who think they could examine a butterfly accurately if they could stick it through with a needle upon paper. That is as foolish as it is cruel, since even a butterfly pinned through and in repose is no more a butterfly. The butterfly must be observed as it is hovering round the flowers, and the *Parisienne* must be observed not in her homely retirement where she has the needle stuck in her breast, but in the *salon*, in soirées, in balls, as she flutters along with her embroidered wings of gauze and silk under the glittering crystal crowns of joy."

The tone of this no doubt is superficial and almost flippant, but what German writer besides Heine ever caught the witty and epigrammatic style of French authors more daintily on the wing? These letters of his sparkle with brilliant antitheses and ironical point, and are full of a subtle charm that almost evaporates in the translation.

Later on in these pages we shall see that Heine was very fortunate

in his marriage with a *Parisienne*, and that of course he wedded somebody very different to the ideal female sketched in his verses. She proved to be not only thrifty, elegant, and clever in her housekeeping, but his chief consolation and support during many subsequent years of almost unexampled affliction. If all women were as tender and true as this warm-hearted *grisette*, writers would soon cease to sneer at marriage as a lottery and a mistake.

It is easy to see how an excitable temperament like the poet's would be quickened into rapture and curiosity by the surroundings of Paris society. Not only in art circles, but wherever there was "life" to be seen, the merry little Jew made himself thoroughly at home, and wrote most brilliant accounts of the scenes and sensations to which he had so long been a stranger. He was lucky enough to fall upon all the "stars" of French society, and mingle with the best dramatic, operatic, and musical artists of his day; he accurately describes his condition as that of a man "steeped in the whirlpool of events, of the waves of time, of the roaring revolution," and that "I now seem wholly made up of phosphorus, and while I am drowning in the wild ocean of humanity, I am burning away of my own nature."

In the summer of 1852, Heine went to Normandy, and according to his biographer visited Havre, Dieppe, and Rouen, from each of which places he wrote letters demonstrative of the spirit and movement of the provinces, and of the character of the time. These letters of a great poet, giving the reflections of his own and other judgments on the events and passions of an extraordinary time, cannot but be of value to the historian. Of course they soon attracted very general attention. The despotic Governments of the Continent in 1852 were especially annoyed at the Liberal doctrines therein so eloquently preached up, and were determined to prevent the destructive and communistic ideas of the French Revolution from gaining an entrance into the limits of the Holy Roman Empire, by means of a writer who wrote from Paris, and published in the *Algemeine Zeitung*. They therefore dropped a hint in the right quarter; and Cotta—the proprietor of the paper, at the instance of the Royal Imperial Chancery of Austria, found it necessary to put a stop to the further publication of Heine's correspondence—by dispensing with his services. No sooner was this done, much to his chagrin and financial embarrassment, than the poet determined to be even with his enemies, and publish all his letters in a volume, with the passages suppressed by the censor carefully restored. But he reckoned without his host. His publisher Campe was afraid of the consequences, and refused to put this book into circulation; so they had a furious quarrel; and by his enforced silence he laid himself open to the bitter assaults of the more violent sections of the German Liberals, who with Ludvig Borne at their head, taxed him with being a turn-coat and false to his principles. In fact Heine was afraid of the constant attempts on his life and his purse made by these beery conspirators, and did his best to hide away from them.

At this time scepticism had no hold on Heine's imagination, though he was a great believer in St. Simon's and kindred philosophic creeds; but when paralysis had laid him low, and his mind was always on the stretch to invent reasons for continuing to live on in spite of his agonising pains, then indeed the principles of hope and faith were no longer active within him and the future to him became a measureless void. His strongest sympathies indeed were with the principles of the French Revolution; and like Shelly and Coleridge he worked hard in his lifetime to propagate the loftiest and most generous views as to the future of humanity on earth; but as to the needs of the soul, and our innate craving for heavenly guidance and protection in the crisis of our lives, these to Heine were a sealed book or matters to be laughed at.

In the opinion of Mr. Stigand, who has deeply studied them, the philosophic disquisitions of Heine have a substantive value. No one has ever treated the most intricate question of metaphysics in such clear and direct language; the most abstract propositions and lines of argument become concrete under his pen, and intelligible, without an effort, to the weakest understanding.

His Essays on the literature and philosophy of Germany were collected from the "Europe Litteraire," and the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and were published in Paris under the title of "De l'Allemagne." They attracted great attention at the time, and gave great offence to the Germans, who considered themselves to be therein unfairly reviled and made to appear more conceited and ridiculous than was pleasant to their *amour propre*.

The following sketch of Heine by Théophile Gautier, who saw him for the first time in 1832, will give us a very good idea of what the poet looked like, in the days when he wrote love songs, and could rally the fair sex on their numerous frailties and delicious want of sense, in lines like the following:—

> "Thou lovest me not, thou lovest me not!
> 'Tis scarcely worth a sigh;
> Let me look in thy face, and no king in his place,
> Is a gladder man than I.
>
> Thou hatest me well, thou hatest me well!
> Thy little red mouth has told;
> Let it reach me a kiss, and however it is,
> My child, I am well consoled!"

"He was then a handsome man of about thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, with the appearance of robust health. To look at his lofty white forehead, pure as a marble tablet and overhung by abundant masses of blonde hair, one would have said he was a German Apollo. His blue eyes sparkled with light and inspiration; his round, full cheeks, of an elegant mould, were not leaden-tinted with the romantic lividity in fashion at that epoch. On the contrary, vermeil roses bloomed there in classic style; a slight Hebraic curve

baulked the intention of his nose to be Greek, without disfiguring its purity of line; his harmonious lips 'went together like two fine rhymes,' to use one of his own phrases, and had in repose a charming expression, but when he spoke from their crimson bow, there sprang and whizzed pointed and barbed arrows and sarcastic darts which never missed their aim, for never was man more relentless against stupidity; to the divine smile of Musagates succeeded the sneer of the satyr. A sort of light pagan *embonpoint*, which was later to be expiated by a thoroughly Christian emaciation, rounded his limbs; he wore neither beard, nor moustache, nor whiskers; he did not smoke or drink beer, but, like Goethe, had a horror of these things. . . . . I saw Heine much during this period. He was a charming god, malicious as an imp, and very good at heart, in spite of all that has been said. Whether he regarded me as a friend or as a believer in the divinity he then arrogated to himself, was all one to me, provided I could enjoy his sparkling conversation; for if he was prodigal of his money and of his health, he was still more so of his wit."

Among his chief literary friends in Paris were Dumas, Jules Janin, Gautier, De Vigny, Magnet, and Thierry; and best of all, his trusty friend Georges Sand, whose death occurred only a few weeks ago. We have also Mr. Stigand's authority for stating that "he visited in friendly fashion Thiers, Victor Hugo, Beranger, Alfred de Musset, de Custine, Fred Soulié, Chasles, Eugene Sue, Leon Gozlan, Berlioz, the great singer Roger, Emile de Girardin and his first wife Delphine Gay. In the kindly air of French society, with its humane and amiable sociability which brings out at once all the best qualities of a man, Heine was quite another being to what he was in the company of Teutonic bears and bores, spies and informers, who visited him to make capital out of his conversation by printing it in their blotting-paper journals, in which also they would report, if they were able, the character and cost of his furniture, and the price and qualities of his dinners."

He was very intimate with the great millionaire Rothschild; and owing to his very poverty could afford to say sharp things to that monetary magnate which must have made him stare. One day at dinner the banker asked him why the wine on his table was called "*Lachrymae Christi*"? "It is so called," said Heine coolly, "because Christ weeps when rich Jews drink it and so many poor men outside are dying of hunger and thirst." But naturally enough his seeming intimacy with Rothschild led all his hungry fellow countrymen to try to suck Heine dry, under the delusion that he had only to ask his friend for money to get any amount he pleased, and pass it on to his friends. Heine never dreamed of borrowing from Rothschild, however, and he got well abused for being stingy, when in reality he was anything but rich himself. His income was made up of about £160 a-year from his rich uncle Solomon, while from his pen he drew precarious earnings of about £120 a-year more,

—the whole of his income being less than £300 a year—a miserable look-out for a generous kind-hearted fellow like Heine, upon which to practise hospitality to fellow-refugees. On this income, however, he determined to marry, and succeeded in a most happy choice of a lady who, though born in humble circumstances and raised from a questionable position, was literally destined to be his good angel for the rest of his miserable life of pain and sorrow. For more than twenty years there was something really idyllic and pathetic in the tenderness and passion with which this poet of cynical repute looked ever towards his "petite Nonotte," whether present or absent, every hour of his life; and the best of the joke was, that his wife, being a sensible and lovable person whose childish goodness of heart made an ever-present sunshine for him, which no care could ever cloud, never looked upon him as a poet, or satirist, or wit, but loved him for his simple human qualities alone. "One of Mathilde's best qualities," said Heine humorously to Lewald, "is that she knows not one atom of German literature, and has not read a single word of my writing, or of that of my friends and enemies."

In the company of this bright, merry creature, and of the distinguished circle of friends above mentioned, Heine rubbed on as well as he could, till the death of his rich uncle in December, 1844, when a great shock awaited him by the nature of the will. The banker died, leaving all his substance to charities and to the members of his family; but his nephew inherited nothing, and the heirs-at-law tried also to cozen him out of the life-pension to which he was undoubtedly entitled by previous arrangement with his uncle. "The colossal fortune of the old man was divided out into stupendous legacies, over and above the enormous property left to his son and heir, legacies which provided magnificently for his daughters, their husbands and children, for nephews and nieces, legacies which pensioned off all the servants in his establishment, and included an immense roll of bequests to all the charitable institutions of Hamburg. But to Henrich Heine the greatest poet in Germany—the member of the family who had made its name imperishable—there was no bequest in the will drawn up by one of his sons-in-law, *and yet the deceased millionaire had undertaken a positive engagement that Heine should have a pension of* 4,800 *francs for his lifetime, with remainder of half such income to his widow in case of her surviving him.*"

This omission must have been intentional. Heine's grief, anger, and indignation upon receipt of the news were so violent that an attack of paralysis was immediately brought on. Not until February, 1847, was the dispute finally settled, by Heine agreeing to the terms imposed upon him by his relations, yet he did not take to his bed till 1849, and he lingered on bed-ridden till 1856. Care for his wife alone made him still cling to life. "Had I not wife and parrot" he remarked to Laube, "I would—God forgive me the sin—like a Roman put an end to my misery." Indeed he was then in a most pitiable state; his left eye was wholly closed, and of his right

the vision was darkened, and the lid only capable of being lifted up by the hand. His lips had become partly insensible and deprived of motion, and his heart felt bound as by an iron frost. He could not read ten lines together, and scribbled his letters with pain and difficulty. His palate and tongue were also affected, and he himself writes "*all that I eat tastes like earth.*" The letters, poems, and papers dictated by him, subsequent to his attack of paralysis show no abatement of intellectual vigour, but in the opinion of celebrated medical friends he suffered till his death from "softening of the posterior fibres of the spinal cord," or from what is now-a-days called "*locomotor ataxy.*" This horrible malady is very slow in its progress, but it is most acutely painful, and is something like "tic doloreux" all over the body at once.

The chapters on "Lazarus in the spirit," and on "Lazarus in the body," are admirable studies on the decline of Heine's powers as an author and a man, and are too deeply tragic in many of their incidents for a short cursory notice like this. The fountains of tears and laughter bubble so closely side by side in this extraordinary man's career, that we know not what to believe of the poet's beliefs, and pause to doubt whether we should smile or cry over some of his subtle witticisms and satirical jokes. Tied down for eight long years to a bed of sickness, he indulges oft in mournful retrospect of what his gay past had been, or breaks out into sly and exultant snatches of triumph over his fair adversaries in the lists of love.

"Art thou indeed so adverse?
Art thou so changed indeed?
Against the woman who wrongs me,
I cry to the world in my need.

O recreant lips unthankful,
How could ye speak evil—say,
Of the man who so well has kissed you,
On many a fortunate day."

Many of his later writings deal largely with the question of France's political future; and he appears to have thought very deeply, and decided that the fate and ultimate form of society would be Communism.

Not till 1849 do we get any glimpse of Heine's real convictions in theological matters. In a conversation with a friend, Meissner—he said, "A religious reaction has set in upon me for some time. God knows whether the Morphiene or the poultices have anything to do with it. It is so. I believe again in a personal God: To this we come when we are sick, sick to death and broken down. Do not make a crime of it. If the German people accept the King of Prussia in their need, why should not I accept a personal God? My friend, hear a great truth. When health is used up, money used up also, and sound human senses used up, Christianity begins. For my part I am convinced that people in good health and people in bad

health have need of quite different religions. For the man in good health Christianity is an unserviceable religion, with its resignation and one-sided ways. For the sick man, however, I assure you, it is a very good religion."

In spite of this humorous banter, he did not think it unworthy of him to publish the following account of a change in his religious opinions, in the preface to his "Romances" in 1851. "When one lies on one's death-bed one becomes very sensitive and tender-souled, and would make peace with all the world. I confess it, I have scratched many, bitten many, and was no lamb; but, believe me, those admired lambs of meekness would bear themselves less piously if they possessed the teeth and the claws of the tiger. I can boast that I have seldom made use of those weapons which I was born with. Since I myself have felt the need of the mercy of God, I have granted an amnesty to all my foes. Yea, even as with the creature, so have I made peace with the Creator, to the great vexation of all my enlightened friends, who reproach me with having thus back-slided into the old superstition, as they are pleased to term my return to God. The whole high-priesthood of Atheism has spoken its anathema over me, and those fanatic priests of unbelief would willingly put me on the rack that I might confess my heresies."

Alas, poor soul! he was indeed veritably to be placed upon the rack for the rest of his mundane days. The spinal disease from which he suffered made slow but certain progress on the path of pain and misery, and made his nights and days a torment to him. If it had not been for the sake of his dear wife he would have attempted suicide more than once, but he clung to life for her sake and continued to write on, even when reduced to a living skeleton, and forced to deny himself light, sound, and even the delight of reading or dining by himself. Can anything be more graphic and deplorable than the description given by Meissner as to what was Heine's physical condition in 1849, when he paid him a visit in Paris. Many years had elapsed since he had parted with him—a gay but debonaire young fellow, and now what was the man he had to grasp by the hand. "Of a truth I was terrified, my heart contracted when I saw Heine. I found him pale, withered, nearly blind—in short just like a man who had not left his bed for more than a year. He told me of his almost uninterrupted torments, of his helplessness, and of his Job-martyrdom, which had now lasted so long. He depicted to me how he himself had become nearly like a ghost, how he looked down on his poor broken-racked body like a spirit already departed and living as a sort of interregnum. He described how he lived in images and intuitions of the past, and how gladly he would yet compose, write, and create, and how his blind eye, his unsteady hand, and his ever new-awakening pain erased everything from his spirit. He described his nights and their tortures, when the thought of suicide crept nearer and nearer to him, until he found strength to

hurl it away from him by thinking on his beloved wife and many a work which he might yet bring to completion, and truly horrible was it when he at last, in fearful earnest and in suppressed voice, cried out: 'Think on Günther, Bürger, Kleist, Hölderlin, Grabbe, and the wretched Lenau; some curse weighs heavy on the poets of Germany.' Much," goes on Meissner, "has been said about this curse, which is generally the lot of poets; it has its basis in the imperious power of the imagination, which magnifies happiness and unhappiness, joy and sorrow, ecstasy and dejection, which depicts everything larger than reality, yea, with many spirits tends to monstrosity, and thereby stirs up life to its very roots. Genius is the greatest of blessings, as it is also the greatest of curses. Disquiet and care, sorrow for the ideal, are its heritage; and the ecstasies which it creates are with difficulty to be united with a regular life. Therefore only those poets have grown old with whom, like Tieck, Calderon, and Ariosto, poetry was only an æsthetic recreation, or who, like Goethe, carefully avoided every production which might grasp their whole life. A poet ought truly to have sinews of iron and the body of an ox in order to endure the embraces of the Muses, which are more exhausting than those of earthly women."

In April, 1849,—like a dying Aristophanes—Heine published in the *Allegemeine Zeitung* a truly characteristic declaration of the state of his health for the benefit of the German public, among whom all kinds of rumours had been current respecting it.

"I leave undetermined whether my malady has been called by its right name—whether it is a family malady, or one of those private maladies which attack the German who settles abroad, whether it is a French *ramollissement de la moëlle êpinière*, or whether it is a German disease of the spine,—all I know is that it is a very hideous malady, which racks me day and night, and which has shaken not only my nervous system, but also my thought system. In many moments, especially when the cramps are too painfully lively in the spinal column, a doubt quivers through me whether man is really a two-legged god, as the late Professor Hegel assured me in Berlin five and twenty years ago. In the month of May of last year, I was forced to take to my bed, and since then I have not got up again. Meanwhile I must confess a great change has taken place in me. I am no more a divine biped. I am no more "the freest of the Germans after Goethe." I am no more the great heathen No. II., who was compared to Dionysius crowned with vine leaves—while the title was given to my colleague No. I., of a Grand-ducal Weimarian Jupiter. I am no longer a Hellene of jovial life and somewhat portly person, who laughed cheerfully down upon dismal Nazarenes. I am now only a poor death-sick Jew—an emaciated image of trouble, an unhappy man."

We must, however, look for the most serious expressions of Heine's last convictions in his will. In this document there was no place for humour or for wit, and his biographer thinks it is perhaps

the only piece of prose from his pen in which he was quite serious from beginning to end.

In the seventh clause of his will he gives the following instructions :—

"I desire that my funeral be as simple as possible. Although by my baptismal act I belong to the Lutheran confession, I do not wish that the clergy of this church should be invited to my funeral; also I decline the official assistance of any other priesthood in the celebration of my funeral rites. This desire springs from no fit of a free-thinker. For four years now I have renounced all philosophic pride, and am returned back to religious ideas and feelings. I die in the belief of one only God, the eternal Creator of the world, whose pity I implore for my immortal soul. I lament that I have at times spoken of sacred things without due reverence, but I was carried away more by the spirit of my time than by my own inclinations. If I unwittingly have violated good manners and morality, which is the true essence of all true monotheism, I pray both God and man for pardon."

It is a suggestive commentary on this passage in his will, to be told that to the very last moment of his life Heine retained his full consciousness, and that his wit never left him. Some hours before he died a friend came into his room to see him once more. Soon after his entry he asked Heine if he was on good terms with God. The sick man in gasps replied, "Set your mind at rest."—"Dieu me pardonnera,"—and then with a feeble smile he added—"cèst son metier!"

In concluding these rambling "papers," we must draw attention to Mr. Stigand's own summary of the outcome of poor Heine's life and opinions on the world in general; and apologise heartily for the many liberties we have taken with his text, so as to set a moderately fair *resumè* of his two volumes before our readers. We can only echo his eloquent notes and reiterate his conclusions :—

"If one is not a paragon of moral conceit or of hypocrisy, one must feel some sort of awe at attempting to pass judgment on the entirety of the life of such a man as Henrich Heine. He alone who sent into the world this fine amalgam of the fairest and strangest qualities of human nature was able to scan the recesses of his heart, to scrutinise his motives and his conscience, and to weigh the results of his earthly activity, against the great gifts with which he was entrusted, and the exceptional wrongs and calamities by which he was tried.

"In forming any estimate of the life of Heine and of his work, due allowance also must be made for the circumstances under which he was born and the character of his age. It was a misfortune for him to be born a Jew. . . . . There was in the man also, not an absolute lack, but an inconstancy and want of perseverance of faith in the ideal, which alone, in the absence of religious belief, could have piloted him surely amid the seas of trouble and afflictions on which his bark of life was tossed. He was not of the same spiritual stuff as the Dantes, the Tassos, the Spencers, the Miltons, and the Schillers,—poets who never did aught

unworthy of their genius, and who have exalted as well as increased the spirituality of the world.

"He had, however, as a young man, his spiritual visions and yearnings, and he had a deep sense of the beauty of the martyr-spirit, but he wanted firmness and pertinacity to keep his life pure and harmonious in spite of wrong and tribulation. Hence the inconsistencies with which both his life and his works abound, and of which we have had frequent occasions to take note.

"Under such circumstances and with such presentiments some generous indulgence is due for the aberrations of a mind so faithful in its devotion to beauty, and so fertile in thoughts of such infinite grace and purity as those with which Heine has enriched the world. Justice herself, too, must relax somewhat the rigour of her rules in the case of a nature so capable of being impassioned by love, so accessible to benevolence and compassion, so sensitive to joy and sorrow, so susceptible of pain and pleasure, and so tried as well by the visitations of Providence as by the injustice of man.

"The contemplation of his life places us face to face with the most inscrutable mysteries of human destiny, mysteries insoluble by human reason, and only to be patiently and hopefully regarded by the eyes of Faith.

"Let the Pharisees of the world place themselves in thought around that 'mattress grave' which was the scene of an agony endured for many years, with such resignation and fortitude, as they look on those sorrow-laden and beautiful features, and on that outstretched attenuated form, let them think on the words :—'*He* that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone.'"

"No more fitting way, perhaps, can be found of taking leave of this prince of song and of this poet of passion, than by placing before the reader a poem which he himself composed on the sphinx-life mystery of his life,—and, indeed, of all human life,—a song which he prefixed to his best work and his "Book of Songs, in 1839, when he still revelled in the fulness of intellect and health, and which, possibly, even in a translation, may preserve something of its strange and fascinating beauty :—

"Old forest of the fable world,
Thy linden bloom smelt sweet,
As through thy depths in moonlight weird
I bent my devious feet.

"I musing went, and as I went
A song ran through the air—
That is the nightingale, she sings
Of love, and love's despair.

"Of love and love's despair she sings,—
Of tears and rapture too ;
Her glee's so sad, her sigh so sweet,
Dead dreams awake anew.

"I musing went, and as I went
I saw before me lie
An open space—a castle tall,
Whose turrets touched the sky.

"Before the gate there lay a sphinx,
Half terror and half grace;
With lion form, with lion claws,
A woman's breast and face.

"A woman fair! her glowing look
It spoke of passion wild;
Her silent lips they pouted forth,
And temptingly they smiled.

"The nightingale she sang so sweet
I could not turn away;
And then I kissed the soft white cheek,
And I was lost for aye.

"The marble form grew all alive,
The stone began to quake;
She drank my burning kisses up
With thirst I could not slake.

"She drank my life breath fairly out;
And, wild for rapture more,
She clasped me, and my tender flesh
With lion-clutches tore.

"O, torture sweet! O, heavenly pangs!
O, bliss, deep as the dole!
Her mouth's kiss steeped me in delight,
Her clutches racked my soul."

R.

The Klipmeester.

Long before the world knew of the now celebrated diamond mines of South Africa, many "precious stones" were picked up in the basins of the Orange and Vaal Rivers, found their way to Europe, and excited curiosity as to the locality whence they came. Agate, onyx, amethyst, garnet, and other varieties were the most common; but occasionally among the packets of ruby-sand which accompanied them, more valuable gems were found. The knowledge of the fact was confined to one or two obscure dealers in such gems, who took care secretly to send out collectors to search for these precious treasures. A legend of the fate which befel one of these collectors has been preserved among some of the Trek-Boers, and formed the substance of a story, written many years ago, which may be thus briefly condensed.

At the period when the tale begins, more than fifty years past, there stood on the summit of a large tabular-topped rocky eminence, that rose at a stone's throw from the Orange River, the small two-roomed cottage of a German lapidary, of the name of Heinzinger. The rock rose to a considerable height above the bed of the river, which in ordinary times near its base was dry, exposing here and there a sandy, pebbly surface amid the shallows. The hut had been built on the summit of this eminence to avoid the

floods and sudden risings to which this river is often subject, and which, in their resistless course, sweep away everything with their mass of waters. From it, might be seen a beautiful and far-stretching prospect of the winding river, dotted with wooded islets ; here and there craggy masses of rock gleamed in the sunshine, jutting up boldly from amid the brilliant green mimosa: while wide on every hand swept the bright savanna pastures, occasionally varied with large patches of thorn trees, or besprinkled with the lively-hued yellow flowers of the season.

Round the doorway of the habitation were lying three or four gaunt, shaggy-haired hounds, basking in the warm sunbeams ; but there were no out-buildings, or kraals of any kind, that might serve to denote the pastoral or agricultural pursuits of the owner. A glance at the interior, however, at once yielded an insight into his occupations. There sat in the outer and larger room of the two into which the inside of their residence was divided, its three inmates—Heinzinger the lapidary, his wife, and daughter. The chamber contained little furniture, and that of the simplest and most primitive construction. A table, formed of planks of yellow-wood, stood in the centre, covered with a coarse dark baize, on which lay some articles of dress which the two females were employed in mending. The lapidary sat by himself, examining with a small lens some few gems, the rougher coating of which he had just been removing with a lathe, such as is used by those of his business. A small window in the wall, on a level with his head, and opposite to the door, to which his back was turned, threw a strong light on the boards, roughly nailed together, whose extremities resting on old packing-cases constituted his work-bench; and on these were laid the few tools that he had just been using.

On each side of the window, narrow pieces of riem, attached to short lengths of deal, formed a couple of shelves, on which were ranged about half-a-dozen books, chiefly of reference ; with some stone bottles and phials, containing oil and chemicals, and materials for cutting and polishing. On one side of the room were two chests, one of them strongly bound with brass and iron work, and both apparently used as seats, the outside of their lids being covered with beautiful tiger-skins. On the other side, a nondescript piece of furniture was ranged along the wall, formed of a similar description of yellow-wood planking as a table, and which, by the help of a splendid kaross of wild-cat skins thrown over it by day resembled a sofa, but by night served as a bedstead,—the bedding being then brought from the inner room, which was the usual sleeping chamber of Hienzinger's daughter Bertha. This chamber also contained a bag or two of meal, sugar, raw coffee, and other stores of necessary provisions, the domestic and culinary articles indispensably requisite, and a few other articles. If to this we add a gun with its furniture, that rested in a corner of the larger room, our inventory is complete.

Having taken a careful scrutiny of the rough gems, during which he had made a separation of them into two parcels, the lapidary rose to continue his work at the lathe with those that were most promising, as free from specks, flaws, and other blemishes. Bending forward intently at his labour, the light streamed fully upon his countenance, throwing out in high relief its bold sharp features,—the wide expansive forehead, thinly mantled with greyish silvery hair,—thick eyebrows, slightly contracted over his piercing grey eyes, from the intenseness of his glare at the object

before him, and the acquiline nose and firm-shut mouth, whose compression evinced the determination of his character, yet was not without a softer expression of mildness and benignity. Ever and anon, as the gem momentarily shot forth its rays of changeful colour,—glittering white, red, pale, sea-green, or violet,—his eye would gleam with a fitful glitter, that seemed more to emanate therefrom than as if mirrored back from the shining of the jewel, imparting to him that singular air of enthusiasm and wildness with which the German visage is sometimes found so capable of assuming, and which insensibly reminds one of their romantic and mysterious legends of Elfinland or the Niebelungen Lied.

When, by two or three processes, the stones had acquired sufficient polish, he took down from the shelf a small box, and drawing forth a light and delicately-constructed pair of scales, commenced ascertaining their weights, and writing them down,—estimating their value apparently by calculation ; and, lastly, he unlocked and took from the brass and iron-bound chest, above-mentioned, a square ebony silver-mounted box, in which he bestowed them ; and then returning the box and its contents to its place, carefully relocked the trunk, and returned to his bench ; just as he was doing which, the report of a gun was heard apparently at no very great distance off.

Immediately rising, he went out ; as he did so, the two females exchanged a meaning look, as though they divined from whom the shot proceeded ; and in the next instant Heinzinger re-entered, and uttering in a cold tone and slowly the name of Willem Maritz, accompanied by a searching look at his daughter.

The name was heard in a silence that neither of the three seemed disposed to be the first to break, and there was evident in the group a certain constraint, the cause of which requires a few explanations.

Willem Maritz was the eldest son of a Cape-Dutch Boer, Cornelius Maritz, who had settled in the neighbourhood of the Orange River, where his flocks and herds were grazed under the care of one or two trusty Hottentot retainers. A few Koranna families were encouraged to occupy a portion of the lands near to them, as they were useful as an extra defence against the rapacity of the wild Bushmen and Bergenaars, who were perpetually on the prowl for any stray sheep or oxen. It was in their vicinity that Amadeus Heinzinger, the lapidary, had located himself, when he arrived about two years before with his wife and daughter. Possessed with little property beyond a few goods and chattels in his wagon, he had at first constructed himself a hut wherein for a short space they had resided. But when old Cornelius Maritz had heard of and seen them, having been absent from his farm at the period of their coming, he had with his wonted good nature offered them an asylum or home in his house, until a more fitting residence could be raised for the accommodation of the females of the party ; and observing the extreme frugality with which they appeared to live, occasionally only purchasing a sheep or buck from the Korannas, he had further volunteered to employ Heinzinger as his assistant on the farm, as the latter, as far as he could judge, seemed to pursue no particular business. After having in the natural kindness of his disposition made these advances and offers to his new neighbour, nothing doubting that they would be gladly and gratefully accepted, old Cornelius felt not a little astonishment at their refusal by

the German. He could not for the life of him comprehend why the latter should prefer his poor way of living and straitened circumstances to the easy enjoyment of a good and comfortable maintenance. And it was some months before his wonderment ceased, at seeing Heinzinger, on whom he had bestowed the soubriquet of "Klipmeester," poking and prying among the pebbles in the bed of the river, whenever he happened to pass near his residence. But the casual sight, one day when he had called in, of a very beautiful stone which his neighbour had just finished polishing, and the explanation he received respecting its probable value, a little opened his eyes to the character of his friend's pursuits ; and subsequently, if his astonishment was lessened, his respect was proportionately increased.

But if the vocation of the father had moved him to surprise, the beauty and accomplishments of the daughter still more delighted him, and becoming aware of his son's attachment to her, had it been possible he would have purchased her for a daughter in-law with a settlement of the half of his possessions. When the young girl, at his request (and he seldom failed in his visit to solicit the favour), played and sang some simple German airs, with the sweet intonation she was wont to give them, and in the loved language of her fatherland, he would throw himself back in his seat in ecstasy, as if spell-bound by the wand of an enchantress ; and his wishes to see her in his house as the bride of his son would increase to such as pitch and so excite his impatience with her father, as altogether to mar the ordinary serenity and equability of his temper.

For the lapidary, as it formed no part of his plans to remain settled in the country, had altogether discouraged the idea of an alliance between his daughter and young Maritz, had met the offers of old Cornelius with a positive denial, softened down indeed with expressions of friendly regard towards himself, but still not the less firm and decided ; so the old gentleman, vexed and disappointed, had turned his applications to another quarter, and betaken himself to gain the consent of the mother, in which respect he had, it is true, succeeded much better, but found himself still no further advanced in the attainment of his object,—as the cold immovable German held out against all importunities, and fortified himself in his resolve.

His mind clung with unshaken tenacity to the projects for the future which he had formed to himself. Descended by the mother's side from a German family that laid claim to nobility, though forced himself by reduced circumstances to engage in a manual occupation to obtain the necessaries of life, he had never lost sight of a more wealthy branch of his maternal line. It had, indeed, so long formed a part of his thoughts, by the attainment of wealth, to place himself on terms of equality with those distant connexions, in furtherance of yet other designs, that it may be said to have gradually become the aim of his existence. It was for this he sought so ardently for wealth, and for this alone that he had for a time expatriated himself, in the hope some day to return enriched far beyond the slow accumulation of ordinary trade, and possessed of that which might set aside all obstructions to his desires of family aggrandisement.

The consciousness that his suit was not looked upon with an eye of favour by the "Klipmeester," gave an awkwardness to the entrance of young

William Maritz, and imposed a constraint and guardedness which sat but ill upon him, as entirely foreign to his disposition ; but where the heart is innocent of any evil intentions, such confusion does not last long, and with a manly though modest air, the young man advanced and presented some glittering stones.

As he received them into the palm of his hand, the lapidary turned himself slightly towards the light, and taking the small lens proceeded to examine them, uttering aloud his satisfaction during the scrutiny.

"What have we here ? Ah, opals—of a good size, I see ; and, truly some are of an excellent colour and purity. Really, you have good eyes, and have, I have no doubt, searched diligently. But, myn Got!"—and a gleam of wild delight shot from the old man's eyes as he brought the glass to bear upon the larger gem, and laid down the smaller ones, for the time disregarded,—"where did you procure this stone ? It is of a rare size, and—wonderful!—not a speck in it, as it would appear. What a glorious colour!—there! did you not see that gleam of light ? Heavens! it is a magnificent jewel. I would, indeed, wish that I possesssed such another. Do you know its value, my friend ? You are indeed fortunate : it will buy many sheep and oxen!"

Here Willem, quite overpowered with the German's admiration, and not a little astonished at his own luck in procuring the cause of it, hastened to assure him that his motive in obtaining them had been merely to have the pleasure of presenting them to him, Herr Heinzinger, and not from any use or value the stones might be to himself.

Profuse were the acknowledgments of the lapidary upon this avowal, and high were his praises of the valued gift. He seized the hand of Maritz and shook it with a cordial grasp,—probably the first he had bestowed since their acquaintance began. He was in a tremor of delight, and in a fever of impatience to examine the large gem more particularly, which he could not conceal ; and, after repeating his thanks in a manner that left no room to doubt his sincerity, consigned his young friend to the good care of his wife and daughter, and retreating to his seat at the bench beneath the window, was in a moment deeply absorbed in examining his new acquisition.

After Maritz had partaken of some refreshment that was quickly set before him, the ladies and himself retired from the apartment, and seated themselves outside, at a little distance from the door of the habitation, yet so far removed as to be out of earshot to the party within. Here, well knowing that Madame Heinzinger was no enemy to the match, the young couple made no scruple to utter their thoughts. The maiden was in a playful humour ; her lover's success had greatly pleased her, and, if such were possible, given him increased importance in her estimation.

The conversation was soon interrupted, however, as the lapidary joined the group and again strongly expressing his satisfaction with the examination of the stone, asked Maritz where he had found it ; and being told it had been picked up by a young Koranna, the idea seemed instantly to occur to him to employ him in further search.

"Aha, my friend, he must search for more! Yes, we will employ him, and pay him liberally, should he be successful. Could you not bring him down here to-morrow, think you ?"

Maritz here remarked that it would, he thought, be better not to pay he Koranna too well at first, and that it was quite possible he might be

persuaded to engage in the task for some time at a reasonable rate of weekly or monthly payment, and he would bring him down for that purpose on the morrow. And with this agreement, after a few moments' further talk, the young farmer took his leave,—it being already not far from sunset.

The following day, according to his promise, Willem made a call at Heinzinger's residence, in company with the Koranna boy, named T'kai; and an agreement was entered into by the latter, who contracted to prosecute the search daily for the space of a month, upon certain promises and conditions.

The next dawn, therefore, saw T'kai busy at his new employment; and, pleased with the novelty of the occupation, some of the youths of his kraal assisted him, and several days were spent by these volunteers greatly to the increase of the lapidary's store. But in the course of a week, the novelty beginning to wear off, his company gradually thinned away, and at the close of a fortnight, T'kai was himself heartily tired of the amusement. The natural indolence of all those of Hottentot extraction began to resume its sway over him; he no longer sought with ardour for the objects required by his employer, and in a proportionate ratio, too, his acquisitions decreased, until, day by day, the month wore through, the end of which he saw with pleasure, and could not be again induced by any offers of reward to renew the search.

The German lapidary, deserted by his newly-acquired assistant, had nothing for it but to prosecute his usual duties by himself. But having now gathered a considerable quantity of gems, and receiving letters from his European connections, his thoughts began to take a homeward direction.

Upon hinting his intentions to his wife and daughter (for his resolve had followed quickly upon his first conception of the idea of leaving), Heinzinger gave them directions to be ready shortly to depart, and betook himself to the Maritzes, to make arrangements for the transport of his family, and such of his effects as he required, as far as the colony.

Though a little staggered at the abruptness of the German's resolution to return to Europe, the worthy farmer did not neglect again to request his sanction to the match between his son and Bertha; but the proposal once more met with a respectful yet definite refusal.

Perceiving from Heinzinger's tone, that it would be vain to urge any further requests on that head, Maritz desisted, and the necessary arrangements for the "Klipmeester's" departure were soon effected; it was settled that Willem should convey them with his wagon as far as the colonial town in question. But few days were requisite to complete all preparations on both sides, and the final day but one of their stay was already come.

The various aricles were all prepared for loading up on the following morrow, and on the morning of that which was to be the last of his residence at his habitation (as old Cornelius Maritz and his son were to be there at an early hour of the dawn with the wagon), having nothing better, as he thought, on his hands, Heinzinger determined to indulge himself with one more parting ramble in pursuit of his favourite quest. The sky, though clear overhead, in the distance looked somewhat dull and overcast; but the Stonefinder heeded not the signs of the weather. Intent upon the object he had in view, he sallied out, and

wandered along the river's bed for miles, with his eyes peering downwards into each stony accumulation. Every now and then he stopped for a moment to examine them more minutely, and then resumed his way. As the day advanced, the sky became more overcast, and there was an ominous stillness in the air, save when a sort of sigh or light breath swept over the scene. Far in the distance, dark clouds of the black streaky nature that evidences falling rain hung over the rocks and hills, covered with clumps of thorns. But still the old man took no notice of these omens. Gradually he felt the air become more chill, and, closing his coat over his breast, kept onwards, continually turning over with his staff every fragment that attracted his attention. At last, when nearly about mid-distance between the banks, at a place where the river's bed was unusually broad, and the sides steep and craggy, the gravelly specimens became so numerous, that careless of the increasing gloom, he seated himself to examine the spot more closely.

A mournful, fitful murmur came surging along, borne by the gustful breeze, and anon heavy drops of rain came pattering down, as a dull, heavy sound was just perceptible to the ear. Heinzinger, now first apprised of the coming storm, left his occupation, and rose up to return homewards. Still faster fell the rain, and soon the noise of waters became plainly audible. Gazing round, as an instant gleam of thought made him acquainted with the danger, he saw the on-coming flood approaching. For an instant his senses were paralyzed ; but recovering himself he turned, and made, as quickly as his age would permit, towards the side. But it was too late ; before he had passed half the distance in the direction of the bank to which he had addressed himself, the water had already flooded the greater part of what had so lately been as a dry plain. Ere he could escape, the rapidity of the current increased, its volume deepened. A few steps more—a short effort to obtain his footing —and he was borne over by the resistless flood that swept him dying, amid its gurgling rushing eddies, onwards in its unchecked career.

All that day the two females awaited the return of Heinzinger, in momentary expectation of his appearance ; yet hour after hour sped on its way, without his arrival taking place. Towards evening they came to the conclusion that he had sought shelter during the storm at the house of his neighbours, and being well aware that he would not return after the night had closed in, they retired early to rest, little dreaming of the miserable catastrophe which had happened.

Bertha rose the following morning with an unusual depression of spirits, which she attributed to the thoughts of her approaching departure. The morning was still overcast, and on her opening the door of the hut, the river showed a broad, black, and swirling stream, still flowing swiftly by. The dogs were howling dismally some distance off, by the side of a low rocky bend of the river, and the view was so uncheering that she closed the door, and set herself to prepare their morning's meal.

Slowly and drearily did the hours pass away for the two lone inmates of the hut, until it was some time past noon, when a loud clamour of voices and knocking at the door caused them to open it, and the eyes of mother and daughter fell upon the corpse of the husband and father. Some of the Korannas, straying down the river, had discovered the body of the "Klipmeeser" fast entangled in the brushwood by its bank.

He was buried, by the assistance of the friendly savages, in a spot

chosen by the survivors for that purpose, near his dwelling, and the piety of his daughter in after years raised a small monument over his remains.

The disconsolate and now unprotected females shortly after, when the rivers were sufficiently retired within their customary limits, took their way (as it had been arranged before the occurrence of the melancholy catastrophe) to the nearest town, where the months of their mourning were spent at the residence of some relations of the Maritzes. Time, whose power rarely fails, if not to obliterate, at least to soften and alleviate human sorrows, at length soothed their affliction, and resignation shed its balm upon their spirits.

By a fortunate chance, an Indian officer, resident for his health in the town, at the time when their grief had sufficiently calmed to allow them to think of such matters, became the purchaser of most of the collection of gems; but the larger one was reserved by the possessors, not so much for the value of it, as for the recollections attached to its discovery.

Having no wish and no inducement again to cross the sea for Europe, Bertha was at length prevailed upon, by the solicitations of her suitor, to return as his wife to the scene which had witnessed her father's ill-requited labours, accompanied by her mother; and if at first a few tears naturally forced their way when olden recollections returned, there was an affectionate heart and smile, whose kindness seldom failed in restoring peace to her bosom; nor had she ever cause to regret the preference she had given to Willem Maritz over any projected alliance with one of more lofty title and lineage.

Tales at the Hunters' Fireside.

THERE is a charm about the hunters' fire, when the western red has faded out along the sky, when the oxen are slumbering quietly beside their yokes, when the jackal's shrill voice is heard from the hill, and the coffee-kettle is gaily singing above the cheerful blaze, while the hunters, resting from the chase, are grouped around, and relating many an exciting and interesting tale. Much folk-lore is then told, and many a hearty laugh wakes up the surrounding darkness, over "yarns" that are narrated with a freshness and a zest that is entirely lost during the calmer hours of the day. The natives of this country have many of them a gift for this sort of thing, almost equaling that of an Eastern story-teller, and even their popular tales that are told for the hundredth time, call up a ready laugh, although we feel inclined to "lick" the fellow for his presumption in telling that story over and over again and expecting us to laugh at it and be amused; but like the rest of them, we join in the laugh, and say that we have never heard it before. The following anecdotes are a few of the tales told by the hunters' fire-side:

THE LION AND THE KORANNA.

For years past the lion had been the sworn foe of the Korannas—in fact, their deadly enemy. Many a raid had he made upon their kraals

and villages, carrying off their children and their stock, and now and then, perchance, a stray man or woman that happened to cross his path. The Korannas were sore afraid of him, and upon all occasions were only too glad to give him a "wide berth." It happened, however, one day that the Korannas were hunting elephants. It was warm work; shot after shot had followed each other in quick succession; the chase was exciting in the extreme; but still, for all that, the day was going against the Korannas; they were evidently getting the worst of it. Some of the huge brutes were badly wounded, and consequently much exasperated, and the hunters were put to flight. Away they sped for dear life, with the infuriated creatures following close upon their heels. In the hour of their peril, could they think of the lions? To escape from the elephants was their sole care, and their track lay right across the lion's den. They had forgotten this; they were flying for their lives. At length, however, one of the Korannas suddenly became aware that his old enemy, the lion, was by his side. He, too, was flying for his life before the elephants with the rest of them. Then the Koranna became brave, so he up with his sjambok, and gave the lion a good whack across the back, saying at the same time "Ji moet niet so wys wees! van dag is onz al mal maaters."

THE LION AND THE BLESBOKS.

The Korannas were following a Blesbok and her fawn. They had been upon the trail since daylight, and had traced the bucks to a "Vlei," where they had gone to quench their thirst. The grass was long and reedy, reaching almost to the shoulders of the hunters, rendering it difficult to see the game. While the Korannas were cautiously looking over the grass in the hope of getting a shot at the bucks, they suddenly espied a lion on the opposite side of the "Vlei," doing exactly the same thing. He too was in persuit of the Blesboks. "Oh myn God!" exclaimed the Korannas, "but this is ugly work," so they hid themselves in the long grass, at the same time keeping an eye upon the lion and watching his manœuvres. The lion was advancing carefully upon the unsuspecting bucks, and when he was within a few paces of them, he made a desperate leap, but his efforts were over done, he jumped clean over them, and came blundering down on the other side with his face in the dust. How stupid he looked! The bucks, of course, ran swiftly away, and the lion appeared to be thoroughly disgusted with himself. He then proceeded to examine the spot where the bucks had been standing, then he went back to examine the place on the other side of the "Vlei" from whence he had taken the leap. He evidently could not make it out. All this time the Korannas were watching him from their place of concealment, and they were so overjoyed at the lion's failure that they could contain themselves no longer, but burst out into roars of laughter; and the lord of the forest slunk off thoroughly ashamed of himself, leaving the Korannas to enjoy the joke.

THE LION AND THE TRADER.

A trader was travelling in the Waterberg during the night according to their usual custom. He was seated in front of his wagon, driving his team with the long whip in his hand. It was a dark, cloudy night, with but here and there a solitary star peeping forth beneath its misty shroud. His oxen were somewhat wearied and he was slowly jogging along, not thinking of lions or savage creatures of any kind, for he had in his possession several large dogs in whom he placed great confidence. However, after travelling for some time he found that his cattle were unwilling to proceed, and that they came at length to a dead stand. To find out the cause of the delay, the trader at once proceeded to the front of his team armed only with his long whip, when he perceived what he supposed to be one of his own large dogs crouching in front of his oxen. Disgusted at the creature for stopping his progress, he gave it a lusty kick, exclaiming at the same time "Footsach you!" when a mighty roar and a plunge into the darkness, proclaimed to the terror-stricken trader that he had actually kicked the lord of the forest. A hasty retreat to his wagon was the consequence, beneath which he found all his dogs. They were even too much alarmed to bark.

M. E. Barber.

Kimberley, May 24th.

Fossil Reptilia of South Africa.

Professor Owen on the Ancient Conditions of the Cape.

The South African Museum in Cape Town, and the Albany Museum of Natural History in Graham's Town, have received valuable accessions during the past month. These consist of separate collections of casts of the Fossil Reptilia of South Africa, which have been developed for the Trustees of the British Museum, and described and catalogued by Professor Owen, the eminent palæontologist. For these gifts the public are indebted in the first instance to the donors, the Trustees of the British Museum, and in the second place to Dr. Atherstone, of Graham's Town, who during his recent visit to England interested himself in securing them for our colonial institutions.

The fossil remains thus made available to science were first discovered by the late Mr. A. G. Bain in 1838, while he was engaged in the construction of our frontier roads. The locality of the discovery was in the Fort Beaufort district, near to Mildenhall's. Since then, numbers of them and their congeners have been found over the Colony, between lat. 31° 45′—33° 30′ S., and long. 22°—

28° E., and specimens have been forwarded to the British Museum year by year up to the present time. Among the contributors whose names are mentioned, we notice those of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Sir George Grey, Sir Henry Barkly, Mr. T. Bain, Inspector of Roads in the Western Districts (the worthy son and successor of the discoverer), the late Dr. Rubidge, of Port Elizabeth, Mr. J. M. Orpen, now of Port Alfred, and others; but Professor Owen specially acknowledges "how largely science and the British Museum are indebted to Dr. W. Guybon Atherstone, who has devoted the leisure of a long and successful medical practice at the Cape to the study and acquisition of evidence of the geology and palæontology of this part of the globe."

The specimens catalogued and described include those exhumed by Mr. A. G. Bain, from the Fort Beaufort District; some sent by Dr. Atherstone from Gatz Plaatz, Spreeuwfontein, Versfontein (Luttig's), and Jan Willem's Farm, Prince Albert district; some from the Tafelberg and Rhenosterberg, and also from the sandstones of the Sneeuwberg mountains, in the Graaff-Reinet division. They have been developed by a process of extracting the organic remains from the matrix,—which it is mentioned was at first supposed to be a hard limestone, but subsequent analysis has shown it to be a petrified quartzose mud or sand, which throws off sparks when struck with the iron tool, and also in some instances, as Mr. Bain observed, emits a fœtid smell.

The work recently published by Professor Owen, illustrative and descriptive of these Reptilia, is one of great value and interest. It contains elaborate and beautifully executed plates depicting the leading types and characteristics of the old Saurians; and gives a summary of the results worked out from the anatomical and physiological investigation of their singular structures—opening up large questions respecting the development of life upon our planet, which to the Professor's mind are unintelligible on either the Lamarckian or Darwinian hypothesis. Besides this, it is prefaced by a treatise on the past physical geography of our continent and the changes which have occurred upon it since the gigantic reptiles lived in those remote ages, far anterior to any periods of history or tradition.

As only a few copies of the volume have reached the Colony, and it will not be generally accessible to the public, we place before our readers the principal part of the distinguished Professor's paper, which beautifully shows the nature and value of the philosophic research bestowed upon these fossils of our Colony and the evidence afforded by them of the past geological conditions of the country :—

From the observations of Andrew Geddes Bain and his fellow explorers of the geology of the Cape, we learn that, before the continent of Africa, as it now is, existed, the animals which have afforded the subject of the present catalogue, lived, died and propagated their kinds, through untold generations, in and near a vast body of fresh water occupying an extensive tract now elevated into

mountain ranges, attaining, *e.g.*, in the Dragensberg range an altitude of upwards of 11,000 feet. In the pre-existing lake or lakes these dragons (*Reptilia*) frequented the banks and waters; and many of their carcasses sank and rotted in its sediments. Some notion may be formed of the duration of this life-scene by the ascertained vertical thickness of the fossiliferous lacustrine deposits in the following richly productive localities:—Stormberg beds, 1,800 feet; Beaufort beds, 1,700 feet; Koonap beds, 1,500 feet; Karroo Shale or Upper Ecca beds, 1,200 feet.

Actual Africa, in latitudes north of the Cape, still shows freshwater lakes surpassing in extent those of other continents; but the chief lake-basin of the ancient continent, part of which is represented by these reptiliferous deposits at the Cape of Good Hope, much exceeded in extent Tanganyika, or any of the inland freshwater seas, which have been discovered by recent explorers.

The attempt to conceive or give intelligible utterance to the sense of past time, since the reptiles of South Africa existed in the now upraised lacuscrine area, becomes oppressive; the terms in which we reckon up phrases of the world's history in connection with human existence, are wholly inadequate to convey a clear or comprehensible idea thereof. We are driven, in the endeavour to realize a conception of prehistoric time, to resort to an artifice akin to that to which the astronomer has been compelled in order to conceive for himself, and convey to others, the relations of space which his instruments and calculus have discovered.

The multiplication of millions of miles leaves as vague an idea of remoteness of our planet to the nearest fixed star as the multiplication of millions of years expresses the conviction of the geologist as to the periods needed for the deposit of the thousands of remaining vertical feet of stratified sediment composing even a small subdivision of any of his great natural groups or systems of formations.

The ascertained velocity of light yielded the astronomer a more simple, more graspable expression of comparative distances. Light traverses the diameter of the earth's orbit in a quarter of an hour; it moves at a velocity of 193,000 miles in a second of time. From the nearest fixed star a ray of light takes three years to reach the earth; from Sirius sixteen years. A nebula, near or bright enough to enable the photographer to secure a recognizable image of it, exerts for the purpose a form of force, or sends its ray of light, which takes six hundred years in reaching and affecting the instrument and the optic nerve of the human artist. Hence the convenience of defining cosmical spaces or distances in the terms or "light-years."

So with the geologist; having approximately estimated the period required for the formation of a constituent of the quarternary, tertiary or other period, he substitutes, for numerical aggregates of historical years, the expression that such or such an organism existed and became extinct in such or such a formation, prior, *e.g.*,

to the Liassic period, as in the case of the Dicynodont reptiles. The name of the formation gives to him an idea of the distance of time since these and other subjects of the present catalogue lived, more intelligible than could any row of figures summing up estimates founded on observations of the rates of deposit, of wear, of elevation, or of depression of the several strata of the earth's crust.

What the geologist requires in order to receive, in these terms, the solution of his question as to the period of existence of the South African reptiles, is the evidence of the age of the formations in which their remains became fossilized. The grounds on which geology founds its conclusion of such age in relation to the "Karroo series" of South Africa, as of the contemporary Panchét beds of India, will be found in the works cited (of Bain and others). Every specimen described in the present catalogue of which the locality has been determined, has come from the division of that series known as the "Beaufort" and "Stormberg beds." The latter are the later. But amongst the rich abundance of fossil vegetation in these lacustrine deposits not one example of a cycadeous plant, or other indication of a liassic or oolitic age, has accompanied the vertebrate fossils. The remains of *Glossopteris* are of a species (*Gl. Browneana*) which has never been met with, like the cycads, in a formation of oolitic age, but is associated in India and Australia, as in South Africa, with palæozoic evidences.

The question lies between the triassic and the upper carboniferous periods; but the more generally adopted reference of the Beaufort beds and, especially the Stormberg beds to a triassic age has been provisionally assigned in the notices of the localities in this catalogue.

The determination of the batrachian double condyle in the *Petrophryne* (S.A. 118) from the reddish sandstone of the Tafelberg in the Queen's Town district, proved its Labyrinthodont affinities, which were indicated by other cranial structures, as a similar demonstration in the *Brachyops* had previously determined the presence of a Labyrinthodont reptile in the Mangali formations of the Kamthi group in India. Fragmentary evidences, most probably Labyrinthodont, and indubitable fossils of a dicynodont, concur, with the plant fossils to show the geological correspondency of the Panchét and Kamthi groups in India with the Beaufort beds in South Africa.

Among the considerations which weigh towards the palæozoic age is the arrest of vertebral development, or retention of embryonal characters, in the centrum of these South African Reptilia, a character which is exceptional in liasso-jurassic Reptilia; and that exception, exemplified in *Ichthyosaurus*, is adaptive as in fishes, in relation to an aquatic medium of life and locomotion. In these South African Reptilia, which from their jaws and dentition were herbivorous, and, from what is known of their limbs, more terrestrial than aquatic, the proportion of the primitive notochord, retained in their vertebral column, indicated by the term *Tretospondylia* (Nos.

S.A. 1—31), offers a closer analogy to the condition of that column in the early air-breathing vertebrates of the Carboniferous series than to any Dinosaur of the Mesozoic formations.

A specimen of fossil fish (*Hypterus Bainii*, *Ow.*), transmitted with reptillian remains from the Beaufort beds at Alice, near Fort Beaufort, belongs to a heterocercal genus near akin to *Amblypterus*, with close relations to other Ganoids of the Carboniferous formations.

The answer then, to the question of the geologist as to the age of the South African Reptilia, at the present phase of evidence, is, that they are not later in time than the Trias, and probably lived in the Palæozoic period.

Those, however, to whom such reply is in any degree intelligible form but a small proportion of the numbers visiting the British Museum, who may give an intelligent glance at these singular fossils, and more or less comprehend the facts and deductions by which creatures so long extinct have been restored, so far, at least, as to enable the naturalist to assign to them their place and affinities in the zoological system. By such visitors the question naturally asked is, "When did these dragons live? and how long ago is it since they died out?"

To assist the comprehension of the grounds of a reply, a "Tabular View of the Fossiliferous Strata," in the order of super-position is subjoined.

Among the most recent of these strata (viz., the turbary deposits, or accumulation of peat, still in course of formation) there are found evidences of man, with remains of red-deer, roebuck, wild boar, the small indigenous ox (*Bos longifrous*), &c.; but the conditions under which the great vertical extent of these deposits have been accumulated in certain localities yield ground for an estimate of a considerable lapse of historical time.

When such beds of peat have been dug out, they are seen in many localities (*e.g.*, in Ireland, the Isle of Man, and adjacent coast of England), to have rested on a deposit of white marl, of a fine tenacious consistency, and forming a good manure for oat and potato crops, due, in part, to remains of successive generations of freshwater mollusks which flourished in the ancient lakes of which the marl formed the bed. In this marl are found the remains of the reindeer, the *Megaceros*, the hairy northern elephant (*E. Primigenius*), and of other large extinct beasts, which roamed from Northern Europe over a land extending into the Atlantic, parts of which continent now remain in an insulated state, as Great Britain, Ireland, the Isle of Man.

Since the deposits of "shell-marl" and of the corresponding lacustrine or freshwater formations of "brick-earth," both the geographical and climatal conditions of those parts of Europe have changed.

The legend of the loss of Earl Godwin's lands—the evidence of the monuments of the old monks transferred to Chichester Cathedral

when the sea began to gain on their abbey, with the indication given by "Selsey Bill" of the whereabouts of the submerged lands of the Saxon Earl on which the abbey stood (about half way, now, between Bracklesham and the east end of the Isle of Wight)—the submerged forest exposed some twenty feet below the actual sea-level in excavating the docks at Jarrow Slake,—these and many other examples of slow and gradual change, such as still affects the Norfolk coast, operated to the remotest bounds of recorded time and long antecedent to history or legend. They indicate part of those changes in the disposition of sea and land which being concomitant with analagous changes of the American coast affecting currents and causing "gulf-streams" put an end to the glacial climate which previously prevailed in our latitudes.

The evidences of the human species as we descend in the quarternary series are mainly reduced to rude implements of stone; and all who have, without prepossession, intelligently studied these evidences, and the conditions of their discovery, whether in caves or drifts, are at one in defining them as "prehistoric." Beyond the quarternary series reliable evidences of man are not known to the writer.

During the Pliocene division of tertiary time in which lived many mammals, the species of which have now passed away, we infer from the geographical correspondence of their distribution with that of their existing allies, that the main features of the actual distribution of land and sea, in regard to the larger continents, had been attained.

In the Miocene and Eocene periods other geographical conditions prevailed with other climates. Correspondence in localized distribution of recent and fossil species can no longer be predicated. But significant evidences of the origin of existing species are found. The miocene *Hipparion*, with the pair of hooflets dangling behind the main hoof in each foot, has made intelligible to anatomy the veterinarian's "splint-bones" concealed heneath the skin of the fore and hind feet of the pliocene and modern Equines. The eocene *Palaotherium* shows the hooflets of the three-toed miocene horse in more normal and functional proportions. A similar progressive specialization is traceable from an artiodactyle type of quadruped, as represented, *e.g.*, by the eocene *Anoplotherium*, to the useful cloven-hoofed ruminants of the human period.

The biological, geological, geographical, and climatological phenomena of the tertiary divisions of time baffle all endeavours to conceive the number of annual revolutions of the globe during which these changes and advances in organic life were in progress.

To so test or define the periods of the formation of grander and more numerous sub-divisions of the secondary or Mesozoic series becomes a vain effort of the limited faculties of a finite nature. Yet nearly all these periods have come and gone since the reptilian animals played their parts in the Triassic and Permian worlds.

It is hard to realize the surpassing interest with which the

evidences of such ancient life are first received, scrutinized and compared, and by which is lightened the labour of gaining ideas of the frames, the limbs, the weapons, and ways of life of these long-since perished animals. Unlike the poet, and dealing with denser elements, the geologist nevertheless, but with eyes fixed and gaze intent, "bodies forth the forms of things unknown, turns them to shapes," and, in the transitory continents which successively come into and fade away from his field of vision, gives to them a "local habitation and a name."

The Voice.

There is a wailing voice which cries
  For ever from the ocean,
When the great angry waves arise,
In long low lines against the skies,
  And, with sullen motion,
Dash themselves against the rocks,
Raising a cloud of foam, which mocks
Their sullenness—then falling, dies.

Or when the moon, with radiant face,
  Shines on the sea's broad breast,
And woos her with such tender grace,
That, yielding to the soft embrace,
  She sinks entranced to rest;
And a soft sleep steals over all,
Unbroken, save by seagull's call,
  As he seeks his watery nest,—

Out, out afar he wheels his flight,
  Where the sky and waters meet,
Till, like a speck in the waning light,
Fading away he is lost to sight,
  'Mid the shadows dim and fleet;
While from the ocean, calm and deep,
A cool soft mist doth slowly creep,
  And shrouds the mountains' feet.

And when the wind moans drearily,
  Among the leafless trees,
In storm or calm, by land or sea,
Still that same voice comes unto me,
  Borne on the wings of the breeze,
"Change and decay! Change and decay!
All that is earthly fadeth away!"

Mu.

Barometric Observations.—Table of Heights.

By John G. Gamble, Esq.

During a journey I have lately made in this Colony, I took a number of barometric observations. From these I have calculated the heights of the places above sea level, which may be worthy of insertion in the *Cape Monthly*.

I had with me both a mercurial* barometer and a large aneroid. Some of the observations were taken with the aneroid as being the more convenient, but I very frequently compared the aneroid with the mercurial, so that the readings of the two are very nearly of equal value.

It is well known that an aneroid, though good for interpolating between known levels, and excellent for purposes of weather prediction, is not trustworthy for absolute readings, especially if roughly handled, unless it is very frequently compared with a mercurial barometer.†

Most aneroids give a scale of feet beside the scale of inches. This is very convenient, but the two scales should be fastened together. On a small aneroid in my possession, the feet-scale is movable round the other; but this is of no use, as an inch at one part of the scale does not correspond to the same number of feet as an inch on another part. The scale of feet generally begins with zero at 31 inches. This gives the convenience of making all the readings positive.

I have met with people who thought it quite sufficient to subtract the aneroid reading (in feet) at the lower station from the reading (in feet) at the upper station, and who believed they had thereby found the difference of height. But most people who have studied physics at all know that the temperature of the air must be taken into account. The aneroid is, or should be, compensated for the effect of temperature on itself, *i.e.*, it gives a correct value of the pressure of the air‡ whatever be the temperature of the instrument; but it cannot of course give an equivalent in feet of air for the pressure at all temperatures of the air, as air expands with heat, and consequently more feet correspond to a given pressure if it is hot than if it is cold. The scale of feet is generally made out for a mean air temperature of 50° Fahrenheit; therefore the height must be increased to the temperature if the air is greater than 50° Fahrenheit, and diminished if less. A sufficiently accurate

* The mercurial was compared with the standard at Kew about a year ago; it has since been compared with the standard at the Observatory here.

† Those who wish to adjust their aneroid, or, at any rate, learn its error, must of course not forget to correct the reading of the mercurial for temperature of the mercury. Tables are given in most meteorological works for this, or it can easily be calculated.

‡ In inches of mercury at 32°, or in feet of air at 50° (Fahrenheit).

rule is to add together the temperature at the two stations; if this is above 100° add $\frac{1}{1000}$ of the height for every degree, if below 100° subtract the same amount. Thus, if the temperature at the lower place is 80° and that at the upper is 70° we must add $\frac{50}{1000}$ths, or 5 per cent., to the height.

Another correction that people are apt to forget is that for daily variation. If readings of the barometer are taken every hour it will be seen that generally the mercurial column is highest about nine o'clock in the morning, that it gradually falls till about four p.m., and then begins to rise again.* In this colony I have frequently noticed a difference of $\frac{2}{10}$ths of an inch† between the morning and afternoon readings of a fixed barometer.

Of course, if there are two observers, each with barometers, they can observe simultaneously at the upper and lower stations, and then no correction on this account is needed. But generally a traveller does not go to the trouble of keeping a fixed observer constantly taking readings. The traveller reads his barometer at the bottom of a hill, and then some hours afterwards reads it at the top. In the meanwhile the barometer at a fixed station has been rising or falling, and therefore it is desirable to know what the change has probably been. If the weather is steady, this can generally be guessed nearly enough, especially if the observer has been able on some previous days to take hourly observations. If the weather is changeable, this connection is not so trustworthy. In the tropics, it can be known very closely.

If the observer is some distance inland, and wishes to calculate his height above sea-level, he must not forget that there is a variation in the yearly period. The sea-level reading which he may have observed some months previously will probably not be the same now. The Cape Observatory readings for thirty years show that the mean monthly barometric reading for mean sea-level varies from 30·199 in the month of July to 29·966 in January. An observer using the January reading, when he should use the July reading, would thus be more than 200 feet out in the height. It is, therefore, very important to find out, from observations at the nearest Observatory, the proper sea-level reading for the day of observation.

The difference of height between two stations as got by barometric observations is only really accurate when observations have been taken at each station for a considerable number of years. If the two stations are not too far apart the probable error in the case of a large series of observations would be small, perhaps less than ten feet. But in the case when a height is got from a single observation there is a very considerable probable error, perhaps 100 feet.‡

* There is a similar oscillation during the night.

† Two-tenths of an inch of mercury is equivalent to about 200 feet of air.

‡ There are some other corrections, besides those which I have mentioned, that are used in very exact barometric measurements, but they may be neglected when the probable error is so great.

I need scarcely point out that the relative heights of places will be given vastly more accurately when by the extension of railways, or for other reasons, accurate telescopic spirit-levelling has been carried out.

Levels can also be got approximately from the temperature of boiling point. But this is a much rougher method than that by the mercurial barometer, though perhaps more trustworthy than that by an uncompared aneroid.

I apologise for the length of these remarks, but this is a subject on which I have found considerable confusion to exist, even in the minds of educated people.

The heights in the following table may be considered to have each a probable error of 100 feet :—

	Above Sea Level. Feet.		Above Sea Level. Feet.
George	600	Proposed Village at Wegdrai (Orange River)	3,000
Top of Montagu Pass ..	2,250	Orange River at Olivenhout Drift	2,800
Oudtshoorn	1,000	Kenhart	2,670
Meiring's Poort (Rankine's)	1,640	Pella	1,800
Klaarstrom	2,460	Puff Adder	3,400
Kredouwsberg Pass .	3,750	Brand Vley (Zak River) Proposed Village ..	3,050
Prince Albert	2,140	Katkop (garden)	3,200
Letjesbosch	2,300	Klaver Vley	3,100
Beaufort West	2,930	Commissioners' Salt Pan ..	2,910
Nel's Poort (Mr. Elliott's)	3,320	Calvinia	3,300
Murraysburg	3,870	Lower farm on Bosch River (tributary of Doorn River)	1,370
Voetpad (farm between Murraysburg and Graaff-Reinet)	4,510	Karoo Poort	2,460
Zuurpoort Tollgate ..	5,360	Ceres	1,560
Victoria West	4,300		
Schilder's Pan (farm) ..	3,520		
Orange River at Prieska ..	3,200		

Withered Flowers.

Withered and colourless they lie,
Side by side,
Whose beauty vied,
With sweetest flowerets beneath the sky ;
But as they were, not are, I view
Those tiny buds of faded blue.

Again for her I gather them—
As fresh and fair,
In the morning air,
As the hand which closed around each stem,
And the open brow and nature true
Gleaming within the eyes of blue.

But years have come and gone since then,
And mist and rain
From clouds of pain,
Have chilled and darkened life's bright glen,
Where in the solemn, deathly light,
My flower was taken from my sight.

T'was gathered slowly, silently;—
A tender hand
From an unseen land
Bore to the light of eternity,
Where blinding mist and rain are not,
My bright blue-eyed forget-me-not.

But I can neither weep nor sigh,
While free from blight,
In the golden light,
My blossom lifts a tearless eye—
Better to bloom 'neath Love Divine,
Than withering lie in reach of mine.

ZILLAH.

Meteorology.

THE Meteorology of South Africa is as yet but imperfectly known. In the inland portions of the country, with the exception of one or two localities, the ranges of temperature, the course of the winds, and the rainfall have not been observed for a sufficiently long period to enable any reliable deductions to be made. Only at the Royal Observatory, Cape Town, and, we believe, at Maritzburg, Natal, during Dr. Mann's residence there, have the peculiarities of our climatology received that continuous and incessant study which have made the conclusions derived therefrom really valuable. The Meteorological Commission appointed by the Government, has now, however, completed its plans for securing reliable data. For this purpose it has made provision for the registration of observations, systematically and coincidently, in several divisions of the Colony. The character and value of them, extended over the whole country, may be gathered from the annexed table, showing some of the general results for the first three months of the year, at the stations at Cape Town, Worcester, Port Elizabeth, Somerset East, King William's Town, and Aliwal North.

These returns which are furnished by the Secretary of the Meteorological Commission, will be continued in the *Magazine* from time to time,

METEOROLOGICAL TABLES.

1876. Month.	Barometer.	Mean Temp.	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Max. of Month.	On what days.	Min. of Month.	On what days.	Rain-fall.	Number of days on which rain fell.
ROYAL OBSERVATORY.										
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.	
January ..	29·894	70·3	80·1	62·7	90·9	6th	57·0	22nd ..	0·103	3
February ..	29·916	67·5	76·3	61·4	90·0	8th	58·6	14th.. ..	None.	..
March ..	29·967	64·9	73·1	57·5	83·8	18th.. ..	48·6	17th.. ..	2·258	7
April ..	30·048	63·2	73·0	56·1	88·2	1st	50·0	26th.. ..	1·109	5
PORT ELIZABETH.										
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.	
January ..	30·008	70·8	78·5	66·7	87·5	10th.. ..	59·0	4th	0·960	4
February ..	30·022	67·9	74·1	62·2	80·0	5th, 6th, & 25th	59·0	9th & 22nd	4·030	4
March ..	30·078	66·9	72·9	61·0	81·0	19th & 29th	50·5	9th	1·860	3
April ..	30·174	64·8	71·7	58·9	85·0	2nd & 16th	53·0	6th & 28th	0·720	1
WORCESTER.										
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.	
January ..	29·128	62·8	87·8	60·1	96·0	1st, 2nd, 7th, and 15th	51·0	23rd.. ..	None.	..
February ..	29·136	66·1	80·4	59·8	96·0	24th.. ..	53·0	29th.. ..	1·300	3
March ..	29·155	64·7	78·6	54·8	93·0	19th.. ..	45·0	9th & 17th	0·700	2
KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.										
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.	
January ..	28·230	69·3	80·4	54·8	99·0	27th.. ..	46·0	21st.. ..	4·470	16
February ..	28·321	66·4	76·4	54·1	92·0	18th.. ..	44·0	24th.. ..	12·230	17
March ..	28·324	64·6	76·4	50·5	88·0	1st & 19th	39·0	17th.. ..	3·250	16
April ..	28·379	60·4	72·2	49·8	81·0	2nd & 16th	39·0	12th & 28th	2·710	10
GILL COLLEGE, SOMERSET EAST.										
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.	
January ..	27·223	69·6	79·8	63·1	93·0	2nd	50	5th	3·045	9
February ..	27·247	65·7	73·0	61·1	89·0	10th.. ..	53	23rd.. ..	6·660	13
March ..	27·317	63·9	72·2	57·7	86·0	14th.. ..	46	9th	5·690	14
April ..	27·440	60·3	68·9	56·5	78·0	16th.. ..	45	26th.. ..	3·110	11
ALIWAL NORTH.										
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.	
January ..	24·996	68·3	87·3	58·7	93·0	11th, 18th, 24th, 25th, 30th, & 31st	42·0	22nd.. ..	6·230	14
February ..	24·988	66·1	82·4	58·0	92·0	19th, 28th, & 29th	50·0	6th, 22nd, & 23rd.	9·610	17
March ..	25·034	62·0	84·3	52·7	92·0	14th.. ..	39·0	10th.. ..	2·670	14
April ..	25·127	53·8	71·5	48·4	77·0	17th.. ..	36·0	26th & 27th	1·800	13

The Barometer readings are reduced to the Temperature 32° Far.; but no correction has been applied for height above sea level, except for Port Elizabeth, to which a correction of ·180 has been applied throughout.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

English Ballads, Old and Modern.*

A *fit* of Mirth for a *groat*.
BLIND HARPER

OF all the treasures of our Ballad Literature, of the tales of love and chivalry and marvel, from the peasant's ditties that have enlivened the harvest-home, or the festive board of the rustic inn, to the legendary and historical songs of Border minstrelsy, no collection has so successfully hit the popular taste as that of the "Bentley Ballads," if we may include among them many of the "Golden" or "Ingoldsby Legends." Appearing, from time to time, in *Bentley's Miscellany*, most of them have reached every nook and cranny where lays of wit and humour are read and appreciated; and some have literally become familiar in our mouths as household words. Hudson's "Barney Brallagan," Gillespie's "Sally in our Alley," "The Monks of Old," by William Jones, Canon Barham's (Thomas Ingoldsby) "Mr. Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation," and many spirited lays of the Tipperary Hall series, will at once occur to lovers of lyrical compositions as worthy of the place which they have found in people's memories.

This national appreciation of the ballad seems to be one of our heir-looms; for among the nations of Northern Europe the Scalds, "the smoothers and polishers of language," who combined the offices of poet, musician, and genealogist were ever reverenced and welcomed by our Danish forefathers; and the bards of the Celts and the gleemen of later days have been equally honoured.

In writing of the early English ballads, attention is first attracted to those that illustrate the chivalry of the Border, composed at various dates before the occasion of James I., whilst the stirring feuds of

* "Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," Edited by J. V. PRITCHARD. London: George Bell and Sons. 2 vols. 1876.

"The Bentley Ballads," with preface and notes, by JOHN SHEEHAN; an [entirely new edition. London: Richard Bentley & Son, 1876.

the north country furnished ample materials to feed the fancy of the minstrel and fire the blood of hearers, ever ready for a lawless raid. These simple old poems began to lose their fascination when oral recitations gave place to the productions of the printing-press; and the early compositions probably lost much of their original force and spirit in the course of transcription and printing. Sir Walter Scott ascribes the peculiar charms and attractions of the old minstrel ballad to the extreme simplicity with which the narrative moves forward, neglecting all the more minute ornaments of style and diction, to the grand object of enforcing on the hearer a striking and affecting catastrophe.

The heroic song of "Chevy Chase," that tells us of an incident, unknown to history, in the jealous rivalries of the families of the Percy and the Douglas,

> The Persè owt oft Northombarlande,
> And a vowe to God mayd he,
> That he wold hunte in the mountayns
> Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
> In the mauger of doughtè Dogles,
> And all that ever with him be.
>
> (*Percy's Reliques*).

as supplemented by the lay of the Battle of Otterbourne (A.D. 1388), when a Douglas fell fighting in personal combat with a Percy, are the best specimens of this class of ballads.

> Yt felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,
> Whan husbonds wynn their haye,
> The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd hym to ryde,
> In Ynglond to take a praye.
> ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿
> Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne
> Bytwene the nyght and the day;
> Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
> And the Percy was lede awaye.
>
> (*Percy's Reliques*).

I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas (says Sir Philip Sydney) that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blinde crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evill apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare! We are at one with Sir Philip about the trumpet stirring music of the ballad, but would not sacrifice the quaint and irregular diction and its rough incivility for all the dithyrambic trimness and eloquence of Pindar.

"The legends of King Arthur and the Round Table" yield matter for some characteristic pieces; and the tales of the exploits of the outlaws who lived under the greenwood tree

The one of them, hight Adam Bel,
The other, Clym of the Clough,
The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good ynough.

have rendered those heroes of Engle wood as notorious, and nearly as popular as the familiar names and deeds of Robin Hood and Little John, the outlaws of merry Sherwood, where

In summer, when the shawes be shene
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forèst
To hear the foulès song;
To see the deer draw to the dale,
And leave the hillès hee,
And shadow them in the levès green,
Under the greenwood tree.

It is not likely that tales of love and domestic life would be wanting; the references in Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night," and in "Othello" show how "the spinsters and the knitters do use to chaunt" them; and Desdemona tells how her mother's maid had a song of "Willow;" which in the original probably ran thus:—

A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamorr tree:
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd.
&c. &c. &c.

The popular ballad of the Nut-brown Maid was probably written before the sixteenth century; there is a version in Percy's Reliques; and colonial readers will find the first printed version of it (A.D. 1521), in Arnold's "Customs of London," in the Grey Collection, Public Library, Cape Town (*vide* folio lxxv.), but it is far too lengthy to quote.

It is something to know how the men and women of bygone centuries acted in their rude and chequered life; how they toiled, and talked, and wooed, and sung; their private and their social life, however uncouth in manner and habit; the features of the inner history of the people, the daily scenes of old English life; and these the Ballad delineated and now keeps for us. Some one has said that an hour or two at an Athenian supper-party would teach us more Grecian life and character than all the works of Aristophanes; so an hour or two among what is saved of English and Scottish ballads will give the antiquary and the scholar an unusually rich succession of word-pictures, vividly impressed with the more striking traits of British character. This repertory of popular traditions and customs is invaluable and unique, and we may be glad that so much has

survived, whether collected from word of mouth or gathered from stray *broadsides*.

The influence of the "Percy Reliques" (first published in 1765) consists chiefly in the impulse given to subjects of romantic type; and to them we largely owe the picturesque romances of Sir Walter Scott, which ever fresh we devour in boyhood, dip into again and again amid the busy duties of life, and fondly recall in later years,

> . . . . in after-dinner talk
> Across the walnuts and the wine.

Songs of the peasantry, rude and inartificial, refer generally to the occupations, pastimes, and festivals of the rural population. Their charm lies in being, to some extent, "authentic specimens of country lore." The topics are varied enough—courtship at the farm, barley-mow, harvest-home, the plough, the churn-supper, the May-pole, and now and then political squibs and allusions are introduced, as Nolly and Joan in "Joan's ale was new," George Ridler's Oven (Charles the First and the Cavaliers), and the Carrioncrow in the Oak (Charles the Second), where there is a sly hit at the religious faith of the King in the well-known lines:—

> The old sow died, and the bells they did toll,
> And the little pigs prayed for the old sow's soul.

The barley-mow song of the West country, is almost unique; and when sung in the broad native dialect must have been far more effective than when read in the modern printed version:—

> Here's a health to the barley mow, my brave boys,
> Here's a health to the barley-mow!
> We'll drink it out of the jolly brown bowl,
> Here's a health to the barley mow!
> We'll drink it out of the nipperkin, boys,
> Here's a health to the barley-mow!
> The nipperkin and the jolly brown bowl,
> Here's a health, &c,
> We'll drink it out of the quarter-pint, boys,
> Here's a health, &c.,
> The quarter-pint, the nipperkin, the jolly brown bowl.
> Here's a health, &c.

and so the scale rises to half-a-pint, pint, quart, pottle, gallon, half-anker, anker, half-hogshead, hogshead, pipe, in gradation, and culminates in *the well*, *the river*, *the ocean*—

> We'll drink it out of the ocean, boys,
> Here's a health to the barley-mow!
> The ocean, the river, the well, the pipe, ... the
> nipperkin, the jolly brown bowl.
> Here's a health, &c,

Admirers of nursery ditties will remember a parallel in the—

Water, water! quench fire,
Fire won't burn the stick,
Stick won't beat the pig,
Pig won't go,
&c., &c.

This rural anthology is so extensive, and at the same time so important, as representing or reflecting the life, habits, and recreations of the English peasant in by-gone times, that I must refer the reader to such works as "Dixon's Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England," published by the Percy Society in 1846.

The modern ballads occupy a less exclusive range of compositions; and, through retaining much of the quaint style and diction of the earlier, are addressed to readers, not to hearers. The clever intermingling of historic lore, classical quotations, popular phrases, scraps of antiquarian type, all worked in with an easy flow of words and unrivalled facility of versification, stamps them as the products of a more racy and exuberant fancy and a higher culture; the monotony and trivial repetitions of the early poems yield place to spirited lyrics, embracing incidents of romance, adventure, and social life. To do justice to this modern collection, we should need the services of one amongst us, reputed to have been himself a contributor to the *Miscellany* who is the foremost of the South African ballad-writers and has given us "Three Idylls of a Prince," full of the lively sallies and racy versification that distinguish the authors of the "Bentley Ballads." With the exception of Pringle's Poems, Mr. Cole's Idylls, a ballad or two by the late W. R. Thomson, and fugitive pieces scattered through the *Observer*, the *Monthly Magazine*, and other local publications,* South Africa is generally unproductive of poetic compositions, and specially of those of lighter vein. No doubt it needs some antecedent training to enjoy the nicer hits of *Punch* and its cartoons; and perhaps South African readers, whose potations are restricted to a native product, *vile Sahinum*, may be slow to appreciate the outbursts of the "Irish Whiskey Drinker" or Dr. Maginn's wine-bibber's lay—

If Horatius Flaccus made jolly old Bacchus
So often his favourite theme;
If in him it was classic to praise his old Massic
And Falernian to gulp in a stream;
If Falstaff's vagaries 'bout Sack and Canaries
Have pleased us again and again;
Shall we not make merry on Port, Claret, or Sherry,
Madeira, and sparkling Champagne?

* Our readers are referred to the following works, which are very scarce:—
1. Poetry of the Cape of Good Hope, selected from the periodical journals of the Colony, by R. J. Stapleton, Cape Town, 1828.
2. South African Grins, by Q in the Corner. Cape Town, 1825.
The works will be found in the Public Library, Cape Town.

but the devotees of Nicotine, and their name in South Africa is legion, will heartily join in sympathy for the old Romans who were denied the soothing influences of tobacco—

Sure they showed their inelegant manners,
When they carved with their fingers their prog,
And they'd neither cheroots nor havannahs,
Nor sugar to sweeten their grog.
Then a bumper in gratitude filling
For the time of our birth, bless the stars,
'Twas delayed till the days of distilling,
And till Raleigh invented cigars.

The comic vein that runs through the "Honourable Mr. Sucklethumbkin's Story of the Execution (Lord Tomnoddy)," by Canon Barham, and the keen irony of his "Jackdaw of Rheims," imperfectly show the versatile powers of the author's genius who, when occasion required, interspersed his humorous lyrics with passages of Byronic majesty and pathos, such as these lines in the "Execution"—

God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale wan man's mute agony—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and fear,
The path of the Spirit's unknown career. . . . . .

A few specimens of Father Prout's (Mahony) contributions, and of those of Thomas Haynes Bayley and others, are wanted to give the reader, whose shelves may be still without the "Ingoldsby Legends," and the "Bentley Ballads," a foretaste of the enjoyment which is within his reach; but the limits of my article forbid; I purposed just to skirt the borders of an interesting section of English Literature, and may fitly conclude with the closing stanzas of "The last lines of Thomas Ingoldsby."

As I lay a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sweetly sang the Birdie as she sat upon the briar;
There came a lovely Childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire;
As I lay a-thynkynge, a Cherub mote admire.

But I lay a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
And sadly sang the Birdie, as it perch'd upon a bier:
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the swan
Doth appear,
As I lay a-thynkynge—oh! bitter flow'd the tear!

As I lay a-thynkynge, the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birdie as it glitter'd on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While soaring to the skies
'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
As to her nest;

As I lay a-thynkynge, her meaning was exprest—
"Follow, follow me away
It boots not to delay,"—
'Twas so she seem'd to saye
"HERE IS REST!"

Δ

At the Diamond-fields.

We are seated in our favourite arm-chair, in the small room by courtesy designated a study. One foot is cocked up on a corner of the table, the other on a chest of drawers. We have just lit a villianous-looking pipe, which we affect to value as being a real Briar root. In our hand is a philosophical work,—at least so we would have the wife of our bosom believe, who has just entered, although the said work has rather a Braddonish appearance.

Mrs. M. (*who is darning one of those everlasting socks*):—Well, my dear, I would be ashamed of myself if I were, like you, always smoking and reading novels; I am sure your spare time could be better employed. What is the use of my always faithfully reminding you of your faults, if you never even try to amend. What enjoyment can there be in a horrid dirty pipe? And I am sure novel reading will not improve your mind.

M. (*lifting up the blotting paper, and accidentally allowing it to drop over the book he was reading*):—You see, my dear Mary Jane, there is such a vast field of inquiry open to a fellow now-a-days; books, of whatever nature (*he carefully avoids mentioning novels*), are just so many doors, each opening up a road to this mind-wealth. Now there is a philosophy of common things that we are apt to overlook in a feverish search after those which are above and beyond our comprehension. We climb upon a beam of light, into the interminable regions of space, and speculate on the inhabitants of the planets; or, digging into the bowels of the earth, we exhume great uncouth monsters, that have rested in their rock-bound tombs for thousands of ages, giving them unpronounceable crackjaw names,—perhaps we find a tooth or toe-nail of some pre-historic man, and try to assign to him a "local habitation and a name," discuss his probable diet, clothing, thoughts, hopes and aspirations; or, diving into the dark caverns of the ocean, we meditate on its slimy treasures, we ——

Mrs. M. :—Stop, for goodness sake. What nonsense you are talking! How you do run on. Theory is all very well, but I like to see a person do something practical (*stitch, stitch, stitch, at the everlasting sock*). What about your promised contribution to the Magazine ?

M. (*starting, and wistfully eyeing the sock*) :—My dear, you are so very industrious yourself, that you never give a fellow time to rest a little.

Mrs. M. :—Rest ! Fiddlesticks. Why, it is more than four years since you returned from the Diamond-fields, and you have told me over and over again that you were going to write an account of them.

M. (*slowly*):—So—I—did,—let—me—see—(*energetically*): Yes, I must ! Well, dearest Mary Jane, just allow me to finish my pipe, and I'll begin—and—(*politely*), Do take a chair, my dear.

Mrs. M. :—You might have offered me one when I first came in. You had better begin your article on the Diamond-fields ; but, mind you let me see it before it goes to press—you do write such rubbish sometimes, I am quite ashamed to see it in print, especially when you say anything about the ladies. I saw you try to hide that novel ! Good bye.

M. :—Ta, ta. (*Aside*) Now for a glorious smoke ; but I shall have Mrs. M. at me again, so in order to get the matter off my mind—here goes :—

Now, gentle and most intelligent reader, I shall not attempt to inflict upon you a diary of my six months' residence at the New Rush, for sixteen weighty reasons. First, because I never kept one (here imagine fourteen valid reasons, but useless after the first) ; and sixteenthly and lastly, because one day at the Fields is so much like another, that it would very much resemble Mark Twain's school diary,—viz.,—

" Monday.—Got up—washed—worked—went to bed.

" Tuesday.—Got up—washed—worked—went to bed.

" Wednesday.—Got up—washed—worked—went to bed."

And so on to the end of the week. And like Mark Twain, I can look back with some satisfaction to the fact that I did wash every day, though I had not the vanity to record the matter in a diary. But to return to our subject. I shall pass over the long and tedious journey in a bullock-wagon, which was uneventful, unless you can take some interest in the usual " *woha now*,"—quite an unnecessary exclamation when the wagon is sticking in the mud, the load all on one side, several evident fractures, and the whole apparently a total wreck, until, by a vigorous application of the screw-jack, hatchet, and saw, and a literal putting of one's shoulder to the wheel, we are cheered, after a couple of hours' hard work, by the words *trek voor*,—and so we go on to the next mishap, probably no very remote contingency. But for such diversions, and the occasional search for plants, fossils, and stone arrows, to gratify a brace of scientific friends (one of the party remarked " a very *h*arrowing business altogether,"

and was promptly kicked out of the wagon), the journey by ox-wagon to the Fields is one dreary, monotonous case of moving on, through a most uninviting-looking country, with alternating flats and stony ridges. As we approach the Fields, the flats become wider and the stony ridges lower, until from the New Rush itself—since named Kimberley—the scenery may be very simply described, supposing the camp and mounds of gravel to be removed: The view northward is a long, slightly-undulating flat, bounded in the distance by small blue hills; view southward, same as view northward; view eastward, same as view southward; and view westward, same as view eastward.

Having thus graphically delineated the natural scenery, we come to that which is artificial. The city of canvas, wood, or iron, the mounds of gravel, the gigantic excavations, the activity and life that animates the whole—and here I am utterly at a loss for a word to describe this wonderful industry, which has upset all our former notions of work, at least in the colonial acceptation of the term.

We are in the habit of seeing our natives stroll leisurely along, with hands in pockets, especially if the "Baas" happens to be in a hurry to get something done. All this is changed at the Fields; here all is bustle and activity, natives do not walk, but run in and out of the claims, as if they were so many bees working in a monster inverted hive.

It is not, however, my intention to enter into the details of diamond digging. There have been numerous descriptions from abler pens than mine, and many photographs, which are quite sufficient togive the uninitiated a good idea of the "dry diggings" as they *are*. It is just now my intention to consider the Fields as they *were* some thousands of ages ago, and also this important question regarding diamonds,—"how gat they there?"

And now, kind reader, if you can spare me a little of your precious time, I shall invoke the spirit of Dr. Darwin's "primordial form," and take you where you have probably never been before, that is, just about 500,000 ages back into the past; so come along!

The magician waves his wand, and pronounces the mystic word ABRACADABRA. A cloud of incense arises. Hush! the spell works; we are gradually losing sight of things sublunary; a shadow of great darkness steals over our corporeal senses. Now we are free! light as the ethereal vapour that pervades the immensity of space. We rise from all that is material in our mortal clay; time and space are alike nothing to us now, so here we go right away into the past—

As a matter of convenience, we may as well begin our observations exactly at the time these wonderful accumulations of diamonds were being deposited. Here we are; climate warm—steamy rather—and, I say! hold on to me—(I forget, we have nothing left of us to hold on by)—it is only a slight shock of an earthquake, and there is no reason to be alarmed; in our present disembodied condition, we need not fear half-a-dozen earthquakes. But what a very singular appearance

the country presents. It is slightly undulating; and one could almost suppose the mines are already being worked, judging by the circular mound of gravel round each of them, and by steam too—if the quantity of vapour rising on all sides of us is any indication. We are standing, if lifeless beings may be allowed to use such an expression, on the top of the ridge between New Rush and Du Toit's Pan. What a vast number of these columns of steam are visible on all sides; and there, some distance to the right of Klip Drift, we evidently see a volcano in full activity.

Hallo! what is that? where is your gun? Gun! my dear fellow, what is the use of talking about guns; we have got a very long way ahead of even the celebrated Celestial "Wang Chow," who is said to have invented gunpowder about *Anno Mundi*, 127.* That curious development must be a *Dicynodon*. Mark his tortoise-like head with two long tusks, and ugly scaly body. What a blessing it is, the country will not be hot enough to hold him in the year of grace 1876.

Let us now examine one of those singular looking steam holes—the New Rush—and give a description of it for the benefit of those who are not so highly privileged as we are. The mound is of an oval shape, and about half-a-mile in circumference. The interior is simply a large boiling cauldron of mud. To compare great things with smaller,—a Scotch *parritch*-pot, in a state of ebulition, when "*they*" are nearly ready to be dished up, will give a better idea of these mud volcanoes than any verbal description. What Scotchman has not noticed the small conical holes caused by the escape of steam, which are gradually filled up, and replaced by others? Could we allow the porridge to cool gradually, after it is quite thick, many of these conical holes would remain. Now this is just what is happening at the New Rush, and, as time is no object to us, we may as well watch the cooling process,—it will only take a few thousand centuries. You notice it is no longer boiling over, as it has been doing for some time past. The "Koppie" assumes the usual form of a crater, presenting externally the appearance of a small conical hill, elevated about two hundred feet above the general level, and the interior forming a deep funnel-like basin, nearly full of boiling mud.

Before going any further in our description, let us say a word or two about the diamonds themselves. The boiling mud is easily accounted for,—not so the diamonds, and we may fairly speculate on the question: "How gat they there?"

Our hypothesis is this: Deep down in the bowels of the earth, where it is very hot indeed—a degree of heat we are quite unprepared to encounter, even in our present etherialized condition, and, at the thought of which, on account of our early training, we shudder with a sort of apprehensive fatuity,—there, among other *curios*, may be found vast stores of pure carbon in a gaseous state, and here

* Our contributor is, we fear, somewhat reckless about names and dates. —Ed. *C.M.M.*

and there, under enormous pressure, in a liquid form. Into this liquid carbon small foreign bodies find their way, some so minute as to be quite invisible to the naked eye, or even through a microscope of considerable power. Round these small particles the carbon, under continued pressure and reduced temperature, solidifies in small flat triangular crystals, which are repeated one upon another, assuming only those shapes that the triangle will admit of; and in its simplest form is represented by what is popularly known as the "macle" stone, in its most perfect by the "octahedron." The small foreign bodies above referred to form spots or specks, and when visible to the naked eye are serious defects, which considerably deteriorate the value of the gems. Then, by volcanic action, the natural crucibles in which the diamonds have been formed are often ruptured, and the contents forcibly expelled, and mixing with the lava or mud, as the case may be, are brought up to the surface.

Should the reader shake his wise, learned, and scientific head at our theory, let us tell him, once for all, we shall be glad to see a better.

A neighbour of ours, who hails from the "Fatherland," and had been to the Fields, holds quite another theory. We called upon him to secure some pretty stones he had promised, when we asked him the very natural question, "How were they formed?" he replied without the slightest hesitation, "Dese pretty stones dey is de melted sand." "But what are diamonds?" we further questioned. "Diamonds! oh, dey is de melted gas!!" (a fact). We nodded approval, thanked him for the pretty stones and the information, and departed in a thoughtful mood.

Let us now return to our basin of boiling mud; during the time we have been making diamonds, it has cooled down considerably, and we may now safely examine its surface, which appears quite solid. There are a number of small holes or craters within the large one. These small craters are, many of them, forty or fifty feet in diameter, and about twenty deep; they are conical and the sides have a smooth soapy appearance. It is more than probable that a large proportion of the diamonds will have been thrown over the edge of these little craters, and being heavy, will have settled down just under the soapy-looking sides. Here and there are large boulders,—some of them portions of metamorphic rock, that evidently come from a great depth, as they are not found in the surface stratum; others are simply large masses of slatey shale from the upper stratum, broken up at the time the vent-hole was forced through.

The scene changes again. A few more centuries are passed over, and the hole is slowly filling up. Wind, rain, and other natural causes are steadily and surely causing the greater part of the circular mound or reef to find its way back into the crater, from which it originally came, and after a time nothing is left but a low mound, scarcely elevated ten feet above the surrounding plain. The extent and form of the original crater can, however, be distinctly traced, and there is still a considerable depression in the centre, in which

large acacia trees are sometimes found growing. The roots of these trees at the New Rush have been known to penetrate seventy or eighty feet.

Let us now have a look at the mine as it was in 1872—(being invisible, we shall not disturb the diggers with our investigations). You see those soapy-looking veins they call "slides"? Do you notice how many of these slides have an inclination to some central point? These soapy veins are simply the surfaces of the small crrates before referred to. But you say "they are not found at any great depth." Of course not; the steam-vents will have closed lower down. "But whence the immense quantity of lime which is mixed with this volcanic mud?" Really you are becoming too curious altogether; surely there is enough of lime in the world to supply the Diamond-fields. Nature has had her underground trains for the conveyance of goods long before they were thought of in London; and let me advise you, my young friend, never to ask too many questions.

Come along, now, let us return to the past age and have a look at the volcano we noticed to the eastward of Klip Drift. It would be a good thing to fix its exact position for future reference. Ah! it is truly a grand sight—no mud volcano, this. Look at those streams of lava. Let us go a little nearer. Now in order to recollect its exact position * * * But are we not venturing too close?—it is uncomfortably warm, and an explosion might take place at any time * * *

Whiz! Bang!! Roar!! Hold on—stop. Oh! oh!! oh!!!

Mrs. M.:—What are you shouting for at such an awful rate? I only pulled your leg off the table to rouse you up, and then you shout as if the house was on fire. Well, I declare, you are about the laziest man I have ever seen. I left you more than two hours ago, and you have scarcely got beyond the introduction to your article.

M.:—Where did I come down?

Mrs. M.:—Come down! What are you talking about? Only your leg came down; and it serves you right if you do get the night-mare, or rather the day-mare—smoking and sleeping in that uncomfortable position.

M:—What a terrible blowing up!

Mrs. M:—If you are going to make use of vulgar language I shall leave you. "Blowing" up indeed! when you know very well I never even scold.

M.:—My dear girl, you quite misapprehend me. I could never be so rude as to speak of your mild and loving reproof "which droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven," as a blowing up. I have not been blown up in a figurative sense, but literally, ten thousand feet high, and I still want to know how, when, and where I came down?

Mrs. M.:—Are you out of your senses?

M.:—Senses—no, but I was out of my body. Why I had not as much body left as would have served to form the hind leg of the mosquito that has just settled on your nose.

Mrs. M. (*giving a vigorous shake*):—Wake up, do; you talk as if you are going mad.

——Then it was only a dream after all! but it will answer just as well as if I had thought out the whole thing. I'll put it all down and send it to the *Magazine*,—saves trouble. I see it now, "In my mind's eye, Horatio,"—Mary Jane, I mean—so like a good creature, just leave me for an hour, or I shall forget it all. There is that hopeful son of yours trying to commit suicide by climbing into the water-but!

Ah! I thought that would start her. * * * And now my work is done, and I claim that reward which to the labouring man is said to be sweet. Spirit of Bacchus—Baccy I mean,—let me invoke the aid of thy soothing perfume. I rest.

A. E. M.

Jottings from Russia.

BY A CAPE COLONIST.

The Berlin Railway Station en route for St. Petersburg.

A GRAND scrimmage for seats; no sleeping cars; very full train. Of course, my reader you are acquainted with the great "move" in railway travelling, viz., to get possession of an empty compartment and cover all the seats with bags, rugs, &c., and thus, if the next comer is green, secure sleeping accommodation across two or three seats; but this is not to be done to-night, so we take forcible possession of a compartment in which two ladies and one gentleman are already seated; they look at us and we at them, both our expressions suggestive of anything but cordial welcome, however, the train is so crowded we are glad to get a seat a piece. We start about eleven p.m., and now commences the fun; the ladies, who are Russians, are desirous of turning in for the night, but evidently dislike our presence; however, after fidgetting about, looking this way and that, they take off hats, ruffles, &c., and giving a final look round, no doubt mentally ejacualate "I don't care," pull out their seats and settle themselves for the night. Then follows a time of yawning and sighing by the ladies; a long, lively conversation in Russian between W—— and the gentleman, and amused wakefulness on the part of your humble servant stretched full length on the floor with rug and carpet bag for pillow, but towards the "sma' hours," the whole party show their unconsciousness of what is passing by unmistakable evidence.

Breakfast-time finds us two hundred miles north of Berlin at Dirschau, where we have a hasty breakfast; lunch at Königsberg

near the Russian frontier where the Prussian kings are crowned, and at four p.m. we arrive at Eytkunnen, the extreme part of North Germany, and enter the kingdom of Russia, but before we are allowed to cross the frontier a most inquisitorial search is made. On alighting from the railway carriage a stalwart officer demands the production of passports. They being handed up, are examined *seriatim*, and if all is found correct and you are not supposed to look like a subject who would disturb the peace of the Emperor, you and your belongings are allowed to pass on.

On entering the refreshment room of this station, I noticed that the majority of its occupants had steaming tumblers before them, of which I considered from the colour, the sliced lemon, and the spoon and sugar beside the tumbler, was nothing less than hot grog; but on calling for a cup of tea I was little surprised at the self-same smoking tumbler being placed before me; the custom of the country being to drink tea out of tumblers with sliced lemon. I must say I prefer milk, though both are common here.

Leaving Eytkunnen, we are fairly in Russian Poland, and it is astonishing to find what a difference two or three miles make in the dress, style, and general appearance of the inhabitants, buildings and country.

The buildings and railway stations are everywhere constructed of pinewood, through low and extensive forests of which the railway passes. The country, generally flat, patches of grain and vegetables here and there, surrounding the Russian-Polish villages, which consist of about from ten to a hundred ramshackle, tumble-down, wooden, straw-thatched cottages, pitched down without reference to, and in defiance of all, municipal regulation. Pinewood seems to be the great commodity here; railway and kitchen fires are kept up entirely with it. At each station you see large piles of it instead of coal. Many of the plantations of the young and old wood remind me very much of some of our own at the Cape. The forests consist principally of Russian fir, Swiss fir, the larch fir, and mountain birch, occasionally oak and poplar. The country is not nearly so barren as I had anticipated, but as compared to England the soil is very poor, a great deal of it much of the same sandy character as at the Cape, though not quite so sterile, for it is capable of growing timber everywhere. I have not seen a single *park* between Calais and this place.

St. Petersburg in sight. W—— getting excited about my "first impressions," and peering out of the windows to catch a glimpse of the first Cupola, there is one! sparkling with burning sheen, from which the light gleams like molten gold. The train slackens speed, the station is entered, and St. Petersburg is reached. We drive off through part of the city direct for a friend's country residence. In order to reach it we cross three branches of the river Neva, which at these points it is about twice as broad as the Thames at Kingston. The country through which we passed was well wooded, and on

either side of the road were the residences and gardens of the wealthy Petersburgers, who could afford a residence out of town. Strawberry beds in full blossom were in great profusion. After an hour's drive we reached the gates of Mr. M——'s Datchska, the name given to all country seats, which are built of wood very much after the style of the Swiss châlets, and from this light construction are only fitted for summer residences. Being heartily welcomed, we soon fall into our places and form part and parcel of the Russian-Anglo family. Sauntering round the garden, in extent about one and a half acres, I gladly recognised old floral friends, stocks, dahlias, sweetwilliams, petunias, heliotrope, &c., but the types of these flowers were far in arrear of what we have at the Cape.

Next day my friend volunteered to be my guide for the day, an offer I gladly accepted, for one does feel most miserably at a loss with this barbarous jargon. Anywhere else one can spell out a word seen written upon a wall, or in print, and pronounce it so that a native can comprehend, but fancy one's helplessness here, when one is told that such a railway station or museum is in a street pronounced "Gustinny door," and written Toçmuvwlòw Gbojor, and so with other words, their alphabet differing so widely from ours.

The sight of St. Petersburg from the main bridge over the Neva I shall not soon forget. Imagine yourself on Waterloo Bridge, but instead of the muddy Thames, a broad expanse of clear water a little more than twice as broad as the above river. On the left bank, instead of warehouses, the Marble Palace, the Winter Palace, the Museum, the Academy of Sciences, the Exchange, the Admiralty, &c. On the right bank, the fortress, an immense building, the Church of Saints Peter and Paul, and other large buildings, added to which a clear blue sky, and a bright atmosphere, enables you to see some distance up and down the river; but this is not all. Trisect the city and environs and from each you have equally beautiful views. Once over the bridge and we were fairly in the city, which strikes me as a combination of Oriental, Italian, English, and Parisian styles. The streets are very broad, but badly paved. The houses, as a rule, are large and lofty, but the yellow, whitey-brown, brick-red colours of the plaster spoil much of the architectural beauties. The signboards are most varied in character, generally a fac-simile of what is taking place within. The principal street is called "Nevkoi Prospekt,"—thus briefly described by George A. Sala: "This astonishing street, three miles in length, now one long corridor of palaces and churches, and gorged with the outward and visible riches of nobles, priests, and merchants, was one hundred and fifty years ago a bridle path through a dense forest leading from a river to a morass. The road was pierced in 1713 and a few miserable huts thrown together by a man who seems to have made every marked thing in Russia, Peter the Great. You find in this street the Cathedral of our Lady of Kazan, the Lutheran Church, the great Catholic Church of the Assumption, the Dutch Church, the

Imperial Palace of Anitchkoff, the splendid Alexandra Theatre, the place Michel with its green English square, its palace and its theatre, the Strogonoff Palace, the Roumanskoff Palace, the Galitzen Palace, Belozelski Palace, the Branitzy Palace, the—the—for goodness sake go and fetch a guidebook and see how many hundred palaces more, &c. And at one extremity of this street of wonders is a convent as big as an English market town, and with three churches within its walls, while the other end finishes with the tapering golden spire of the Admiralty, which has a church, a library, an arsenal, a museum, a dockyard, and a cadet's college under its roof, and such an unaccountable host of rooms that I think every cabin boy in the fleet must have an apartment there when he is on shore, and every boatswain's cat have a private store-room for each and every one of its nine tails."

Our first "lion," this morning, was the Church of St. Isaac's, —*the* church of St. Petersburg, and a truly magnificent building it is. The steps by which you ascend, are of mosaic red granite, the outer portico is supported by fifteen immense columns of the same material, each column a monolith sixty feet high and twenty-one feet in circumference; over the centre rises the immense cupola like St. Paul's, supported also by thirty pillars of polished red granite nearly as large as the above, and each of them one solid block. This cupola is covered with copper overlaid with gold and glitters like a sun for many miles off. In the interior are pillars of lapis-lazuli and malachite, from Siberia, valued at 1,000,000 roubles (each rouble being the value of 3s.); but if I go on thus with details, not only time but pages also will fail me. Whilst we were admiring the church, a full choral service was going on, and we had the pleasure of listening to the beautiful singing of the Greek Church choir, no organ, or, in fact, any instrumental music being allowed. The voices are trained to wonderful precision, and the harmony was perfection. The deep bass voices rolled forth such rich mellow tones that it was hard to realise that they were unassisted by any organ accompaniment. We ascended to the top of the church (526 steps; it makes one's knees ache to think of it) in order to view the whole of St. Petersburg, and had it been 1,500 steps, and I had known what was in store for me I should still have gone, for the wonderful and magnificent panorama from that altitude amply repaid me. Immediately below flowed the graceful Neva dividing the city into three sections, its banks studded with immense buildings. Here and there rose green, blue and golden domes, cupolas, and minarets from Tartar, Greek, and Roman Catholic Churches, the Gulf of Finland bordered by Cronstadt, Peterhoff, Orianbaum, &c., all served to produce an impression one could not soon forget. The day was so clear and bright that you could discern the buildings at Cronstadt twenty miles off.

Our steps were next turned to the Hermitage or the Russian Museum. Here, again, I must, unwillingly enough, veto details. Suffice it to say that judges decide, that for elegance, purity of architectural

form, and for the beauty as well as costliness of materials employed, this museum has scarcely an equal in Europe. It forms a parallelogram 515 feet by 375 feet, divided into suits of apartments, each apartment having beautiful columns of granite of different colours, and the ceiling in keeping. The wealth in paintings by Rembrandt, Murillo, Vandyke, Paul Veronese and other great masters, is immense, and no expense is spared in obtaining them. I saw a small picture by Raphael, about eighteen inches square, which was purchased to enrich this collection at 400,000 florins, and it struck me as the least valuable in the room. The collection of vases in malachite, lapis-lazuli, cornelian, porphyry and other marbles, was very striking, as also the Florentine tables of various parti-coloured marbles beautifully inlaid. We remained till the doors closed and then returned to the "datchska," having first lunched at a Tartar Restaurant off "Kouli-byack," which being interpreted, means fish-pie. Turning in that night at a quarter past eleven o'clock, I had to close the shutters to keep out the *light*, and then undressed without a candle, simply by means of the bright light coming in through the chinks of the badly-made shutters. Reader, I don't know whether you will agree with me, but I imagine (felt fully convinced of it that night) that "nature's sweet restorer" was hardly earned and well-merited by your humble servant. Fancy travelling 1,200 miles in three and a-half days, never undressing, and immediately on arrival setting hard at work sight-seeing!

The next day's programme included thirty-five miles of steam yachting. We went on an excursion down the Neva and across the bay at the mouth of the river at Peterhoff, about twenty-four miles distance from St. Petersburg. What Versailles is to Paris, Peterhoff is to St. Petersburg; a grand resort for holiday-makers, and round its extensive park and pleasure grounds, numerous of the wealthy Petersburgers retire for the summer. Several palaces, some large and others like Emperor's toys, adorn the grounds, whilst the waterworks are considered but little inferior to those of Versailles. The principal fountain throws out a *jet d'eau* eighty feet high. Peter the Great's summer house is here, and I saw the bed, bed-clothes, and furniture of the room in which he died, left as he left them. The artificial lakes and islands were very beautiful and reminded me of the Bois de Boulogne. We had a good view from the deck of the steamer of the famous Russian fortress Cronstadt. One can well understand the immense difficulty our fleet experienced in getting near St. Petersburg, commanding as it does the entrance of the bay, at the head of which the town is situated.

The fortress and the church of Saints Peter and Paul were our next "lions." The latter is where all the Russian Emperors have been burried. It has one of the finest spires in the world, so far as height (twenty-six feet higher than Saint Paul's) and a tapering attenuated form is concerned. It looks as if very little wind would blow it over, is gilt for 128 feet from the summit, and forms a very

striking object for miles off. Clouds of dust were blowing about this day, which reminded one of the Cape, but the wind was not nearly so strong as a moderate south-easter.

Being anxious to see something of Russian sports, we visited a regatta held on one of the many branches of the beautiful Neva, and were very much pleased to find that the youth of St. Petersburg, had followed in the lead of the English there, for both the English and Russians have now separate and distinct yachting and boating establishments. On this occasion, the race was between four picked men of the English and Russian clubs in four-oared boats. The Russian Club boat-house being the starting place, the Russian band was in attendance, and as the challenge came from them, they, with very good taste, ordered the band to discourse principally English well-known airs, and I can assure you it was quite thrilling so far from home and on foreign soil to listen to the familiar strains of, "Red, white and blue," "Johnny comes marching home," &c., and "God save the Queen." There was a goodly gathering and the English as they came in victorious by fifty-seven seconds were cheered by many English throats, who had come from all quarters to support their compatriots. Aquatic sports might be carried on here to almost an unlimited extent, for the branches of the Neva near St. Petersburg are very numerous, and present miles of beautifully smooth wide reaches, on the bank of which are situated the country houses of the nobility and gentry.

A visit to the Botanic Gardens of course could not be omitted; accordingly we resorted to "Apothecary's Island," near the city on which they are beautifully situated. I enjoyed recognizing in the extended rows of glass-houses (*on dit* one mile of glass) many an old friend and fellow countryman. The collection of palms and ferns was very extensive and really good, and deserving of the highest enconium, when one considered the immense distance by sea and land nearly every specimen had had to travel, and the very limited part of the year it would be possible for specimens to be conveyed through Russia, owing to the severity of the frost; still there were tree ferns, strelitzias, Victoria regia, fan-palms, &c., The guide showed me with great gusto a poor feeble collection of Australian plants, Port Jackson willows, our common acacia (lophanta) and looked rather digusted when I informed him that I would give him a hundred roubles if he would root out every plant of a similar character in my garden. They have great difficulties here to contend with, both as to soil and climate. Roses can only be kept alive in hothouses, and are never seen out of doors but in pots.

The Russian Academy of Fine Arts next claimed our attention, but we had no catalogue of the pictures, and time was precious, so we could not do justice to them or criticise in detail.

The Museum of Imperial State Carriages is a sight most travellers make a point of seeing. I accordingly followed suit, and was much interested in the extraordinary collection of most magnificent gilt

carriages of every shape, and every description of ornamentation, commencing with the sledge with its mica glass windows, built by Peter the Great, to the last carriage built by the present Emperor to celebrate his coronation at Moscow. Next to the room where the carriages stood was another equally large containing the liveries for 500 coachmen, attendants, lacqueys, men-at-arms, &c., and harness and trappings to match. On every great occasion all these are brought out for the nonce, and a grand display they must make. Our Lord Mayor's gilt coach and procession on the 9th November must be child's play compared to the sensation caused by the exhibition of about thirty of these Imperial state carriages.

Now, I am sure you have had enough of Russia for to-day, and I think I have nearly exhausted St. Petersburg. Next time my "jottings" will be from Moscow.

Lines

SUGGESTED BY SEEING A RAY OF SUNSHINE FALL UPON ON OPEN BIBLE.

I.

I saw a golden sunbeam fall,
So fair it was and bright;
Methought it had escaped from heaven—
Forth from the throne of light.
Save where this ray of sunlight fell,
All round was dull and drear,
It rested on the sacred page
And shone in splendour there.

II.

So, Father, send Thy spirit down,
A bright and glorious ray
To dawn within the darkened mind
And chase the shades away.
And when I read the sacred page,
For study or for prayer,
Then grant, oh, heavenly Father, grant
The sunbeam may be there.

J.

Graham's Town.

Scenes of other Days.

BY AN OLD COLONIST.

No. II.

THE venerable John Brownlee has gone to his rest. But it will be long ere he is forgotten in King William's Town, where nearly the whole of his long missionary life was spent. I have his figure before me:—almost gigantic in height, but losing an inch or two in his latter years, as age bowed his herculean frame; with breadth of chest and shoulders proportionate, and an arm and hand, the sinewy power of which it would have been dangerous for most men to test, if occasion had ever called it forth. Grave in deportment, as became a Scotch minister, but hiding under his gravity a vast amount of blended information and intelligence. With the one drawback of his indistinct utterance, it was a treat to converse with him. When past personal travel, he showed himself abreast of the times on almost all subjects, political, literary, scientific, and religious. Some branches of science, such as geology and botany, he had studied *con amore*. On great social questions, he seemed quite at home. But his favourite theme was the relation of the world's progress to Christianity. On this I had the pleasure of hearing him dilate with an amount of information and a degree of animation that surprised and delighted me, only a few weeks before the fatal stroke of paralysis which was the "beginning of the end" of his long and honourable career. I felt as though I had lost a *father*, when I heard he was gone.

For we had been companions in tribulation many years before; and such companionship is a strong bond of union. In the year 1834, as I have mentioned in a former sketch, he was stationed only a few miles from my own residence. On the banks of the Buffalo, where King William's Town now stands with its formidable military fortifications, its noble Grey Hospital, and its energetic commercial population, stimulated anew by railway progress,—there stood in those days only the unpretending mission village and church, with the missionary's house and garden,—which, by the way, had, I believe, a subsequent history not quite creditable to the sense of remunerative justice possessed by the "authorities" of the period.

The mission station stood, as the town now stands, at the edge of the woodlands through which the Buffalo makes its way seawards after visiting various mountain tributaries; the scenery, as every visitor knows, growing more and more picturesque all the way up to the rich dark forests that clothe the Perie range. Around it dwelt the sub-tribe of the Amantinde, a branch of the Gaikas, and the professed sustainers of the mission. Thomas Pringle found poetry

enough in the "situation" to make it the occasion of a sketch in which there figures:—

"Brownlee and old Tsatsoe, side by side."

Jan Tshatshu, the son of the old man (by a Hottentot mother, I think), was the real head of the clan in 1834, or at any rate its most conspicuous representative. Jan afterwards acquired by his visit to England a rather dubious renown in the politico-religious excitement consequent on the war.

Surrounded by his people, who avowed their resolution to "sit still," though their feudal superiors, the sons of Gaika, were the leaders and soul of the war, the missionary resolved to stand his ground. As in the case of *our* chief, however, Jan at length became alarmed for his own safety, and feeling himself unable to defy the resentment of the "great chiefs," resolved to move, like Umkye, out of the track of war into a neutral territory. One section of his little tribe announced their intention not to follow Jan, and this, we understood, determined Mr. Brownlee not to accompany him. The sinister object of those who remained began to appear when Jan and the main body of his people were out of the way. They wished to enjoy by themselves the plunder of their teacher's property, and then join their head chiefs in the war. What took place, as the result, has been graphically described in this *Magazine* by the Hon. C. Brownlee himself.*

We meanwhile had taken up our quarters at Wesley Ville; increasing the distance between us and Mr. Brownlee to some two and twenty miles. We bitterly lamented this. We had sent wagons once from mount Coke to help him; but he had then made up his mind to remain; generously giving others the opportunity he declined to use for himself. The wagons with their escort returned at some risk, bringing with them an English trader and his wife, and several Hottentot women who were glad to escape. The Englishman had to be hidden under the clothes of the women to avoid discovery as the wagon crossed a part of the country belonging to the hostile tribes.

Days passed away wearily at Wesley Ville. It was no impregnable fortress; nor did we sleep on beds of roses. Major Cox had indeed startled Kafirland by his night surprise of old Eno's kraal on the Fish river heights; and the tens of thousands of colonial cattle had been driven frantically from the front deeper into Kafirland. But the blow had not been followed up, and had come to be regarded as a spasmodic effort of the colonists, which they could not sustain. The Port Elizabeth Yeomanry, a small party or volunteers under the command of Captain Harris, who had exchanged the auctioneer's hammer for the officer's sword, had been sent by way of Kafir Drift to demand Pato's son as a hostage for his

* *Vide Cape Monthly Magazine* for September, 1873.

fidelity to the Colony. The energy of Colonel Smith was more conspicuous than his wisdom in this demand, and might have done mischief but for the tact of shrewd old Kobi, Pato's brother, who offered himself in his nephew's place. The Yeomanry returned by the roundabout way they had come, taking their hostage, and accompanied by Pato's missionary (Rev. W. Shepstone), who went to give explanations.

The rest of us remained, and the days wore wearily on. Vague alarming rumours through the day, and "watch and ward" at night was our unenviable experience. Kafir experts cut our half-dozen horses loose from under our very noses one pitchy dark night, and carried them off, though English sentinels were pacing to and fro just beyond them. An attempt on the cattle kraal called forth a volley from its defenders which killed one of the marauders, and terrified the women and children into shrieks that sounded like a massacre. The army of the Eastern Slambies from the Gonubi passed Wesley Ville at eight or ten miles distance on their way to the Fish River Bush. When opposite the station they halted, (so we were afterwards told), and deliberated as to whether or not they should "grease their heels" with the plunder of the mission before passing on. Providentially for *us*, the "noes" carried the day.

In the midst of these cares, we were one morning astounded by the intelligence that Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee and the family were within a few miles, making their way on foot to Wesley Ville. Plundered of their property, and in danger of their lives from the traitorous scoundrels who had remained behind when Jan Tshatshu left them, they had set off after nightfall, crossing the hostile neighbourhood under cover of the darkness. Their noble watchdog, usually a noisy animal, seemed instinctively to feel the urgency of the situation, and gave no response to the barking that filled the fugitives with anxiety as they passed kraals inhabited by enemies. We dispatched in all haste such help as we could render, and brought in the fugitives, weary and footsore, to share our own fortunes for weal or for woe.

At length our ears were gladdened with the intelligence that the Colonial forces had made their first advance, and had fought their way through the Fish River Bush to the neighbourhood of where Fort Peddie now stands. And ere long our eyes were rejoiced with the sight of a messenger from the commander (Col. Somerset), bringing us word that he was about to "move with a force" to our help, but bidding us abandon Wesley Ville, and cross to the Western side of the Kieskama, where he would meet us on a certain day.

Instant preparations were made for departure, and a strange scene of excitement Wesley Ville presented during the process. The Colonel had directed me to "press the wagons for the use of the women and children;" and as property of various kinds from different stations had been brought together to this last place of refuge our means of removing it any further were utterly inadequate.

We were encumbered with the halt and helpless of various kinds. Not only our own feeble and aged ones had to be cared for, but even parties on their way to the war had "thrown away" their old women at the station as they passed in the night. Make-shift conveyances, carts, sledges, &c., had to be "rigged up." Cripples and children and old women, black, brown, and gray, were crammed together into whatever shape of vehicles could be found or made. All I could save of the missionary property was the bedding and the minister's library.

And now, in the midst of our preparations the war cry is sounded! A party of "Free Lances" hovering near had pounced upon the cattle and swept them off. Away started the able-bodied men in pursuit over hill and dale, through thicket and defile, leaving the rest to help themselves as best they could. Women and old men toiled in packing and loading; and late in the afternoon (our warriors still away) the motley "caravan" made a movement towards the Kieskama. Providentially the draught oxen had been kept close by, and escaped the swoop of the vultures. But now we had to thread our way down the *Umkalana*, and it was like "going down from Jerusalem to Jerico,"—a difficult path to travel at the best of times, and under the most favourable circumstances. This afternoon the sun was sinking, and a furious rain-storm broke upon us in the worst part of the road. We had the intricate Kieskama "drift" to cross ere we could venture to halt, and the darkness was rapidly coming on. Our young men had rejoined us, with the comforting tidings that they had not been able to recapture their own cattle, but had taken others in reprisal, the owners of which would of course muster in force to retake them. Our plight must be *imagined*—a wagon "sticking fast" here, another full of helpless people upset there,—footing kept with the utmost difficulty down the steep bush paths. The darkness had settled thick and black upon us, and *crawling* through it as we could, our "retreat of the *three hundred*" was arrested at the river, for we could not cross.

It was a night much to be remembered. Soaked through with rain, shivering groups clustered together under the dripping trees by the river side, trying to kindle fires. Few had tasted food since morning. Rest was out of the question. Watchers kept guard on the outskirts of our biovuac. When the incessant barking of the dogs made us apprehend a sudden onslaught, fears that the river would fill during the night, and cut us off from all help only added to the unenviableness of our position. Eagerly did we "watch for the morning," and thankfully did we find as it dawned that the mountain waters had not yet come down to make the river impassable. No time was to be lost, however. With the first gleam of daylight we began to struggle through; and after sundry accidents, but none of serious consequences, we were all safely landed on the *right* side, and in a right good humour for breakfast. How and where to find one

for the whole motley company was, however, the question. The people were ravenous with hunger. In the exigency my eyes fell on my little flock of goats (some thirty) which I had directed the herd the day before to abandon in the thicket, but which he had guarded through light and darkness. "Make a breakfast of those." The words had scarcely passed my lips when with a shout and a rush like a troop of wild dogs black and white were upon them, and it seemed but in the waving of a wand that they were caught, killed, skinned and frizzling in fragments on a dozen fires, while the river precipices around us echoed back the sounds of new-born merriment on every side.

Wonderful was the effect of goat's flesh on men's spirits that morning, and joyfully did we emerge from the defiles of the Kieskama on to the high open ridges, where, surrounded by the friendly tribe of Pato, all fears of attack vanished. We reached our permanent resting place without meeting the relieving force of Col. Somerset, who had been delayed in his movements. He came, however, with his "powers" next day, and passed on to "scour" the course of the Kieskama. He supplied Mr. Brownlee with an escort to head quarters in Graham's Town; the able-bodied men of our refugees were enlisted into the "Native levies;" and the European families guarded into the Colony.

Meanwhile, the flames of Wesley Ville had emulated those of Mount Coke in lighting up the sky. The "commando" had passed on; and myself, unembarrassed if *uncheered* by the company of wife or child, remained, *alone* at the earnest request of the chiefs,—a virtual "hostage," solitary but not sad, in the midst of thousands of Kafirs.

Emmi's Adventures.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND).

THERE was formerly in the forest of Cernas, a large old oak-tree which might have been about five hundred years old. It had been struck by lightning several times and had to make for itself a new head, which if a little flat, was yet thick and green. For a long time this oak had had but a bad reputation. The oldest inhabitants of the neighbouring village still said, that in their youth this oak spoke and threatened those who wished to rest under its shade. They related that two travellers seeking there a shelter had been struck by lightning. The one was killed on the spot; the other had escaped in time and had only been stunned, having been warned by a voice which called to him:—"Go away quickly." This story was so old that very few believed it, and although the tree still bore the name

of the "talking oak," the herdsmen found themselves in its vicinity without much fear. However the period arrived when it was more than ever to be reputed bewitched: this was Emmi's adventure. Emmi was a poor little swine-herd, an orphan, and very unhappy, not alone that he was badly housed, badly fed and clothed, but still more, in that he hated the animals which misery obliged him to take care of. He was afraid of them, and these animals who are more shrewd than they seem, understood very well that he was not their master. He set out in the morning, taking them to their feast of acorns in the forest; in the evening he brought them back to the farm, and it was pitiful to see him, covered with miserable tatters, bare-headed, his hair blown about by the wind, his poor little face pale, thin, terrified, his appearance sad, frightened and suffering, driving before him this herd of clamorous beasts, with their side-long glances, lowered heads, and manacing bearing. To see him thus running after them over the gloomy heath in the red light of the early twilight, one might have thought one saw a goblin of the moor driven by a whirlwind. Still he might have been good and nice-looking, this poor little swine-herd, if he had been cared for, clean and happy, as are you, dear children, who read this. He knew not how to read, knew nothing, it was the utmost he could do to ask for what he wanted, and as he was timid, he did not always do that.

One evening the pigs returned alone to the stable, and the herd did not appear at supper. No one took any notice of this until the turnip soup was eaten, and the farmer sent one of his boys to call Emmi. The boy returned, saying that Emmi was neither in the stable or in the granary, where he slept upon straw. They supposed he had gone to see his aunt who lived in the neighbourhood, and went to bed without thinking more about him. The next morning inquiry was made at the aunt's and great was the astonishment at finding that Emmi had not spent the night with her. He had not appeared in the village since the day before. Inquiries were made in the neighbourhood, no one had seen him. Yet they found neither his sarclette, a kind of short crook used by swine-herds, or a fragment of his scanty clothing; from which it was concluded that he had left the country to live as a vagabond, and the farmer said it was no great pity, as the child was good for nothing, neither loving animals or knowing how to make himself loved by them. A new herd was hired for the rest of the year, but the disappearance of Emmi frightened all the boys in the vicinity. The last time he was seen, was near the talking oak, and it was there without doubt that harm had overtaken him. The new herd was very careful never to take his flock near it, and the other children kept away from that direction.

You want to know what had become of Emmi? Have patience and I will tell you. Little Emmi knew well that the oak was considered an enchanted tree, but he had too much to fear from living beings to be much afraid of spirits. His life had been one of misery

and blows. His aunt was very unkind to him. She obliged him to herd pigs, although he had always felt such a horror of them. This was born with him, but she made it a crime; and when he came and begged her to take him back to live with her, she received him with a beating with green wood. He feared her greatly and the summit of his wishes was to take care of sheep on some other farm, where the owners would be less avaricious and kinder to him.

He found in the main trunk of the oak a black hole made by lightning, evidently some time before, as the wood had formed round the opening a cushion of bark. At the bottom of this hiding place there were ashes and little bits of wood torn off when struck by the lightning. Truly, said the child to himself, here is a soft and warm bed, where I may sleep without fear of falling down in my dreams. It is not large, but quite sufficiently so for me. Let me look, however, to see that it has no other tenant. He examined the interior of this refuge, and saw that there was an opening at the top which would allow the wet to enter in the rainy season. He said to himself that it would be easy to close this hole with moss. A brown owl had made its nest in the aperture. I will not disturb thee, thought Emmi, but I will shut off the communication. Then we shall each have our own home. When he had prepared his nest for the following night and placed his luggage in safety, he seated himself in his hole, with legs outside resting on a branch and began to think vaguely of the possibility of living in a tree; but he could have desired that the tree had been in the middle of the forest, instead of on its borders, exposed to the looks of shepherds and swine-herds who might bring their flocks in that direction. He could not foresee that in consequence of his disappearance the tree would become an object of fear and that no one would henceforth come near it. * * * * Used to live alone, Emmi did not tire of it. To be relieved of the company of the pigs was even a source of happiness for many days. He grew accustomed to the howling of the wolves. He knew that they remained in the centre of the forest and scarcely ever approached the part where he was. No flocks came there, so neither did they. And then Emmi learnt their habits. Even right in the forest he never met them on clear days. It was only in foggy weather that they had any courage, and even then not much. They sometimes followed Emmi at a distance, but he had only to turn and imitate the sound of cocking a gun by striking his knife against the iron of his sarclette, to put them to flight. As to wild boars, Emmi heard them sometimes, but never saw them. They are mysterious animals who never attack first. When the time came to gather chestnuts he got a supply which he hid in another hollow tree at a little distance from his oak, but the rats and field-mice attacked them so much that he was obliged to bury them in the sand where they kept very well until the spring. Besides, Emmi had plenty of other food. Even should the moor become a complete desert he could venture during the night to the cultivated parts and dig up potatoes and

turnips, but that would be stealing, which he did not like. He collected a quantity of favasse in the fallow land and made snares for capturing larks by picking up here and there the hairs left on the bushes by horses when feeding. Shepherds understand how to get the good of everything and lose nothing. Emmi gathered also the bits of wool from the thorny enclosures to make himself a kind of pillow; afterwards he continued to make a distaff and spindle and taught himself to spin. He fashioned knitting needles out of some iron wire that he found in a badly mended fence, which they were still repairing, and which he despoiled anew to make snares for rabbits.

He thus succeeded in manufacturing stockings and in eating meat. He became one of the cleverest herders; studying night and day the habits of the game, initiated in all the mysteries of the moor and the forest, he set his snares with certainty and lived in abundance. He even had bread when he wished, thanks to an old idiot beggar, who, every week, passed the foot of the oak and put down there her full wallet while she rested. Emmi, who watched for her, descended from his tree, his head covered by his goat skin, and gave her some game in exchange for some of her bread. If she was afraid of him, her fear was only shown by a stupid laugh and an obedience of which she had not to repent. Thus passed the winter which was very mild and the summer which was warm and stormy. Emmi at first was very much afraid of the thunder-storms, as some of the trees near his were several times struck by lightning, but he noticed that the talking-oak having lost its head long before, had made for itself a new top like an umbrella; this did not attract the fluid, which only struck more elevated and conical trees. He ended by sleeping through the peals of thunder with no more anxiety than his neighbour, the owl.

In this solitude Emmi, absorbed by the necessity of procuring his subsistence and preserving his liberty, had no time to feel weariness. They might have considered him an idle boy, he knew well, although he had much more trouble to live alone than if he had remained at the farm. He also acquired more intelligence, courage, and foresight that he could have learnt from ordinary life. Nevertheless, when this peculiar way of living was becoming more under control and exacting less time and thought, he began to reflect and to feel his little conscience addressing to him several embarrassing questions. Could he always live thus at the expense of the forest and without doing anything for his fellow creatures? He felt a kind of friendship for old Caliche, the idiot who gave him bread in exchange for his rabbits and strings of larks. As she had no memory, scarcely ever spoke, and consequently never mentioned to others her interview with him, he had ventured to show himself without any disguise, and she was no longer afraid of him. Her idiotic laugh even indicated pleasure when she saw him come down from his tree. Emmi was astonished to find that he shared this pleasure. He did not say so, but he felt that the presence of a human being, no matter how

degraded, was a boon to one condemned to live alone. One day, when she seemed less stupid than usual, he began to speak to her and to ask her where she lived. She ceased laughing at once and asked him in a clear voice and serious tone, "Wilt thou come with me, little one?" "Where?" "To my house; if thou wilt be my son, I will make thee rich and happy."

Emmi was very much amazed to hear old Caliche speak thus distinctly and rationally. Curiosity made him wish to believe her, but a puff of wind shook the branches above his head, and he heard the voice of the oak saying to him, "Do not go."

"Good evening and a pleasant journey," said he to the old woman; "my tree does not want me to leave it." "Thy tree is a fool," she replied, "or rather thou art one to believe in talking trees." "You think that trees never speak? you are very much mistaken." "All trees speak when the wind blows through them, but they do not know what they say, which is equal to saying nothing." Emmi was vexed at this practical explanation of his marvel. He answered Caliche, "It is you, old woman, who talk nonsense. If all other trees are like you, my oak at least knows what it says." The old woman shrugged her shoulders, picked up her wallet, and departed with a resumption of her idiotic laugh. Emmi asked himself whether she was acting a part or had perhaps lucid intervals. He let her go, but followed her without being seen by creeping from tree to tree. She did not walk quickly but with bent back, head advanced, mouth half open, and gaze fixed straightforward; but this appearance of feebleness did not prevent her still advancing, without increasing or slackening her pace, and she thus travelled through the forest for three good hours, until she arrived at a poor hamlet perched upon a hill behind which woods extended as far as the eye could reach. Emmi saw her enter a wretched hovel separated from the other dwellings, which although less miserable in appearance, were not the less like a few dozen dog-kennels. He dared not venture farther than the last trees of the forest, and then returned, very sure that if Caliche had a home, it was poorer and uglier than the hole in the talking-oak.

At the end of the week Caliche arrived at the usual hour. She was coming from Cernas, and he asked about his aunt to see if the old woman had the power and the wish to answer him as on her last visit. She answered very clearly, "Old Nanette is married again, and if thou returnest to her she will try to kill thee to get rid of thee."

"Are you speaking rationally?" said Emmi, "and telling me the truth?"

"I tell thee the truth. All that is left for thee to do is, either to return to thy master and live with the pigs, or to seek thy living with me, which will be better for thee than thou thinkest. Thou canst not always live in the forest. It is cold, and no doubt they will cut down the trees. Thy oak will share the fate of the others.

Have faith in me, little one; no one can live without earning money. Come with me, and thou wilt help me to make a great deal; and when I die I will leave thee all I have."

Emmi was so astonished to hear the idiot talk and reason thus, that he turned to his tree and listened as if asking its advice.

"Leave that old log of wood alone," said Caliche. "Do not be so stupid, but come with me."

As the tree said nothing, Emmi followed the old woman, who, on the way revealed to him her secret.

"I came from a country far from here, poor like thee, and an orphan. I was brought up in misery and with blows. I kept pigs, and like thee I feared them. I was set free like thee, but in a different manner. In crossing a river by a rickety old bridge, I fell into the water and was taken out apparently dead. A good doctor, to whom they carried me, restored me to life; but I was an idiot, deaf, and scarcely able to speak. He kept me out of charity; and as he was not rich the vicar of the place made collections for me, and ladies brought me clothes, wine, dainties—everything I could fancy. I began to get better under such great care. I ate good meat, I drank sweet wine, I had a fire in my room in the winter; I was like a princess, and the doctor was pleased. He said, 'You see she hears what is said to her, she is beginning to talk again. In two or three months from now she will be able to work and gain her living honestly.' And all the fine laidies disputed who should have me. I had, therefore, no difficulty in finding a place as soon as I was well again. But I had no taste for work, and did not give satisfaction. I wished to be a lady's maid; but I knew neither how to sew or to dress hair; so they made me draw water from the wells, and pluck poultry, which I did not like. I left that place, thinking I should be more comfortable elsewhere. This, however, was still worse, as they punished me for dirtiness and idleness. My old doctor was dead. They drove me from house to house, and after having been everyone's spoilt child, I was obliged to leave the country as I had arrived, as a beggar, but much more miserable than then. I had tasted the pleasures of happiness, and now I got so little that I had scarcely food to eat. I was considered too big and too good-looking for a mendicant. They said to me, 'Go and work, lazy one; it is a shame at thy age to wander on the highways when thou couldst pick stones in the field at three pence a day.' Then I pretended to be lame, to make people believe that I could not work; but still they said I was too strong to do nothing. And then I called to mind the time when all the world pitied me because I was an idiot. I knew how to resume my appearance at that time, and my habit of sneering instead of speaking, and I played my part so well that pence and loaves began once more to be showered into my wallet. This is the life I have followed for forty years without ever meeting with a refusal. Those who cannot give me money give me cheese, fruit, and bread more than I can carry. With what is left,

after satisfying my own wants, I rear poultry which I send to the market, and which pay me well. I have a good house in a village to which I am taking thee. The country is poor, but the inhabitants are not. We are all beggars and cripples, or pretended ones, and each one makes his round in a part of the country which the others have agreed to avoid that day. Thus everyone gets on very well; but no one does so well as I do, because I understand better than the others how to appear incapable of working for my bread."

"It is a fact," said Emmi, "that I would never have believed you capable of speaking as you are now doing."

"Yes, yes," answered Caliche, laughing; "thou thoughtest to surprise and frighten me by descending from thy tree with thy wolf's head-dress to get some bread. I pretended to be frightened, but I recognised thee easily, and said to myself, 'Here is a poor boy who will one day come to Oursines-les-Bois, and who will be thankful to eat my soup,"

Thus entertaining each other, Emmi and Caliche arrived at Oursines-les-Bois, that being the name of the place where the false idiot lived. There was not a creature to be seen in this melancholy village. Animals moved here and there, without being guarded, over a common fertile in thistles, which was the joint property of the inhabitants. A revolting untidiness in the muddy roads which served for streets; an infectious odour inhaling from all the houses; some linen drying on bushes dirted by fowls; decaying thatched roofs, where nettles flourished, an air of cynical forlornness, of simulated or real poverty. This was enough to raise a feeling of disgust in Emmi, accustomed to the pure verdure and delightful perfumes of the forest. He followed old Caliche, however, who made him enter her hut of beaten earth, more like a stable for pigs than a dwelling. The interior was quite different. The walls were hung with straw mats, and the bed had a mattress and good woollen coverings. A quantity of provisions of all kinds, wheat, bacon, vegetables, and fruit, tins of wine, and even sealed bottles. Everything was there; and in the back-yard were an abundance of fat fowls and of ducks, gorged with bread and bran.

"Thou seest," said Caliche to Emmi, "that I am rather richer than thy aunt. She gives me alms every week, and yet, if I wished to do so, I could wear better clothes than she does. Would'st thou like to see my stores? Let us enter, as thou must be hungry. I will give thee such a supper as thou hast never tasted in thy life." In fact, while Emmi admired the contents of the closet, the old woman lighted the fire, and took from the wallet a goat's head, which she fricassed with scraps of all kinds of meat, and spared neither salt or rancid butter, or damaged vegetables, produced by the last day's round. She made, I know not what sort of mess, which Emmi ate with more astonishment than pleasure, and which she obliged him to moisten with half a bottle of wine. He had never drank wine, and did not find it nice; but he drank it all the same;

and to set him an example the old woman swallowed an entire bottle, which made her rather tipsy and very talkative. She boasted of being able to steal better even than to beg, and even showed him her purse, which she buried under one of the hearth-stones, and which contained gold pieces with all the effigies of the century. There might have been about two thousand francs. Emmi, who did not know how to reckon, was not so much struck as she wished with the riches of the beggar.

When she had shown him all, "Now," said she, "I do not think thou wilt wish to leave me. I want a boy, and if thou wilt enter my service, I will make thee my heir."

"Thank you," answered the child; "but I do not wish to beg."

"Very well; thou wilt steal for me."

Emmi felt inclined to be angry, but the old woman had spoken of taking him next day to Mauvert, where a large fair was held, and as he wished to see the country, and to find out where he could gain an honest livelihood, he answered without showing his anger: "I do not know how to steal, I have never learnt to do so."

"Thou liest," said Caliche. "Thou wast able very cleverly to steal from the forest of Cernas, its game and its fruits. Dost thou think that those things belonged to no one? Dost thou not know that he who works not, can only live at the expense of others? For a long time this forest was almost abandoned; the owner was a rich old man, who no longer occupied himself with anything, and did not even have it taken care of. Now he is dead, all is changed, and thou wouldst either have been obliged to hide thyself like a rat in the holes of trees, or to be taken by the collar, and led off to prison."

"Well, then!" answered Emmi, "why do you want to teach me to steal for you?"

"Because, when one knows how, one is never taken. Thou wilt think about it; it is already late, and we must rise at daybreak to-morrow to go to the fair. I will make thee a bed upon my chest, a good bed, with a feather bed and bed-clothes. For the first time in thy life thou wilt sleep like a prince."

Emmi dared not resist. When old Caliche laid aside her *rôle* of idiot, there was something terrifying in her look and voice. He went to bed, and was at first astonished to find himself so comfortable, but in a few minutes he was equally surprised to find himself so uncomfortable. This large feather cushion smothered him; the bed-clothes, the want of fresh air, the unpleasant odour of the cooking, aud the wine he had drank, made him very feverish. He jumped up in a fright, saying that he wished to sleep outside, and that he should die if he had to be shut up all night. Caliche was snoring, and the door fastened. Emmi resigned himself to sleeping upon the table, not without many regrets for his mossy bed in the oak tree. The next day Caliche entrusted him with a basket of eggs and six fowls to sell, ordering him to follow her at a little distance, and not to appear to know her at all—"If people knew I sold things," said she,

they would no longer give me anything." She fixed the price he was to obtain for his goods, adding that she would not lose sight of him, and that if he did not honestly bring her the money, she would know how to make him.

"If you doubt me," answered Emmi, offended, "carry your goods yourself, and let me go."

"If thou tryest to get away," said the old woman, "I shall know how to find thee, no matter where thou art. Do not answer me, but obey."

He followed her at a distance, as she had ordered, and soon saw the road covered with beggars, one more horrible than the other. These were the inhabitants of Oursines, who this day went all together to be cured at a miraculous fountain. All were crippled or covered with hideous sores. All came away from the fountain healthy and merry. The miracle was not difficult to explain, as all their maladies were simulated, and were resumed at the end of a few weeks, to be again cured on the following feast-day. Emmi sold his eggs and fowls, and quickly brought the money to the old woman; then turning his back upon her, wandered through the crowd, with wide-open eyes, admiring and astonished by everything. He saw mountebanks performing the most surprising feats, and he even loitered a long time looking at their spangled clothes and gilt fillets, when he heard a most curious dialogue close to him. It was the voice of Caliche, mingled with the hoarse voice of the chief mountebank. They were only separated from him by the canvas of the booth.

"If you give him some wine to drink," said Caliche, "you can persuade him to do what you wish. He is an innocent little thing, who will not do for me, and who wants to live alone in the forest, where he has perched for a year in an old tree. He is as nimble and as adroit as a monkey, is no heavier than a kid, and you can make him do the most difficult tricks."

"And you say that he is not self-interested?" answered the mountebank.

"No; he does not care for money. Only feed him, and he will never dream of asking anything more."

"But he will want to escape?"

"Bah! with a few beatings you can do away with the desire."

"Go and bring him, I should like to see him."

"And you will give me twenty francs?"

"Yes, if he suits me."

Caliche came out of the booth, and found herself face to face with Emmi, to whom she made a sign to follow her.

"No," said he, "I have heard your bargain. I am not so innocent as you think, and will not go with those people to be beaten."

"Nevertheless thou wilt come," answered Caliche, seizing his wrist with an iron hand, and drawing him towards the booth.

"I will not, I will not!" cried the child, struggling and catching

hold with his disengaged hand of the blouse of a man who was near him, and who was looking at the performance. The man turned, and addressing Caliche, he asked if the little boy belonged to her

"No, no!" cried Emmi, "she is not my mother. She is nothing to me, but wants to sell me for a louis d'or to these comedians."

"And thou dost not wish it?"

"No, I will not! Save me from her clutches. See, she makes me bleed."

"What is all this, with this woman and this child?" said the grand gendarme Erambert, attracted by the cries of Emmi and the vociferations of Caliche.

"Bah! it is nothing," answered the peasant, whose smock-frock Emmi still held. "It is only a poor woman who wishes to sell a boy to the tight-rope dancers; but we can easily prevent it, policeman, without your assistance."

"There is always need of the police, my friend. I wish to know all about this history; and," addressing Emmi, "speak, young man—explain this affair to me."

At sight of the policeman old Caliche had let Emmi go, and tried to fly; but the majestic Erambert had seized her by the arm, and then all at once she began to laugh and to grimace in her character of idiot. Yet, at the moment when Emmi was going to answer, she cast towards him a supplicating look in which was shown great fear. Emmi had been brought up in great awe of the police, and he imagined that if he accused the old woman Erambert would cut off her head with his large sabre. He took pity upon her, and answered—

"Let her go, sir; it is only a crazy and idiotic woman, who made me afraid; but she did not want to do me any harm."

"Do you know her? Is it not Caliche?—a woman who pretends to be what she is not?—tell the truth."

Another look from the beggar gave Emmi courage to lie to save her life.

"I know her," he said; "she is really simple."

"I will know more about this," answered the good policeman, letting Caliche go. "Go on your way, old woman; but do not forget that I have had my eye upon you for some time."

Caliche fled, and the policeman went away. Emmi, who felt more fear of him than of the old woman, still held the blouse of Father Vincent. This was the name of the peasant who had protected him, and who had a gentle and merry look.

"Well, little one," said the good man to Emmi, "dost thou ever intend to loosen me? Thou hast nothing more to fear; what more dost thou want with me? Art thou begging?—dost thou want a sou?

"No, thank you," said Emmi; but I am afraid now of all the crowd in which I am alone, without knowing on which side to turn."

"Where dost thou want to go?"

"I want to return to my forest of Cernas without passing by Oursines-les-Bois."

"Thou livest at Cernas! It will be easy for me to show thee the way, since I am going to the forest. Thou wilt only have to follow me. I am going to sup in the open air. Wait for me at the foot of this cross. I will come back for thee."

Emmi thought the village cross much too near the booth of the mountebanks. He would like better to follow Father Vincent to the restaurant, particularly as he felt the need of something himself to give him strength for the walk. "If you are not ashamed of me," he said, "allow me to eat my bread and cheese beside you. I am able to pay for myself: see, here is my purse; you will pay for the two, as I wish to pay also for your dinner."

"Well!" cried out, laughingly, Father Vincent, "here is an honest and generous boy; but I have an empty stomach, and thy purse is none too well filled. Come along, and sit down there. Take back thy money, child, I have enough for the two of us."

While eating together, Vincent made Emmi relate his history. When it was ended, he said to him, "I see thou hast a good head and heart, since thou didst not allow thyself to be tempted by the gold pieces of Caliche, and yet would not send her to prison. Forget all about her, and do not again leave thy forest, since thou art happy there. It rests with thyself to be no longer quite alone. Thou knowest that I am going to prepare quarters for twenty workmen, who are to begin to cut down the copses between Cernas and La Planchette."

"Oh! Are you going to cut down the forest?" said Emmi, in consternation.

"No! We are only going to clear a part which is not near thy refuge, the talking oak, and I know they will neither to-day nor to-morrow meddle with the part where the old trees grow. Reassure thyself; do not be afraid; but if thou hast faith in me, little one, thou wilt come and work with us. Thou art not strong enough to handle the hedge bill and the hatchet, but thou art quick enough, and couldst very well prepare the bands and make up the bundles of fagots, while waiting upon the workmen, who always want a boy to run their errands, and to bring them their meals. I am the contractor for the work. The workmen are by the piece, that is, they are paid according to the work they do; I propose that thou shalt rely upon me to judge how much thou art worth, and I counsel thee to accept my offer. Old Caliche was right when she said that those who will not work must be either thieves or beggars, and as thou dost not wish to be either the one or the other, take at once the work which I offer thee; it is too good an opportunity to lose."

Emmi accepted with joy. Father Vincent inspired him with absolute confidence. He put himself under his orders, and together they took the road to the forest. It was night when they arrived,

and although Father Vincent knew the roads very well, he would have had some difficulty in finding in the dusk the knoll where the cutting was begun, if Emmi, who was accustomed, like cats, to see at night, had not conducted him by a short cut. They found a shelter already prepared by the woodcutters, who had arrived the day before. It consisted of branches with the foliage, joined at the top, and covered with large pieces of moss and turf. Emmi was presented to the workmen and well received. He ate some hot soup, and slept soundly. The next day he began his apprenticeship; lighted the fire, did the cooking, washed the pots, went for water, and the rest of the time helped in the construction of new cabins for the twenty other woodcutters who were expected. Father Vincent, who commanded and watched all, was astonished at the intelligence, cleverness, and quickness shown by Emmi. It was not for him to learn how to make everything out of nothing, but to teach the most incorrigible how to do so, and all declared that he was not a boy, but a goblin, whom the good devils of the forest had put at their service. As with all his talents and arts Emmi was obedient and modest, everyone was his friend, and the rudest of the woodcutters spoke to him with gentleness and ordered him with moderation. At the end of five days, Emmi asked Father Vincent if he was free to spend his Sunday as he pleased.

"Thou art free," said the good man, "but if thou wilt take my advice thou wilt go and see thy aunt, and the people of thy village. If it is true that thy aunt would not care to have thee back she will be very pleased to know that thou art in a position to gain thy living without troubling her, and if thou art afraid that they will beat thee at the farm for leaving thy charge, I will go with thee to appease the people and protect thee. Be sure, my child, that work is the best of passports, and that it condones everything."

Emmi thanked him for his good advice, and followed it. His aunt, who thought he was dead, was afraid at the first sight of him; but, without relating his adventures, Emmi let her know that he worked with the woodcutters, and that he would cost her nothing more. Father Vincent confirmed this, and said that he looked upon the child as his own, and thought most highly of him. He said the same at the farm, where they obliged him to take something to eat and drink. Old Nanette came there to embrace Emmi before the world, and to make friends with him by the gift of some clothes and half-a-dozen cheeses. In fine, Emmi went back with the old woodman, reconciled to everybody, and free from all blame and reproach.

When they had crossed the moor, Emmi said to Vincent, "Do you mind my going to pass the night in my oak? I promise you I will be at the cutting knoll before sunrise."

"Do as thou wilt," answered the woodman. "But what an idea it is for thee to like perching in that manner!"

Emmi made him understand that he felt a faithful friendship for

this oak, and the other listened with a smile, a little astonished at his idea, but still believing and comprehending it. He accompanied him that far and wished to see his hiding-place. He had difficulty in climbing high enough to see it, although still agile and strong; the passage between the branches was too narrow for him. Only Emmi could glide easily about.

"It is very nice and pretty," said the good man, descending, "but thou wilt not be able to sleep there long; the bark will grow, and will finish by closing up the opening, and thou, thyself, wilt not be always as thin as a piece of straw. If thou wouldst like it, the hole could be enlarged with a bill. I will do this for thee if thou wishest."

"Oh, no!" cried Emmi. "What, cut my oak! To make it die!"

"It would not die; a tree cut judiciously in its decayed parts is only the better for it."

"Ah, well, we will see later," answered Emmi.

They said good-night, and separated.

How happy Emmi felt in taking possession once more of his own abode! It seemed a year since he left it. He thought of the dreadful night he had passed at Caliche's house, and made many just reflections upon the difference of tastes and the choice of habits. He thought of all those beggars at Oursines-les-Bois, who considered themselves rich because they had gold-pieces hidden in their mattresses, and who lived in shame and misery, while he, all alone, without begging, had slept for a year in a palace of leaves, surrounded with the perfume of violets and other fragrant flowers, and lulled by the songs of nightingales and warblers, without any suffering, without being humiliated by any one, without disputes or sickness, with nothing false or evil in his heart. All these people at Oursines, beginning with Caliche, said he to himself, have more money than would be necessary to build nice little houses, cultivate pretty gardens, and rear healthy cattle; but idleness prevents them enjoying what they have; they stagnate in ignominy. They seem proud of the disgust and contempt they inspire, they ridicule the good people who take pity upon them, they rob the really poor, those who suffer without a complaint. They hide themselves to count their money, and perish miserably. What a sad and shameful folly, and how right Father Vincent is in saying that work is what preserves and purifies the pleasure of living.

An hour before daybreak, Emmi, who had impressed upon himself not to sleep too heavily, awoke and looked around him. The moon had risen late, and had not yet set. The birds were all quiet. The owl was away on his nightly round, and had not yet returned. Silence is a beautiful thing, but rare in a forest, where there is always some living thing climbing up, or something falling down. Emmi drank in the refreshment of this delicious silence, while recalling the deafening uproar of the fair, the tom-tom, and the large drum of the

mountebanks, the disputes of buyers and sellers, the grinding of hurdy-gurdies, the shrill sound of bag-pipes, the cries of tired or terrified animals, the hoarse songs of drinkers; all that had by turns astonished, amused, and alarmed him. How different to the mysterious, subdued, or commanding voices of the fortest. A gentle breeze rose with the dawn, and made the tops of he trees rustle melodiously. That of the oak seemed to say: "Be at ease, Emmi; be easy, and content, little Emmi." "All trees speak," old Caliche had said. "That is true," thought he, "they have all their voices and manner of groaning or singing: but that old witch pretended that they did not know what they said. She did not speak the truth; trees complain or rejoice innocently; but she could not understand this, as she only thought evil."

Emmi was at the felling-place at the appointed hour, and worked there all summer and the succeeding winter. Each Saturday evening he went to sleep in his oak. On the Sunday he paid a short visit to the inhabitants of Cernas, and returned to his dwelling until Monday morning. He grew taller, but remained thin and light, and kept himself very neat, and had a pretty little animated and amiable countenance, which pleased everyone with whom he came in contact. Father Vincent taught him to read and reckon. People began to value his intellect, and his aunt, who had no children of her own, would have liked to have kept him with her, for her honour and profit, because he gave good advice, and seemed to understand everything. But Emmi liked no place so well as the woods. He had become able to see and hear things there which no one else could. In the long winter nights he preferred above all the pine regions, where the accumulated snow set off the length of the black branches, the grand beautiful white forms with their soft covering, which sometimes stirred by the north wind, seemed to move and converse mysteriously. But generally they seemed to sleep, and he regarded them with a respect mingled with fear. He felt afraid to utter a word, to make a movement, which might waken these lovely fairies of night and silence. In the half-light of the clear nights, when the stars glittered like diamond eyes in the absence of the moon, he fancied he could make out the shape of these fantastical beings, the folds of their robes, the waves of their silvery hair. When a thaw set in, they changed their look and attitude, and he then heard the branches falling with a light and fresh sound as if in touching the snowy table-cloth of the earth, they sprung upwards to fly elsewhere. When the little stream was imprisoned by the ice, he made an opening to get drinking water, but with care, so as not to injure the crystal edifice of the little waterfall. He liked to watch down the forest paths how the frosty girandoles and stalactites were irradiated by the rising sun. There were evenings when the transparent architecture of the leafless trees was traced like black lace upon the reddened sky, or upon the pearly background of clouds lighted by the moon. And then in summer what passionate murmurs, what concerts of birds amidst the foliage!

He was nevertheless obliged to leave this beloved forest when the timber felling was finished. Emmi followed Father Vincent, who had undertaken the same kind of work on another property about five leagues distant, on the Oursines side. Since the day of the fair Emmi had never returned to that horrid place, nor had he seen anything of Caliche. Was she dead, or in prison? No one knew. Many mendicants disappear in that way without anyone being able to say what becomes of them. No one either seeks or regrets them. Emmi was very kind-hearted. He could not forget the time of absolute solitude, when, believing her an idiot and poor, he had seen her each week at the foot of his oak, bringing him the bread of which he was deprived, and also letting him hear the welcome sound of the human voice. He confided to Father Vincent his strong desire to hear something about her, so they stopped at Oursines to inquire. It was a feast day in this marvellous place. The inhabitants were drinking and clinking their glasses together while singing. Two women, with hair down and flying in the air, were fighting before a door; the children paddled in an infectious swamp. But as soon as the two travellers appeared the children fled like wild ducks, their flight being a warning to the inhabitants. All noise ceased instantly, and the doors were closed. Even the fowls were so wild that they hid themselves in the thickets.

"Since these people do not wish us to see their sports, and as thou knowest the way to Caliche's house," said Father Vincent, "we will go there at once."

They knocked at the door many times without getting any answer. At last a broken voice called out to them to enter, and they pushed open the door. Caliche, pale, thin, terrified, was seated in a large chair near the fire, with her withered hands clasped round her knees. When she recognised Emmi the expression of her face changed to one of joy.

"Now," she said, "I have seen thee, and can die in peace."

She explained to them that she was paralysed, and that her neighbours dressed her every morning, put her to bed at night, and gave her all her meals.

"I want for nothing," added she, "but I have one great anxiety; it is for my poor money, which is there, under the stone, on which my feet rest. This money I had destined for Emmi, who has a kind heart, and who saved me from prison at the very moment when I had wished to sell him to bad people; but, as soon as I die, my neighbours will hunt everywhere, and will find my treasure. This fear has prevented me sleeping, or having myself properly taken care of. Thou must take this money, Emmi, and carry it far away. If I die, keep it. I give it to thee, according to my promise. If I recover thou wilt restore it to me; I know thou art honest. It will even then be thine in the end, but I shall have the pleasure of seeing and counting it to my last hour."

At first Emmi refused. It was stolen money, and so repugnant

to him, but Father Vincent offered Caliche to take care of it, and restore it to her at her first request, or to place it in Emmi's name should she die without reclaiming it. Father Vincent was known throughout the country as a just man, who had honestly amassed wealth, and Caliche, who wandered everywhere and heard everything, knew that he was to be trusted. She begged him to close the windows of her dwelling, then to draw back her chair, as she could not move herself, and to raise the hearth-stone. There was now much more money than when she showed the store to Emmi. There were five skin purses, containing about five thousand francs in gold. She only wished to keep three hundred francs, to pay her neighbours for their trouble, and for her burial. Then, seeing that Emmi looked at the treasure with disdain, "Thou wilt know, one day," Caliche said to him, "that misery is a terrible evil. If I had not been born in the shadow of this evil I should not have done what I have."

"If you repent having done so," said Father Vincent, "God will pardon you."

"I have repented," she answered, "since I have been paralysed, because I must die in weariness and solitude. My neighbours are as unpleasant to me as I am to them, and I think now that I should have done better to have lived otherwise."

Emmi promised to come again and see her, and then followed Father Vincent to the new work. He could not help regretting his forest of Cernas, but he had an idea of duty, and did his faithfully. At the end of a week he returned to see Caliche. He arrived at the moment when her coffin was being carried out on a little cart drawn by an ass. Emmi followed to the parish church distant about a quarter of a league, and assisted at her funeral. On his return he saw that her abode was being pillaged, and that the thieves were fighting for possession of her clothes. He no longer repented having deprived these evil people of the old woman's treasure.

When he returned to the woodcutting, Father Vincent said to him, "Thou art too young to have charge of so much money. Thou wouldst not know what to do with it, or it would be stolen. If thou wilt have me for guardian, I will place it to advantage, and will pay thee the interest until thy majority."

"Do whatever you please with it," answered Emmi. "I trust all to you. Yet, as it is stolen money, according to the old woman's boast, would it not be better to try and restore it?"

"Restore it to whom? It was stolen sou by sou, since this woman obtained charity by deceiving the world, and pilfering here and there, from we know not whom; things we could not identify, and that no one would be able to reclaim. Money in itself is no crime. The shame is for those who make a bad use of it. Caliche was a foundling; she had no family; she left no heirs; she gave thee her money, not as a reward for doing evil, but, on the contrary, because thou forgavest her the evil she would have done thee. I

consider, therefore, that for thee it is a well-acquired fortune, and that in giving it to thee the old woman performed the only good action of her life. But I must not conceal from thee that with the interest I will pay thee, thou wilt not be obliged to work much ; but if thou art, as I think, a sensible boy, thou wilt continue to work with all thy heart, as if thou hadst nothing."

"I will do as you advise," answered Emmi. "I ask nothing better than to remain with you and obey your orders."

The brave boy had no reason to repent the confidence and friendship that he felt for his master. This last always looked upon him as his son, and treated him like the best of fathers. When Emmi was grown up, he married one of the old woodcutter's granddaughters, and as he had not touched his capital, and the interest had increased with each year, he found himself rich for a peasant of that time. His wife was pretty, cheerful, and good. All the country side petted the young pair, and as Emmi had acquired much knowledge, and showed great intelligence, the proprietor of the forest of Cernas chose him for his head-ranger, and built him a pretty house in the pleasantest part of the old forest, quite close to his talking oak. The prediction of Father Vincent was easily realised. Emmi had become too big to occupy his old lodging, and the oak had made so much bark that the opening was nearly closed. When Emmi, now an old man, saw that the hole would soon be closed entirely, he wrote with a steel point upon a copper-plate, his name, the date of his sojourn in the tree, and the principal circumstances of his history, with this prayer at the end, "Fire from heaven, and wind from mountain, spare my friend the old oak tree. Let it see my grandchildren and their descendants grow up as I have done. Old oak, who hast spoken to me, speak also to them sometimes a word of counsel, that they may respect thee, and love thee always as I have loved thee."

Emmi threw this written tablet into the hole where he had so long slept and dreamt.

The opening has now closed altogether. Emmi has died, and yet the tree lives on. It no longer speaks, or if it does, there are no longer ears capable of understanding it. But it is no longer feared, for the history of Emmi has become well known, and thanks to the good memory that a man has left, the oak is always respected and blessed.

J. M.

The Topographical Nomenclature of South Africa.

By Rev. J. A. Hewitt.

Nothing can at first sight appear more irregular than the way in which places are named in South Africa. The process of naming is still going on with the rise of new towns and villages, and the names chosen seem a jumble of European or Colonial celebrities, of dorps, villes, and stads, occasionally varied by some such "linked sweetness long drawn out," as "Hermanus-Wessels-Stroom," "Hermanus-Pieters-fontein," or "Pieter-maritz-burg;" while here and there a Hebrew word, or, near the coast, the title of some Christian Saint, occurs to increase the confusion. It can, however, be shown that there is method in this seeming madness, and a principle of selection may be traced, though doubtless the selectors act without reference to, and even in ignorance of, it. An ingenious person with a taste for statistics has reduced the miscellaneous list of ships' names in Marryatt's code of signals to a few classes into one or other of which the name of every vessel afloat may be brought: In like manner the name of every town and village in South Africa will come under one of the seven heads, into which I proceed to classify the more important centres of population in this Colony.

1. First in order may be classed those places which have retained their *native names*. It is to be regretted that so few of our villages come under this head. These native words are significant, describing the features of the country as they first struck the attention of the wild children of nature who once dwelt in the land. They often preserve traces of a language or a dialect which has otherwise died out; or they help to identify the former habitat of tribes whose language is known. The older American colonists acted more wisely in this respect than those of Africa; and both Canada and the United States abound in descriptive and poetical Indian names—records of tribes now dying or dead. The most important village of this class in the Colony is the Knysna, a Hottentot word which is said to mean "a fern." Even this appropriate name was in danger some years ago of being given up for Melville or Newhaven, rival ends of the same village, but an energetic civil-commissioner came to the rescue and induced the postal and other authorities to adopt the word Knysna. Tarkastad (a native word with a Dutch suffix), Cacadu, Bolotwa, and Komgha are the only other native named villages in the Colony. We have, however, retained several native words as geographical terms for tracts of country, for rivers, and for farm places. Such are Namaqualand, Outeniqualand, Kannaland, Karroo, Cango, Goudini, Gouritz, Gamka, Dwyka, Kadie, &c. An inhabitant of the George district is still known in the neighbourhood as a "Niqlander," *i.e.* "Outeniqualander."

2. Next in order may be placed *names derived from natural features* of the country. This has from the first been a ruling principle of nomenclature with the Dutch in South Africa, and in this class we find the oldest and chief town of the colony, Cape Town, with its surrounding Table Mountain, Lion's Head, Green Point, Robben (seal) Island, Blueberg,—words which the English took over with the places. The Paarl, with its pearl-like rock, is another instance. Rondebosch, Wynberg, Kalk Bay, Springbokfontein, Hondeklip Bay, Leliefontein, Schoonberg, Klaarstroom, Blinkwater, and many others preserve traces of natural features of the country, as do also the countless Zout and Brak rivers, Ronde and Spitzkops, Lange and Diepkloofs, Roodezand, and Zwartheuvels. Steinkopf and Steinthal are perhaps German instances of the same principle; the only English instances seem to be Redbourne (a translation from the Dutch original Roodefontein) a hamlet at Plettenberg Bay, and Ceres, somewhat fancifully so called, either by Mr. Montague or Mr. Rawson, on account of the importance of the district as an agricultural or corn-growing centre.

3. With the English came in the custom of calling places after *Sovereigns* and members of the Royal Family. George, founded in 1811, is the oldest of our towns thus named, after King George the Third. King William the Fourth and his consort, Queen Adelaide, have given their names to the capital of British Kaffraria, and to Adelaide in the Fort Beaufort district. The reign of the present Queen's Majesty is marked by Queen's Town, founded by Sir G. Cathcart in 1853, and by Victoria East (1847) and West; her marriage, by the midland village of Prince Albert and the less courtly north-eastern district of Albert. Alice, the chief town of the district of Victoria East, is so named after the Princess Alice. The Duke of Edinburgh's visit is commemorated in Port Alfred and Prince Alfred's Hamlet. Had the Prince of Wales returned from India *via* the Cape, we might have added to our maps a *newer* South Wales and turned Namaqualand into Cornwall.

4. Very many of our towns take their names from *Governors* of the colony under both Dutch and English rule. Riebeek's Kasteel in the West, and Riebeek in the East, are of course called after the founder of the Dutch settlement, and the capital itself was for a time known as Riebeek's Town. Simon's Bay and Town are called after Simon Van der Stell; Stellenbosch (founded in 1682) after him conjointly with his wife, Van den Bosch; or it may be simply Van der Stell's bush. Tulbagh was known as Wavren after the family of Van der Stell's mother, until in 1804 the name was changed in memory of the popular governor Ryk Van Tulbagh. Swellendam takes its name from Van Swellengrebel, governor in 1739; Plettenberg Bay from Baron Van Plettenberg, who set up a beacon there in 1778. Oudtshoorn is a memorial of the family of Baron Van Rheede Van Oudtshoorn, who died on his voyage to the Cape as governor in 1773. Graaff-Reinet (1785) is a lasting record of the union between

Governor Van der Graaf, and Reynet his wife. From Governor Janssens and Commissioner Van der Mist in 1803, we have Jansenville and Uitenhage, the latter being the title of a barony held by Van der Mist in Holland. One of the Cape Town defences, the Chavonne Battery, derives its name from Mauritz Pasques, Marquess de Chavonnes, a French refugee nobleman who was governor in 1714; as the Imhoff is called after Baron Imhoff, Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies, who called at the Cape in 1742. Mossel Bay is said to owe its name not to the abundance of shell fish, but to a visit from Admiral Mossel, another Governor of Dutch India.

The Earl of Caledon (1807) is the first English Governor after whom a town has been called, the old name of Zwartberg, under which Caledon was founded in 1811, being changed in 1813. Cradock should be spelt Caradoc, from Sir John Cradock, afterwards Lord Howden, whose family claims to be descended from the renowned British Chief, Caractacus. No Governor has left more mark upon South African nomenclature than Lord Charles Somerset. We have two Somersets, East and West; three Beauforts, West, Fort, and Port Beauforts, after his father, the Duke of Beaufort; and Worcester (1816) from the Duke's second title, borne by courtesy by the eldest son, Marquess of Worcester. Sir Rufane Donkin, acting Governor in 1820, gave the Christian name of his wife, who had recently died in India, to the small group of huts on the shores of Algoa Bay, where now stands the South African Liverpool, Port Elizabeth; and there is a Donkin's Bay on the West coast of the Colony. From Sir Lowry and Lady Frances Cole we have, besides Sir Lowry's Pass (1829), Colesberg (1830), Port Frances, and Malmesbury, after Lady Frances' father, the first Earl of Malmesbury. Sirs Benjamin D'Urban, Andries Stockenstrom, and George Napier, have the villages of D'Urban and Napier, and the district of Stockenstrom in their honour.

Sir Peregrine Maitland had left us only an obscure village, but his wife was a daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond, and it may be to this fact that we owe our Midland Richmond. In the Colony there is no village called after Sir Harry Smith, though over the borders there are Smithfield and Harrismith, but his birthplace and other places in England with which he was intimately connected, and his victory over the Sikhs are commemorated in Whittlesea, Ely, Woburn, and in Aliwal South and North; there is also a village of Ladysmith in the Riversdale district, and another at Natal. The fame of Sir George Cathcart has been tardily acknowledged by the recent establishment of the village of Cathcart. Darling in the Malmesbury district takes its name from Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Darling, Lieutenant Governor in 1852. The long and popular rule of Sir George Grey is inadequately represented by the small villages of Greyton in the Caledon district, Grey*kerk* (to keep Coles*berg* in countenance) in the Stockenstrom, and two Ladigreys in Robertson

and Aliwal North districts. The division of Wodehouse, and the village of Barkly in that division, and Barkly at the Diamond-fields close the list with the late and present Governors of the Colony. The Lieutenant-Governorship of Sir John Maclean, when British Kaffraria was a separate colony, has given us Maclean near East London.

5. Besides our own rulers, *leading men* in European history or politics, in the world of religion and of science, or in local influence, have also contributed to our South African nomenclature. The theology of the founders of Calvinia is at once proclaimed. The division of Herschel is at present our only tribute to science. Wellington and Wolseley are our only villages named after great military commanders. Bathurst, founded in 1821, when Lord Bathurst was Secretary of State for the Colonies, Newcastle, after the late Duke also Secretary for the Colonies, and Carnarvon after the present Secretary for the Colonies, represent English statesmen. The villages of Wilberforce and Buxton represent the philanthropists of the slave emancipation period. Coming to local names of repute we have Graham's Town, so called in 1812 by the Governor, to show his respect for Colonel Graham, "through whose able exertions the Kafirs had been expelled from the Zuurveldt." Forts Willshire, Peddie, and Hare, after Colonel Willshire, Peddie, and Hare, commanding on the Frontier in 1819, 1835, and 1847; the Cowie, after Dr. Cowie, District Surgeon of Albany in 1828. Wooldridge and Stutterheim are named after officers of the German Legion, and Frankfort, Weisbaden, and Potsdam, and Panmure are also associated with the time of that military settlement in 1857. Montagu preserves the memory of one of our ablest Colonial Secretaries. Hope Town, established in 1853, and Hopefield, derive their names from Major Hope, sometime Auditor-General. Riversdale was founded when Mr. Rivers, afterwards Treasurer-General, was Landdrost of the parent district of Swellendam. Porterville, after the ex-Attorney-General, and Molteno after the Colonial Secretary, bring us down to the present day. Stanford and Hawton in the Caledon district, are named respectively after Sir Robert Stanford, on whose property the village was built, and Mr. Haw, a Civil Commissioner of the district. I am not certain whether Seymour (Eland's Post) should come in here, in memory of Lieutenant Colonel Charles Seymour, of the Scot's Fusilier Guards, killed at Inkerman, who served on the Frontier as Military Secretary to Sir G. Cathcart. Among local celebrities, ministers of the Dutch church, and of other religious bodies have also influenced our nomenclature. Robertson, Pearston, Murraysburg, Fraserburg, and Sutherland recall the names of the ministers of Swellendam (now of Cape Town), Somerset East, Graaff-Reinet, Beaufort, and Worcester. Pacaltsdorp, Phillip's Town, Readsdale, and others take their names from missionaries of the London Missionary Society. Lovedale is called after the late Dr. Love of Glasgow. Other places in this class bear

the names of colonial families on whose properties or through whose influence villages have been established. Such are most of our "dorps." Bredasdorp, Villiersdorp, Calitzdorp, Humansdorp, Maasdorp (the "dorp" was in this case part of the name), and also Steynsburg. Clanwilliam, established in 1813 by a Captain William, under the patronage of the Earl of Clanwilliam, and Blanco, established by Mr. White, are also records of founders. Willowmoore is a singular combination of natural features, or rather *a* natural feature, and a local celebrity. It is said to be named after a solitary willow tree which graces the spot, and Mr. Moore, the owner of the property.

6. Another class comprises names *borrowed directly from places in Europe or other continents.* We have Aberdeen, Alexandria, Bedford, Berlin, Cambridge, Dordrecht, Hamburgh, Hanover, Heidelberg, East London, Middelburg, Philadelphia, and Waterford; besides those names which have come to us through the influence of governors and others, such as Caledon, Somerset, Bathurst, Wellington. The Postmaster-General in his last report on the postal service, presented to Parliament in 1876, suggests that "in all cases where towns in the Colony are named after places in the mother or other countries, the words 'Cape Colony' should be added to the address, as it occasionally happens that letters intended for places in this Colony are, in the hurry of business, when posted on the days the mails for England are being made up, by mistake included in those mails." A similar postal inconvenience is, I believe, experienced in Canada and the United States, where they have borrowed more freely and more ambitiously from the Old World. It certainly seems more natural to suppose that a letter addressed *e.g.*, "Philadelphia," should be destined for the seat of the Centennial Exhibition, than for a little hamlet in the Cape Division.

Missionaries are responsible for the occurrence of the Hebrew element in our place names. Ebenezer, Elim, Enon, Goshen, Peniel, Salem, Saron, Shiloh, Zoar, and worst of all Bethelsdorp. Genadendal (Gracedale) is much more appropriate. The Berlin mission stations of Amalienstein and Anhaltschmidt, are called after a benefactress (Amalie Von Stein), and a missionary (Schmidt of Anhalt) of that society.

7. In the last class I would enumerate the few villages which keep in their names *records of former events or circumstances.* Piquetberg takes its name from a mountain upon which "when Governor Goske made war on the Gonnemas in 1615, he made merry and then placed pickets." Fransche Hoek identifies the neighbourhood in which the French refugees of 1685—1688 were allowed to settle. Uniondale is the union of two proposed villages, Lyon and Hopedale. Burghersdorp is the village founded as a civil and ecclesiastical centre by the burghers of a large and once remote district. Avontuur may have been the *adventure* (for that is the meaning of the name, and not as might be supposed *avond-uur*—evening hour) of some

enterprising speculator in the Long Kloof, or the scene of some hair-breadth escape. Waterloo Bay is, I am informed, called after "the schooner *Waterloo*, which landed supplies near the Fish River Mouth in 1847, when the troops were hard pressed for provisions. The schooner was wrecked at Cawood's Bay, in 1848, and the post was abandoned in 1849, but the name is still retained."

In this article the place names of the Cape Colony only have been considered, but it will, I think, be found that the principles herein sketched are also those upon which the nomenclature of the sister colony in Natal, and of the neighbouring Republics has been, and is still, proceeding. Nor does it seem too much to affirm that our topographical nomenclature preserves traces of the historical changes which have passed over the land. In the remaining native names we have a record of the fact that hordes of savages were once the inhabitants of the country, but were driven back before, or absorbed by, European civilization, and their language perished. Thus there is only one name compounded of a native with an European word. Next from the occurrence of Portuguese words along the coast (Voltas, L'Agulhas, Saldanha, Algoa, &c.) we might infer that the Portuguese at an early date made discoveries on these shores, but did not establish any permanent settlement in the country. Then comes the Dutch colonization of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the spread of the Dutch colonists throughout the length and breadth of the land, establishing towns and villages, and giving Dutch names to rivers, mountains, and plains. Even the arrival of the French emigrants and their gradual absorption into the prevailing Dutch element are recorded in such names as Franschehoek, Villiersdorp, Du Toit's Pan. There are no purely French place-names in the Colony. And finally the English conquest and colonization, and the prevalence of English speech and English ideas, though long dwelling side by side with the Dutch, are written in no doubtful characters in the translation of many Dutch names, in such words as Colesberg, and in the immense preponderance of English names over the Dutch.

In conclusion, I would draw the attention of those who are concerned in giving names to new places to an important paragraph bearing upon nomenclature in the report of the Postmaster-General, which has already been quoted. "By a very objectionable practice, and one which from a post office point of view cannot be sufficiently deprecated, it has become customary to confer the same name on two places, situated both in this Colony, or one in this Colony and the other in one of the adjoining states. The latest instances of the kind are *Vensterburg*, near Burghersdorp, in this Colony, and *Vensterburg* in the Orange Free State. *Barkly* in the division of Wodehouse, and *Barkly* in the Diamond-fields. Instances of an older date are *Lady Grey* in Aliwal North, and *Lady Grey* in Robertson. *Durban* in Cape division, and *Durban* in Natal. The missending of correspondence occasioned by this similarity in names has been a most

fruitful source of annoyance, inconvenience, and loss, for which, in the absence of anything distinctive in the address to indicate definitely the place intended, the post office authorities are scarcely to be blamed so much as the thoughtlessness shown in the naming of places, or in the want of care, under these circumstances, in the address of correspondence."

Riversdale.

The Garden Colony of South Africa.

NATAL has had the good fortune to be placed and kept continually before the English public, by attractive descriptions of its natural features, productions, industrial conditions and prospects. Holden, Grout, Robinson, and Mann have each contributed pictures of the Colony, which have diffused information and drawn attention to it as an important and promising dependency of the Empire. But the most readable work of this kind we have meet with is Mr. Henry Brook's "History and Discription of Natal," recently published.* The volume is pleasantly written, and just such an one as might be expected from an old colonist, with an observant turn of mind, and partial to the country of his adoption.

The first chapter is devoted to the geographical position and character of Natal; and in it we recognise the masterly hand of the editor, Dr. Mann, to whom the author worthily acknowledges his thanks. The garden colony of South Africa, which so captivated the far-travelled eye of Major Butler, is described in all its various characteristics—inland, upland, and coast-land—with its vast maze of rolling and divaricated hills, and countless ravines and water-streams running between. In consequence of the abrupt and steep gradient of the land, the rivers in Natal have a lively, and even a rapid flow almost everywhere, and are encumbered with rapids and cascades at every turn. In very many parts of their course they are veritable mountain torrents surging through rock-encumbered channels. There is nothing approaching to a navigable stream throughout. Even the coast streams are generally one thousand feet high at a distance of ten or twelve miles from the sea. It is chiefly in the coast-land, however, that those soft and sylvan scenes are found which captivate the visitor. "The coast-road, as it traverses river-valley after river-valley, continually passes through picturesque spots that very closely resemble the dales of Derbyshire in England; the stream itself rushing down from gorges of sandstone rock, and leaping along through rock-encumbered channels, and the road then climbing from

* "NATAL: History and Description of the Colony." By HENRY BROOKS, for many years a resident there. Edited by Dr. R. J. Mann, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., late Superintendent of Education in Natal. London: L. Reeve & Co., 1876.

the river by a sinuous course along ledges and slopes covered with evergreens, which in some parts are so beautifully distributed by nature as almost to suggest the park scenery of England. Along the gorges of the rivers, however, the tufted aloes, and the grotesque forms of the succulent-stemmed and leafless euphorbias, upon the rocky banks, with the not unfrequent glimpses of waving sugar-cane upon the gentler hills, at once impress upon the eye the fact that the land is one which basks in more abundant sunshine than that of England."

The chapter on geology is principally culled from the observations of Dr. Sutherland whose intimate knowledge of Natal is sufficient guarantee for their correctness. The coal deposits, it appears to us, scarcely receive so much attention as their importance deserves; their value, however, will be more apparent as the railways, now under construction, approach them. The peculiar formation known as the "claystone porphry" of A. G. Bain,—the trap conglomerate of Wylie,—the Dwyka conglomerate of Dunn,—and "boulder-clay" of Dr. Sutherland, extends into Natal, and for purposes of observation, it is said, is much better developed there than in the Cape Colony. Specimens of it, supplied by Dr. Sutherland, were submitted in 1870 to Professor Ramsay, who expressed his opinion that the formation is of glacial character and of analogous nature to the great Scandinavian drift; that it is, in fact, formed of the rocky fragments brought down from the surrounding mountains by glacier streams. How this conglomerate became spread over so extensive an area by such an agency is one of those puzzles which geologists have yet to make clear.

The granites, the sandstones and traps forming the rock-foundations of the land are noticed at some length; and in connection with the occurrence of the igneous rocks it is surmised that some of the sheets are probably penetrated by newer intrusions of similar matter —an interesting example of which occurs close to Meek's store, near to the north-boundary of Natal. There is also a passing sketch and view of the Diamond-fields and the Kimberley mine introduced, and a theory is advanced as to the formation of diamonds, identical with that of our contributor "A. E. M." The author says:—

"Mr. Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal, believes that the diamonds have really come up from the fumeroles or subterranean chimneys, which have poured up the basalt that forms the basement of the hills; and he conceives that all these basalt-mounds or koppies, are properly but the funnel-shaped summits of such fumeroles filled up with the drifted conglomerate. He also indulges in a very ingenious and notable scientific fancy as to the possible origin of the sparkling gem. He thinks that carbonic acid, which is known to be liquified by a pressure of forty atmospheres or 1,400 feet of water, bubbling up through these fumeroles when they were at the bottom of the deep sea, contributed the "coagulated unctuous substance" of

Newton's generalization, and that the diamonds are, so to speak, crystallized tears of carbonic acid, wept by the fumeroles of the old subaqueous volcanoes. Mr. Shepstone points to the fact that fragments of microscopic water-plants and splinters of ferruginous quartz are said to be found in the diamond as a strong argument in favour of his view that the diamond is formed under water, and that it is liquid, or a "coagulated unctuous substance" in its first form; and he holds that the pebbles and various fragmentary minerals with which it is frequently associated are not essential and unvarying concomitants of its presence, but subsequent and accidental additions, diamonds and pebbles having been transported by water, and deposited together in convenient catchment positions."

The climatic phenomena of Natal, and the Flora and Fauna have each a chapter devoted to them. The meteorological tables and notes are elaborate, and so arranged and combined as to convey much useful information at a glance. The variety of indigenous vegetable productions and the infinite beauty of leaf and flower to be found there, are both described and illustrated. Mammalian life is not very abundant, but the reptiles are numerous. The largest of the snakes —the Python (a true boa-constrictor)—is entirely harmless to man, and only formidable to animals that are within its capacity of swallow. Not so the one known by its native designation the "imamba," a coast serpent, and a dweller in the bush, which has the reputation of attacking on its own account, and of pursuing, when not itself assailed.

The author gives an account of a single combat with one of these aggressive and formidable serpents, as narrated by one of the parties to the duel,—Mr. Lindley, the well-known and highly esteemed American missionary, who resided so long at the mission station near the Inanda. He was riding with a friend in the wild neighbourhood of this station when he came suddenly upon a fine specimen of the "imamba," who put up his head and looked at him with an air that the reverend missionary sworn "to do battle with the serpent" could not brook. He accordingly dismounted from his horse and advanced towards the snake, although he had not even "a sling and a stone" in his hand, or, indeed, any weapon more formidable than a light umbrella. The snake seemed at first taken aback by his impudence, and turned to give him a further examination before he proceeded to extremities, when he was further nonplussed by Mr. Lindley opening his umbrella and presenting it before him as a shield. The snake and the missionary then warily dodged at each other from side to side, until at last the snake lost its temper, and so gave advantage to its cool adversary, who thereupon, seeing his opportunity, brought down a hugh fragment of an ant-heap lying at hand from above the edge of the umbrella, upon the head of the serpent and immediately after had his triumphant foot planted upon the neck of his prostrate and stunned antagonist. He must for the instant have presented a very significant "living tableau," considering what the profession of the reverend gentleman was on the

one hand, and what the symbolical reputation on the other of the vanquished combatant.

In a sketch of the progress and prospects of the Colony, the circumstances of the sugar-growing industry is reviewed at length. We find that "the plantations are entirely confined to a belt of land that lies at a low level, and within from a dozen to twenty miles from the sea. The main coast road, both northwards and southwards therefore runs through the heart of these plantations. The most suitable land, however, does not extend continuously throughout the entire length of the coast district, but is scattered in patches, which are capriciously intermingled with unsuitable tracts, and which therefore requires to be picked out with some technical knowledge and judgment. The cane, nevertheless, thrives quite as well upon the slopes of low hils as upon the actual plain. The chief localities that are engaged in the manufacture of sugar on the tract of coast north-east of the port are, the Umgeni Valley, and the Compensation Flats, the Umhlanga and Umhloti, Victoria and the Tongaat, the Umhlali and Umvoti, and New Guelderland, beyond the latter river; and in the opposite direction the Isipingo, the lower Umkomanzi, and the Umzinto and Ifafa districts. Many of the mills which are now in operation in the Colony are of large power, and of the most perfect coustruction and finish. There have been exceptional instances in which four tons of sugar have been made from an acre of cane, and there was a time when Natal sugar sold for £40 the ton. The average yield of the plantations at the present time is stated to be about a ton and a half per acre, with a price varying from £17 to £19 per ton.

"The natives in some instances take to the work of the plantations, and make useful hands when they can be induced to apply themselves continuously and steadily; but they are so obstinately averse to engagements for prolonged terms of service, and are so capricious and fitful in their habits where labour is concerned, that it has been found absolutely necessary to introduce Indian coolies for the cultivation of the plantations. These coolies are brought from Madras and Bombay under engagements for five years' service, and at the expiration of their term are either sent back to India, or are allowed to settle in the Colony. There were nearly 4,200 Indian coolies in Natal at the time of the last official return, and the sanction of the Secretary of State has recently been given for a material increase of their numbers.

"The average yield of sugar upon thirteen well-managed plantations in Natal is found at the present time to be from one and a quarter to two tons per acre; the percentage of juice procured from the cane varying from 50 to 70; the density of the expressed juice by Beamue's saccharometer varying from 7° to 11°; and the quantity of dry sugar yielded from each gallon of juice amounting to from one ounce to one ounce and four-fifths. The price realised for the sugar varies from £20 10s. to £21 15s. the ton, and the vacuum-pan sugar of one estate has realised £26 per ton. It has been remarked that

plantations near the sea have a considerably less dense juice than those which are situated further inland, the difference being in extreme instances so much that in one case 2,800 gallons of juice are required to make each ton of sugar, while in the other instance 1,700 gallons are enough."

"The great advantage that the sugar planter has hitherto enjoyed in Natal has been the comparative cheapness of land, and the presence of a certain amount of very low-priced native labour. The cost of land, as a matter of course, has always borne an inverse ratio to its distance from the port. An addition of thirty-five miles has hitherto increased the cost of transport of the sugar as much as £2 per ton. In the remote districts, towards the Tregela, or the Umzimkulu land on this account can be had for 30s. an acre, which would cost £5 an acre within a few miles of Durban. Sugar-land has, however, recently been sold within a few miles of Durban at prices varying from £13 to £22 per acre."

There is one notable matter brought prominently before us in this volume in connection with the general prospects and social character of the Colony. We refer to the fact that since its settlement in 1840 the black population has increased eleven-fold—that is, from 25,000 to 280,000, whilst the white population has increased rather less than threefold—that is, from 6,000 to 17,000. Mr. Brooks says:—

"It does not need any large measure of penetrative sagacity, or any very deep acquaintance with the past history of the world, to lead thoughtful observers to the conclusion that some great change is imminent in the social arrangements and conditions of the Colony. It may fairly be held by philanthropic men that an opportunity of unparalled interest and moment occurs in Natal, for the social experiment of the constitution of a prosperous society of mingled white and black constituents; but it is beyond all question that that experiment cannot, and will not, be tried under the existing circumstances of a large and ever increasing horde of almost unprogressive barbarians living indolent, unclad, and uneducated by the side of an energetic labour loving, and supereminently progressive Saxon race. By the mere natural progress of events, under such circumstances, one or the other of the antagonistic constituents must go to the wall. Either the small European contingents of the colonisation must be swallowed up in the mere physical regurgitation of black barbarism; —the black barbarism must move out of the way of the restless expansiveness of the white men;—or again this larger constituent must accomplish the still more desirable but infinitely more difficult task of abandoning its barbarism, and of becoming part and parcel of the industrial and civilised organisation of the community."

In the solution of this problem lies the whole future of Natal. Let us hope that a country so profusely strewn with Nature's gifts, will be wisely governed, and that laying aside all pseudo-philanthropy, measures will be devised to improve and raise the native population in the scale of society, by an intelligent and prudent direction of their industrial energies.

The Journal of a Voor-Trekker.

THE exodus from the Cape Colony of the primitive colonial Boers, and their early struggles with the barbarian forces of Dingaan and Moselkatze, form the most remarkable episodes in South African history. By the courage and hardiness of these men, the power and prestige of the Zulu despots, who had spread devastation among the native population, from the borders of Kafirland to the Limpopo, were scattered to the winds; and that this work was effectually performed is sufficiently attested by the fact that the Zulus have never again attempted war upon their white neighbours. The foremost of those emigrants have passed away; and their place has been taken by others who have followed up and entered into possession of the fruits of their labours, but who, if judged by recent events, appear to lack much of the bravery and endurance which distinguished their pioneer countrymen.

There were heroines, as well as heroes, among the "Voor-Trekkers." During the sanguinary engagements with the Zulus in Natal, many of the women ran the gauntlet of the enemy in carrying powder and shot, and encouraging the men in their gallant exploits. One of them has left a record of the occurrences which befel some of the party, during their wanderings from the Cape into the Interior, giving a very quaint but graphic description of the hardships they endured in those stormy days. The following is a translation of the document, which is entitled "Gedenkschrift of Journaal van onzen Uittocht uit ons Moderland tot hier an Port Natal":—

This record is written for the sake of my relations, children, and grandchildren, now still residing in the Interior, in order that they may know for what reason their parents and grandparents have forsaken their mother-country, and what anxiety and anguish, grief and pain, destitution and distress, by reason both of foes and of fire have befallen us and have been the cause of many a sad sigh and bitter tear, whilst nevertheless amidst these trying circumstances we were being guided and guarded by our faithful God and Father.

The reasons for which we abandoned our lands and homesteads, our country and kindred, were the following:—

1. The continual depredations and robberies of the Kafirs, and their arrogance and overbearing conduct; and the fact that, in spite of the fine promises made to us by our Government, we nevertheless received no compensation for the property of which we were despoiled.

2. The shameful and unjust proceedings with reference to the freedom of our slaves; and yet it is not so much their freedom that drove us to such lengths as their being placed on an equal footing with Christians, contrary to the laws of God and the natural distinction of race and religion, so that it was intolerable for any decent Christian to bow down beneath such a yoke; wherefore we rather withdrew in order thus better to preserve our doctrines in purity.

3. But it is unnecessary to mention anything further just now about these questions, as I am aware that you are acquainted with these matters, but I shall rather relate to you what occurred to us on our expedition.

Two bodies of people had left before us. The foremost were the Taljaards and Liebenbergs, among whom the first sad massacre was perpetrated by the great Kafir King, Massilikatzi. At this battle Potgieter, with forty men, defeated fully a thousand Kafirs, but we were not ourselves in that band [laager]. The rumours of this massacre, however, were the cause of our leaving the Colony all the sooner, in order to hasten to the assistance of our brethren. The massacre committed by Massilikatzi took place on the 2nd of September, 1836. Another troop, under the leadership of G. M. Maritz, as well as my aged father, François Retief, departed from the Colony on the 15th of November, 1836, and I and my family had to stay behind as my husband was very ill; but on the 5th May, 1837, we also left the Colony, alone with our children, servants, four wagons, and cattle. Our departure from Zeekoe River was accompanied by many troubles; for I had a sick husband and a sick child to attend to, and was myself suffering from a bad cold. The most difficult part of all still was that we had to bury our lead and gunpowder underground every day, and to send for them by night with a wagon. The reason of this was that we had a great deal of ammunition, and there was a prohibition against leaving with it. At length with much trouble and great danger we crossed the Orange River, and there I offered my thanks to God, because thus far He had helped us. Then, to our misfortune we arrived amongst the Bastards, who received us very brutally, saying they had the right and orders to rob and despoil us of everything; for this tribe has since long ago been known as the greatest thieves and robbers in the world. Our servants deserted us, and the girls, although weak and delicate were obliged to drive and lead the wagons, nay, even to drive the cattle on through all these ungovernable tribes. Our company was not increased; we were only with four wagons; nevertheless we continued cheerful, cherishing the hope of better days, consoling our hearts and longing for gladder times. We had, however, still to travel through two kinds of Bastards, namely, the Korannas and Boschjesmen, with the loss of a number of our horses and cattle. With joy and gladness we reached the Riet River, and there we found a multitude of people, who were the first Christians whom we had seen on our long journey. Here we delayed twenty days on account of my husband being too ill to proceed further on the journey; but scarcely was he better when we set out with our four wagons. Then we came into a desolate country, without any wood or manure (for fuel), where the grass was so high that we could hardly find the children and the cattle. Here also we had bitterly cold weather and heavy rains.

At last we reached King Morokko, and the Kafirs came to meet us by hundreds, surrounding our four wagons like two walls. At the Mission House we delayed a little, and the Great King Moshesh with his servant and the clerk of Morokko came to look whether we had any slaves or apprentices by us, in order to take them away from us. After we left Morokko we had to experience severe trials, as we could find no road, and for that reason we had to wander hither and thither, and could find no one to show us the right way and give us instructions, but we saw abandoned kraals and encampments, and our cattle died in large numbers, and above all we were in a country destitute of wood, but full of deserted

kraals, and here and there heaps of bones of tribes murdered and destroyed by Masselikatzi. Here there was abundance of game of all kinds.

At length after four months' travelling we reached Sand River, but as we were quite on the wrong road, my son rode forward on horseback to see whether he could find anybody to show us the way, and to our great joy he succeeded on the 24th August, 1838, to meet people, and on the 25th I was delivered of my youngest child. Herein I perceived the truth of the word of the Lord, that when our needs are sorest He is nearest. Nevertheless, we had not yet found the formed company of which Maritz was the leader, nor my father, but three days after the birth of my child (on the 28th), Commandant Potgieter proceeded on his journey with his company, and then we all came together.

It was, however, still too troublesome for us to travel forward with so many people, and for that reason we were compelled to pass through a burning country, where we were in great anxiety lest our children should be burnt.

A number of our cattle, and of others, whole herds, were burnt. In the course of our journey we travelled through the country of two kinds of Bastards, Korannas, Bushmen, Morokko, and Moshesh. Now we had to go through the country of the great Massilikatzi, but as his power had been broken by Mr. Maritz, we had nothing to fear from him.

When we had the Sinkoenyella behind us we met Mr. Piet Retief in the neighbourhood of Drakensberg, with the first emigrants, as well as my aged father, François Retief and the Rev. Mr. Smit; this caused us great joy, as we had in the first-mentioned some one to execute our existing laws, and in the last-mentioned a minister to give instruction in God's Word, to administer baptism and the Holy Sacrament, so that our religious service flourished. Every Sunday and every evening there were public services, and this made our journey through the wilderness pleasant, seeing that the Lord had not forsaken us.

Mr. Maritz had gone on with a part of the emigrants, but we soon after left under the command of Mr. Retief, as far as the Great Drakensberg, and from there Mr. Retief departed with five men for King Dingaan, to get the land from him by purchase or by exchange, and in this he succeeded. I must now also relate to you something about Sinkoenyella. Whilst we remained on the Drakensberg, Sinkoenyella was found guilty of theft and robbery, for he had sent his people on horseback, with guns and clothed, to Dingaan, to steal cattle. We were not aware of this, but when Mr. Retief came to the king, the latter asking him whether he was not afraid to visit himself as he had stolen his, the king's, cattle? Mr. Retief replied, "No, I have not done so." "Then," said the king, "You have fired on my people; they tell me it is the Maloenkos (white persons) who did it." After Mr. Retief had cleared himself of guilt, Dingaan entertained him in a friendly manner. This was mere hypocrisy, as you will see from the sequel.

Mr. Retief then started for the Bay. When he left King Dingaan, the latter gave him two chieftains and some of his people to see whether any of his cattle were with Sinkoenyella. Mr. Retief then rode with the Kafirs and a portion of his men to Sinkoenyella and found the cattle with him, and delivered them to the two chieftains to hand them over to the king.

With great difficulty we passed over the Drakensberg, and we encamped

before the Great Tugela, where the emigrants under Mr. Maritz had collected together. Then the Council resolved that Mr. Retief, after having convinced the king of the above-mentioned robberies, should go to acquire the land from him, which was done. He left us, accompanied by sixty-three men and three children besides the "after-riders."

When Mr Retief came to the king, the latter willingly gave him, as he had found the cattle at Sinkoenyclla's, the country from the Tugela to the Umzimvubu, as a present, according to the contract that was afterwards found with the persons who were murdered. Nevertheless, all the friendliness of Dingaan proves that he intended carrying out a cruel and fearful murderous design, which he actually accomplished on the 11th February by the tyrannical murder of Mr. Retief and sixty-six other men; and on the 17th February the Kafirs attacked us also. O, dreadful, dreadful night, wherein so much martyr-blood was shed, and two hundred innocent children, ninety-five women and thirty-three men were slain and hurled into awful eternity by the assegais of those blood-thirsty heathens. Excluding our servants, the number was over four hundred souls. Oh! it was almost unbearable for flesh and blood to behold the frightful spectacle the following morning. In one wagon were found fifty dead, and blood flowed from the seam of the tent-sail down to the lowest.

Ah! how awful it was to look upon all those dead and wounded. The following day we fled altogether to another encampment on Doornkop, between the Tugela and the Bushman's River. The massacre was perpetrated between Blaauwkrans and Bushman's River. Mr. Maritz was at Doornkop with the first emigrants. The Kafirs came in in force in the day-time, but were gallantly attacked and driven off by Mr. Maritz, and as the river was full and the Kafirs had to go across, a large number were killed, so that the water ran as red as blood.

I must also tell you, my dear children, how it was that the Kafirs could so easily perpetrate the massacre that night. It was on account of disobedience and imprudence; the greater portion of the people also were on the mission and others engaged in buffalo-hunting; others, moreover, were on the road to the Drakensberg to assist their families in coming down; so that the Kafirs found the women and children, one may say, quite alone, and sleeping peacefully. Mr. Retief had cautioned us at Doornkop to remain by each other till he came back, as he was ill at ease: he also wrote to us afterwards that we should not separate from each other; but the trouble we had with the cattle obliged many to proceed down the river with their families in small troops. We were alone, feeling secure and contented. Mr. Retief left his wife at Doornkop with Mr. Smit, and the Kafirs did not come there.

The day after our arrival there the wounded, the women and children who were left, came, some on foot, others on horseback, and a portion in wagons.

Our Field-commandant, Mr. Piet Greyling, carefully provisioned and strengthened our encampment. He also took back our cattle from the Kafirs; that is to say, our sheep, as the oxen were across the river, which was full.

The commandant had the dead buried, and the wounded attended to. On all sides one saw tears flowing and heard people weeping by the plundered wagons, painted with blood; tents and beds torn to shreds;

pregnant women and little children had to walk for hours together, bearing the signs of their hasty flight. Oh, how weary and fatigued were those women and children, and how terrible it was to see unborn infants rent asunder by the murderous Kafirs. When the women came up to us, they fell upon their knees and thanked God for their deliverance out of the hands of the cruel tyrant. In our encampment there was nothing but lamentation and weeping. Every day we had to bury the dead bodies of the wounded. This spectacle and the terrible circumstances cannot be described by my pen.

In April our encampment was at Blaauwkrans; there Field-commandant, Piet Uys, arrived. He went out with a commando and perished with ten other men on the 10th of May. The men who betrayed us, Stubbs and Blanckenberg, also went out on a marauding expedition to the Bay at the same time that our commando left, but the Kafirs flew round and murdered seventeen Englishmen, a number of Natal Kafirs, and also Stubbs; so that our betrayers had fallen into their own toils.

Thereafter our whole force was assembled at the Blaauwkrans River. Oh! my children, to live in so great a "laager" of about a thousand wagons is hard, and it is injurious for the cattle. In July our "laager" went as far as the Bushman's River. Listen now, my children, to my sad misfortunes:—

On the second February your beloved youngest sister died. On the 11th February the commission was murdered, amongst whom were my uncle Retief, his two sons, and other relations. On the 17th February the great massacre occurred. On the 10th of May, Piet Uys, with ten of his men perished. On the 23rd July, your dear father died, and many others of our nearest relations and acquaintances. The last cases of death were possibly caused by the dampness of our encampment, for nearly every day we had rain, and we could wear no shoes on account of the mud.

On the 10th of August we were again attacked by the Kafirs at Bushman's River. Their bands were stretched out by thousands as far as the eye could see. It was a terrible sight to witness; I cannot describe their number, for one would have thought that entire heathendom had gathered together to destroy us; but thanks and praise are due to the Lord, who so wonderfully has rescued us out of the hands of our numberless and blood-thirsty foes and granted us the victory. Their foremost band wore clothes, and had the guns of the killed, and swarmed down upon us whilst the others surrounded us. Our number of fighting men was considerably diminished, for one portion was with Maritz at Tugela, and another portion had gone ahead to Port Natal; so that our strength consisted only of two Field-commandants and two Field-cornets, with their men. The names of the Field-commandants and Field-cornets were Joachim Prinsloo, Jacobus Potgieter, Johannes du Plessis, and Johannes de Lange. Thirty of Du Plessis' men and also a portion of Prinsloo's were with our cattle at Drakensberg, so that we had only a few men capable of bearing arms in our "laager," and the heathen had entirely overwhelmed us had God suffered them to do so. Now you may imagine, my dear children, in what a state of anxiety we women were when we beheld the onslaught of the enemy. The majority of the women consisted of widows and orphans. For we could not fancy that so few people could obtain the

victory ; but the Lord strengthened us and weakened our enemies. The Kafirs rushed down upon us in a circle, to almost within range of our guns. Then they attacked us at different points, so that our men were obliged to walk one behind the other to shoot down the enemy now at one and then at another corner of the encampment. We had arranged our cannon so that they could not break into it. The Kafirs kept us busy for two days and two nights, and constantly fired upon us ; but not one of our men received any injury from their bullets ; and seeing that a multitude of theirs were killed in that conflict and that they were severally defeated, they left us with a war song and fired charges (?) as far as we could hear them. The second day our men went in pursuit of them with the view of recovering our cattle, but the horses were too few and also too much famished in the encampment ; so that they were obliged to return, and the enemy retained our cattle ; but we thanked God with one accord for the preservation of our lives, with the exception of the loss of one man, who was murdered whilst with his sheep, and my faithful female slave who had fled from the encampment. After this occurrence we departed for the Tugela, as Maritz wished his men to get out of the mountain. We, however, remained by each other six months. In the meanwhile your brother François Marthinus Hattingh had left for the Interior in order to collect a commando and also to get horses in order to take away our cattle from the enemy, for there was famine amongst those who had been ruined by the enemy, but we assisted each other until we were entirely deprived of means of subsistence.

I was also married a second time to a stranger, a widower, called Thomas Engenaar Steenecamp. Mr. Maritz died ; Mr. Retief had been murdered ; Mr. Uys had been slain. All our leaders had been killed, and we were as sheep without a shepherd. On the 10th November, 1838, my son arrived with his uncle, Andries W. J. Pretorius, who was then by the general vote appointed head commandant. He thereupon collected a commando and had a fight with the Kafirs. Through God's blessing the Kafirs sustained a defeat, whilst a large number of them perished, and five of our men were killed. After the battle we left the Tugela in January, 1839, and arrived here at Pietermaritzburg.

I must tell you what occurred to me on this last journey :—

We left on the 20th of January, and on the 23rd of the same month my son François Marthinus Hattingh was killed by lightning during a violent thunderstorm, whilst he was with his cattle, at the age of twenty-eight years, and left a widow and two children behind to deplore his loss. Oh, what a hard blow it was for me and our whole family when he was snatched away by death ! He was a peaceful man, respected and esteemed by everyone and deplored by all ; but the hand of the Lord doth what *He* willeth, and with death there is no respect of persons.

Since our arrival here we lived a whole year still in "laagers," and in the last of them a sad misfortune occurred to us :—On the 28th August, 1839, at nine o'clock in the evening, our encampment caught fire through a little servant girl lighting a candle, and some had already gone to bed when the fire broke out, but we were still busy teaching our children. Suddenly a cry was raised of "Kafirs !" and we did not think otherwise than that our enemies had put the encampment on fire. As soon as the first house stood in flames all the rest also caught fire. The "laagers"

were plentifully supplied with lead and gunpowder, for our father Steenecamp alone had a barrel containing six hundred pounds of powder, and the other houses were full of the same article, so that it was very dangerous to remain within the encampment. I fled with my twelve children out of the gate, as I was afraid of the fire and the reported Kafirs, and went as far as the first hollow ; further I could not go. Afterwards the other women followed me, and there we remained until the fire was burnt out. Then I received information who the persons were who had perished in the fire ; and people also told me that my husband was amongst that number ; but this message gave me no anxiety, as I thought that it was impossible that the whole of us should have our lives spared. That night I had still more terrible thoughts ; it was, in short, like unto the Day of Judgment ; and the words of St. Peter occurred to my mind, where he says : "*The day of the Lord shall come as a thief in the night, in which the heavens and the earth shall pass away with a loud noises and the elements shall burn and be destroyed, and the earth and the works which are within it shall be burnt.*" The most terrible part still that night, was to see when the gunpowder caught fire, and the pieces of the wagon around us flew about in all directions. As soon as the danger was passed, we betook ourselves again to the "laager" to assist the injured and bury the dead. When the first house caught fire there were ten men to quench the flames, and when the gunpowder was ignited, three of them were killed, and the others severely injured. A trading-wagon, containing a lot of powder also caught fire ; two men attempted to save it ; whereby one was so severely wounded that he died immediately afterwards, and the other lived a short time. The gunpowder-wagon was in the middle of the encampment. Two white children and two little Kafirs were burnt to death in the house. The following day we found nine dead and twelve wounded lying in the ashes. The heat was so intense that we could not take out the dead that evening. Everything belonging to us was roasted and broiled ; four wagons, nine salted fat oxen, as also fat, soap, salt, sugar, &c., were consumed, for we were wealthy, and provided with everything. Thirteen houses also were burnt down. We had to sit by the fire the whole night without clothing or bedding. Some of the wives and mothers were weeping, for they had seen their husbands and sons perishing in the fire. We poor women and little children had to struggle through many serious trials on account of the cold and the enemy, as we lay by night amongst the houses ; but to remain by so great a fire wherein so many people were burnt was still harder ; and the night was bitterly cold. In the morning of the following day we bound the bones in a counterpane, and buried them in a hole. There were three Steenecamps, two Potgieters, one Deventer, two children, and two Kafirs burnt, and two Steenecamps severely injured, of whom my husband was one, but by God's goodness he recovered.

Here now, my dear children and friends, you may see with what sad misfortunes I had to struggle on my journey of twenty months before we had a home or a shelter. Shortly after the fire we were visited by measles, through which a great many deaths occurred. My old husband and myself had alone to provide for twenty-three children and grandchildren who were laid up, and who had to be attended by us, without house or tent, in only a wagon. Several days I was so weak through these

exertions that I could hardly endure it ; but God be praised who has strengthened me in body so as to bear the burdens which he has laid upon us ; so then I was able to perform my duties.

For about two years after this, we lived quietly, securely, and in peace with all the surrounding tribes, so that everyone was beginning again to acquire a means of subsistence ; for the country is very fertile, so that one could very well make a living if not visited by wars or other misfortunes. But to our grief and sorrow the peace was again disturbed ; and all our dreams of prosperity and happiness vanished, for on the 6th of May of the year 1842, Capt. Smith arrived in the Bay of Port Natal, and on the 25th of that month he attacked us. He came along the shore of the sea, with pieces of cable twisted round the axles of his gun-carriages. Here also I wish you, my darlings, to see how the Lord has visibly assisted our men, for in spite of all the treachery displayed in this war, and all the heavy ordnance brought to bear against us, only five men were killed, whilst two were murdered by the Kafirs. Women and children were stripped of all their clothes, and had to flee naked. Farms and lands were laid waste by the heathens, and again much cattle was taken from us by the Kafirs, so that we, through the unceasing thefts of the Kafirs, again fell into poverty. On the 15th July the first Cloete arrived at Maritzburg, and made peace with eleven persons, and fixed that day to be celebrated as a festival of happiness for us and our children. On the 9th May, 1843, the second Cloete arrived here, and we were fated to be deprived of the land which we had earned and bought—that was the satisfaction promised us.

But, my dear friends and children, I may finally mention that if everything remains in the same unfortunate position as it is already, we shall be completely ruined, and it is possible that after a few months you will meet with very few of your kindred at Port Natal, for we are entirely impoverished, and wish to travel inland, if God grants us health and His blessing.

Your affectionate Mother and Grandmother,

ANNA ELIZABETH STEENECAMP *née* RETIEF.

Mythology.*

THE prominence given to classics in our system of education, has been often remarked upon. As, however, the study of mankind is by far the most interesting one for the large number of students who neither exclusively delight in abstract thought, nor in the contemplation of nature as the great organism in which individual man holds a place hardly worth mentioning, it is natural enough to direct the attention of the rising generation to the literary productions of a period in human development, both of greater

* "Myths and Songs from the South Pacific," by the Rev. W. W. GILL, B.A., of the London Missionary Society. H. S. King & Co., London, 1874.

importance for a proper appreciation of our own social condition, and adorned with greater charms for the human mind, than any other. Still as long as both teachers and pupils have nothing before them except the Greek and Roman world and that of our own days, there is a chance that the former will neither be properly explained nor duly appreciated. The introduction, on a larger scale than ever before, of the comparative element in the historical studies of the present day will, when duly applied to classical teaching at our schools, remedy this evil to a great extent, and no country is better situated for exhibiting the results of those comparative studies than the Cape Colony, where many of those various stages of development which in more European countries can be merely studied from books, are actually before the eyes of the public at large.

The volume which will be briefly reviewed in these pages, is a very important one for the solution of many a problem of classical mythology,—a branch of study which cannot be overlooked by any one aspiring to be a successful teacher of classics, but which without either serious and comprehensive studies or considerable power of intuition, is less easily mastered and more frequently misunderstood than almost any other. The volume is honoured with a preface by Professor Max Müller, who, while dwelling on the peculiar charm of studying the myths of a race actually believing in them and almost producing them, at the same time warns against that tendency to find false analogies between the myths of various nations which in former days has led to so many ludicrous mistakes, and which has not yet lost all power of misleading mythological scholars. In doing so, he quotes a saying of Mr. Gill, the missionary who has collected the myths and songs under review. "Whilst collecting my myths," he says, "I put away from me all classical mythology, being afraid that unconsciously I might mould these Polynesian stories into similarity with those of Greece and Rome." In doing so, Mr. Gill was perfectly right; and still in reading his work it often strikes one that if, before visiting the South Pacific, he had thoroughly studied Greek mythology, which he probably has not, he would have dwelt on many a point which he now leaves in the dark, but which, when properly explained, would have thrown light on certain obscure problems which puzzle many a mythological student.

The island to which Mr. Gill's mythological researches have been limited, is Mangaia, one of the Hervey group. The inhabitants were converted to Christianity in the first half of the present century, but Mr. Gill has had the great advantage of having lived with pets and wth priests of the heathen period: the men acquainted with the religious rites and mysteries of the island, and who gave the myths the shape in which they were best known to the people. For the island could boast before the conversion of its inhabitants to the Christian Faith of an extensive poetical literature, partly belonging

to the present, or the latter half of the eighteenth, century, but partly, it would seem, far older, although those of the middle of last century would appear to have already an archaic character. Whoever is acquainted with Greek mythology will have observed that certain subjects of it have been appropriated by guilds of poets, such as the Theban and Trojan wars, and probably the fight between the Centaurs and the Lapithae, and the boar-hunt of Calydon; whereas other stories—the Argonauts, Perseus, Melampus, the nightingale,—evidently belong to that folk-lore which in Germany has been collected by Grimm, and which everyone will remember from the nursery. Not every nation, however, need have mythical stories of both kinds. The Bushmen stories collected by Dr. Bleek are all, it would seem, real folk-lore; those of Mangaia, so far as Mr. Gill's reports of them go, are rather of a poetical nature. As to the priests, they were very powerful at Mangaia, the chieftainship having a priestly character, and the welfare of the people being considered merely to depend on the offering of sacrifices at the proper times.

In mentioning the priests, Mr. Gill more than once refers to an esoteric doctrine of theirs of which he was fortunate enough to get information from their own lips. Some fifty years ago, when Creuzer's ideas of a priesthood hiding their doctrines under the veil of mythological stories were current among a certain class of mythologists, it would have been an important discovery that esoteric doctrines need not be virtually different from popular belief. At Mangaia the difference between the popular belief about the fate of the souls after death, was in no other respect different from the esoteric teaching of the priests than that, according to the former, the shades of the departed followed the setting sun and thus reached their abode after death, whereas the priests talked of a gigantic tree on whose branches the shades had to tread, to be hurled down into the abyss. Even now the result of Mr. Gill's inquiries is of some importance, although or rather because it is merely negative; but on other points he will have probably arrived at something more positive which he does not communicate to his readers. In one passage of his work, he mentions phallic worship and gross immorality connected with it, but he nowhere enters into the particulars of the matter, which in fact would have been no easy task for a missionary writing a work for the public at large. On no other point, however, more light requires to be thrown, if the mysteries of primitive religion are to be thoroughly understood, than on this, and the opportunity enjoyed by Mr. Gill to give an idea of it will not easily offer itself to any other mythologist.

Like Pindar's hymns, the Mangaian songs mostly owe their origin to some particular event,—the death of a chief or a festival connected with his person,—and contain such allusions to mythical tales as have necessarily suggested themselves to the poets. The difference is merely that in Pindar's days many a cause was at work tending to

shake popular belief in religious matters to its very foundations, whereas it would seem that the Mangaian faith, in the beginning of the present century, was as firm as ever. There is no indication, however, in Mr. Gill's work that at Mangaia the mythopoeic age had not yet come to an end when the songs were composed. One tale he mentions, which at first sight would seem to show that mythical tales had sprung into existence in Polynesia within three or four centuries before our time. It is that of the origin of pigs, which like the maize in Longfellow's song of "Hiawatha," arise from the dead body of a man, loosely covered with earth according to his own instructions. If it can be taken for granted that pigs were unknown in Polynesia before European vessels had reached it,—and their white or partly white colour mentioned in the Mangaian tale, would seem to be an indication of the fact,—the story in its present form is undoubtedly of a very recent origin. Unfortunately it might be that it had been told formerly of other articles of food, and so, after all, little would be gained. But, however near the age of the songs may have been to the mythopoeic one, it is certain that that most difficult and interesting problem which even Max Müller in his remarks on the story of Cephalus and Procris has failed to solve—how from the metaphorical expression which is at the bottom of the myth, the mythical tale has proceeded—is not brought nearer to its solution by the Mangaian tales.

On another problem which students of Greek mythology have to deal with, somewhat more light is thrown by them, but here Mr. Gill might have been more explicit in his remarks on the subject. It is that of the mixture of mythical and historical tradition. In Greek mythology it is found in various ways. Comparative mythologists generally admit that the Siege of Troy is the great mythical battle between night and day, but for all that it is likely that there has been, at some uncertain period of history, a real Trojan war, which has borrowed the features of the mythical one. The tale of the Argonauts undoubtedly belongs to the nursery, but the Minyans, who under Iason ventured to set sail for the country where the sun rises, were a tribe known to real history, and some features of the story cannot be explained without attending to the history of the tribe. Pasiphae and her love for a bull, look much like one of those Indo-German myths in which oxen are symbols of light; but the story of the seven young Athenians who had annually to be given up to the offspring of that love, would seem to refer to an old human sacrifice offered to a Semitic bull-god. No one will doubt that Io, who was changed into a cow, is a mythical figure; but when we remember that she is represented as a priestess of Hera, and compare with her story another one,—that of the daughters of a king, who having turned mad, imagined they were cows,—we discover the interesting historical fact that the Argean Hera was originally represented with a cow's head. The Greeks being ignorant of this fact, had lost the real meaning of the story. As we find it in their

works, the princesses had mocked the goddess for having a temple far inferior in beauty to their own father's palace, and their madness was the punishment inflicted on them by the angry goddess. No one, however, will deny that the story is not intelligible, unless it is taken for granted that the reason why the unfortunate girls laughed at the goddess, was for her having a cow's head. Neither is this strange, and seemingly Anti-Hellenic representation of the goddess, a matter of surprise. That same king Proetus had the walls of Tiryns built by the Cyclopes; but it is extremely likely that these Cyclopes owe their origin to ancient images of the sun as a one-eyed god, which in olden times may have been found among the remnants left by the pre-historic inhabitants of Peloponnesus. These are some instances of the various mixtures of mythical and historical tradition. At Mangaia there is a tradition about the first men who came forth from the nether world to people the island, and of whom, partly at least, the subsequent chiefs were descendants. Mr. Gill is sure that the list of those chiefs is correct, that it is even controlled by chronological dates, and that the first men of Mangaia, notwithstanding there are mythical features in the tales about them, are probably the first settlers; but it is a pity that he has not more fully stated his reasons. The existence of a certain historical tradition among nations unacquainted with the art of writing, is a most curious phenomenon, and one which whenever it occurs should be investigated with the greatest care.

Mangaia, in the opinions of its inhabitants, is the earth. Below it extend to a great depth the various regions of the nether world, each a country inhabited by a divine ruler of its own. It can be reached through the deep chasms which are found in various parts of the island, but popular belief makes the shades follow the setting sun and descend with it into the abode of death. A similar belief was held in Greece. The residence of the shades was underground, and many a chasm or lake was shown as one of the roads to the home of Hades, the king of the dead; but Ulysses reached it by sailing westward to the groves of Persephone, on the banks of the river which flows round the earth. From the nether regions the first men came forth to people the earth, in other words, Mangaia. But now we meet with another striking phenomenon. There is no doubt that Mangaia was originally settled by men from the far west, that is from the Navigator Islands. But the name of one of those islands is bestowed on the lower regions, and so the historical and religious traditions are amalgamated. This important fact is fully illustrated in Mr. Gill's book. In Greek mythology nothing directly analogous is found, but still there is one feature in the Greek tales about Hades which bears some relation to it. In poetical language the abode of Hades is often called his Gates (pylae). In the traditions of the so-called mythical period of Greece, mention is often made both of a country and a town, on the west coast of Peloponnesus, called Pylos. The town in later ages had vanished. The situation

of the country, as mentioned in the Homeric poems, can be defined with tolerable accuracy, and a number of families or clans settled partly in Attica and partly in the Ionian Colonies of Asia Minor, derived their origin from the Pylian kings. This fact will hardly allow us to consider them as a purely mythical tribe, like the Nibelungen of the German poem. Still there is no doubt that, in tradition, there was a connection between Pylos and the nether regions. Hades never takes a part in human affairs except in a battle when Hercules, the enemy of the Pylians, wounds him "in Pylos among the dead." Now Hercules, who, on one hand, is undoubtedly a solar hero of Semitic origin, but who, on the other, is for the Homeric poets the enemy of the dynasties and tribes who, at the time of the Doric migration, had been expelled from Peloponnesus, is also represented in another tradition as fighting, in the course of his journey to the far west, the herdsman of Hades, and so the story of his fight in Pylos unmistakably bears a semi-historical and semi-mythical character. Again, the story of Hermes stealing the cattle herded by Apollo, is one of the many myths of night and day, but the country which he takes them to is no other than Pylos. Accordingly, unless the historical existence of the Pylians is denied altogether, which, as it has been stated, is unsafe, the only way to explain the matter is by supposing that certain traditions about Hades had been localized in the country which by its name and situation reminded the Greeks of the abode of the dead.

It would not be difficult to find analogies between the Mangaian tales and the religious traditions of other nations. As with the Danes of British history so with the Mangaians, the souls of those killed in battle had a more glorious fate than the shades who had to follow the sun in its course. We shall not, however, dwell on these points. It is quite sufficient to have shown how the study of such folk-lore as Dr. Bleek has written down in our own colony from the mouths of some Bushmen, can be made subservient to the better understanding of subjects which all educated youths are made to study. Homeric life will be far sooner understood by Cape lads than by those of Europe, and as soon as we shall be provided with men fully able to appreciate, and to make a proper use of, those contributions to the science of history which a thorough knowledge of South African ethnology and philology can supply, not only a place will be secured for the Cape Colony among the countries where science is duly promoted, but also our colonial education will be greatly benefited.

J. W. G. v. O.

Cape Town, July, 1876.

THE CAPE

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The School and the Work-shop.

(*Concluded.*)

By Langham Dale, M.A., LL.D.,

Superintendent-General of Education, Cape of Good Hope.

During the last three years, the writer has persistently called attention to the necessity of Technical Instruction and Industrial Training as a supplement to the Colonial system of Public Education; and during the late session of the Colonial Parliament a proposal was made, which may yet receive the sanction of the Legislature, to assist in the development of work-shop teaching in connection with Native Institutions, by grants in aid of the salaries of Trade-teachers and of the outfit of the shops.

The goodness of a cause does not depend upon its merits immediately striking the public mind; and the steady but growing criticism on these important objects and the means of effecting them, convinces me that there is a decided tendency to accept a scheme of industrial teaching; but the Conservative spirit which is appalled at the introduction of any educational element into the Colony, unless it has stood the test of experience in other countries, is the real hindrance, and men are slow to confess that our relations to the hundreds of thousands of native race who share with us the protection and constitutional rule of the British Crown, are not only peculiar but absolutely unique, having no analogue in the past or present history of other communities, as I have endeavoured in previous remarks to illustrate. There is no stereotyped formula of how to do it: observation and experience are limited within our own horizon; the immediate needs and general welfare of our Community must shape our policy; and we alone can solve the problem, (if a solution is practicable), of fitting each section of the heterogeneous constituents of our population into the vacant places of our social economy.

The importance of the objects is now put forward as an apology for retracing and bringing together the various aspects under which

the question has been presented to the public, and for concentrating attention particularly on the details of the machinery which it is proposed to set in motion.

There are two chief topics for consideration, viz :—

1. The training of the children of the aborigines to Manual Industries.

2. The Technical Instruction as well as Industrial Training of the children of European race.

(1). The former indicates the only effectual way of feeding the channels of our ordinary Colonial industries. You may import both skilled and ordinary labour at a heavy cost; but under any circumstances the rate of wages will be excessive; the better workmen will be migratory, at the disposal of the highest bidder, here or elsewhere; and those branches of industry which must be pursued under an almost tropical sun will even then be unprovided for. Common prudence and economy bid us rear our own workmen, whether for the labour of the field or of the shop, bound to the soil by ties too strong to be broken. The raw material is in perplexing abundance, —Fingoes, Kafirs, Basutos, and people of mixed races: the wants of uncivilized life are so few that there is no sphere at present for the industries of the smith, the carpenter, and the wagon-maker among the native kraals. But associate the ideas of school and work-shop together in the minds of the native youth; put them, while boys, on the road to write and read as well as to labour with the spade, the plane, the saw, and the hammer; to the work of the brain and of the hand as parts of the same system of useful knowledge; and then the facilities everywhere increasing for the acquisition of titles to land, and of comparative wealth on public works, railways, and other such spheres of employment, will back up all the other influences which a progressive state of Society is bringing to bear upon the blanket-clad savage. To him hitherto labour has been neither a choice nor a necessity; for the toil of the hut and of the field has devolved upon the woman, and the man has found nothing to do but to palaver, eat, drink Kafir beer or Colonial brandy, and to fight whenever circumstances may require or permit an opportunity of thus working off the pent up energy; and no inducement can exist to build suitable houses, until each native householder can have his own individual title to his erf.

We are drilling the young savage in the discipline of the day-school; we are training his intellectual powers to observation and attention; there are hundreds of them who can pass muster in the knowledge of the three R's, even through the medium of the English language; and the crucial questions have been put again and again, with sufficient earnestness to attract the attention of the powers that be :—"What will you do with *them?*" "What will they do with *it?*" What is to be the outcome of a system of Native Schools, if it pours out, yearly, its hundreds of Fingo and Kafir lads able to read and write and cipher, but standing idle to the eleventh hour, because

no man hath trained their capacities for physical industrial occupations? Once again, the question is put, plainly and earnestly. If we do not utilize the labour of these lads out of the teeming kraals of Basutos, Fingoes, and Kafirs; if we do not recruit therefrom the bare labour-market of the Colony, what is to be done with these swarthy literates? They have not been taught to work; but you have placed them between the refinements of our civilization and the depths of their native savageism. For what? to their own injury and ruin? as educated idlers, to become greater pests to society than the red-blanket Kafir; unless you complete the curriculum by industrial training and occupation in honest handicrafts?

As a supplement to the ordinary instruction of the church and the school, work-shop training is necessary as a medium for deepening the impressions of Christian teaching: there is an essential connection between Christianity and honest work; between faith in God and self-help; and unless the faith of the soul and the toil of the hand act and react beneficially on each other, the fruit will be stunted, savourless, and useless.

As a part of Native policy, we must face the question promptly and honestly. If the Native Youths are not taught trades, handicrafts, and other ways of earning their livelihood, what will you do with them? You must choose between the only two alternatives; either to spend money on police, prisons, and other repressive and protective agencies, or on the work-shops and the Teachers of trades.

To teach, train, and improve the thousands of the aborigines who live within and about our borders,—to fuse and absorb them into the ordinary channels of labour and industry—is urged upon this Colony as the only practical as well as necessary object of a real and thorough plan of Native Education. The only available agencies are the Day-school, the Christian Church, and the Work-shop. The School and the Church are in active co-operation, and are daily extending their work of preparing the soil; but the work-shop is wanting; and as the pith of the Christian life is in the will and the means to be doing; as true Christianity is incompatible with the apathetic indolence of a mode of living that takes no account of the responsibility of man and offers no sphere for self-restraint or self-improvement—the *substratum* of real, honest, self-reliant Industry is essential.

By such and similar words, from time to time, the question that underlies the future peace and prosperity of South Africa has been kept before the eye of those who are most deeply interested in its solution: and this brief summary of the reasons why the Work-shop is advocated as the supplement of the Day-school is at least suggestive, though not exhaustive.

(2). Technical Instruction for our own sons has been recommended as being essential for those who aspire to be skilled artisans and mechanics, master-builders, engineers, and foremen generally in those handicrafts, in which a knowledge of principles and a trained eye and hand are required.

To those lads whose means permit them to continue their Education, after leaving the Primary School at about thirteen years of age, the Technical or Trade School should offer the opportunity of acquiring a thorough knowledge of Commercial Arithmetic and Practical Mathematics, as well as a knowledge of Common Things; of the principles of Mechanics and the practical application of Mechanical powers; of Chemistry in its relation to the Industrial Arts, and, particularly, to Agriculture; of Drawing and of Colour, with a view to the Building and other domestic Trades; of Mineralogy and Metallurgy; of the laws of Health, with the subsidiary subjects, Ventilation, Drainage, &c.

In the rapidly advancing progress of the Industrial Arts, it is desirable that secondary instruction of this practical character, linking science with artistic and manual skill, bridging over the gulf between theoretical knowledge and its application to manufactures, should be recognized and promoted here, as well as in Germany, Switzerland, and other parts of the Continent of Europe, and latterly in England. Such a real knowledge of things is required as the completion of the primary course of our elementary schools.

And why should we deny to our own sons those advantages which every civilized people is making accessible to the rising generation?

Want of labour is the universal cry among carpenters, builders, agriculturists, and housekeepers. What is the remedy? Train the fifty thousand native boys and girls to habits of manual industry, and at the same time put the labour-relations of the sexes on a civilized basis—the women to do household work—the men to till the soil; and fill up the lower departments of the trade-market as bricklayers, carpenters, joiners, smiths, workers in metal, printers, tailors, shoemakers, &c.

Want of skilled foremen is equally felt, whilst hundreds of our sons are denied the golden opportunities of acquiring here that technical instruction which would pre-eminently fit them to fill the void.

The only real objection that I have had to encounter is that any such plans will not meet the immediate needs of the community. Well! we must put up with our present hand-to-mouth system as best we can; but let us at least initiate a movement which may gradually mitigate our social and political difficulties. Away with that selfishness which begrudges time, toil, and money, because the fruits cannot immediately be reaped by ourselves!

I am loth to weary the reader with reflections or with a reiteration of arguments; theory and theoretical speculations are not likely to weigh much with those who are able to make a fair estimate of the needs of Colonial Society, and at the same time to forecast the measures which are not only to secure peace but also to lay the solid foundations of industrial and commercial prosperity throughout South Africa.

In dealing with the machinery for carrying out the practical training as here advocated, it must be acknowledged that the Native

Institutions, such as those at Lovedale with 293 native lads and 79 girls, *resident* in the respective establishments, offer a model which has stood the test of many years' experience.

The Results in the Industrial Departments at Lovedale, for 1875, are summarized for reference :—

No. of Trade Superintendents.	*No. of Native Apprentices.*	*Work produced.*
WAGON-MAKING AND BLACK-SMITHS' SHOPS.		
2	18	9 Wagons, 2 Scotch Carts, and 39 Wheel-barrows, making and repairing Masons' tools, Quarry tools, Agricultural Implements, &c., and 213 Horses shod.
CARPENTER'S SHOP.		
1	24	One Cottage built; 46 doors, windows, and frames; 63 School-desks and seats; 27 School-forms; 44 Tables and Cup-boards; 11 Bedsteads, 100 Clothes-boxes, Shelves, Book-case, Sofa, &c.
BOOK-BINDING AND PRINTING.		
2	6	Job Printing; also the Kafir Primer; Pilgrim's Progress; the Kafir Express. Book-binding won the prize at the preparatory Exhibition in Cape Town of Cape Products for the great "International" at Philadelphia.

The Telegraph Office is worked by Native Operators.

GIRLS : DOMESTIC INDUSTRY.

1 Mistress.	16 Native Girls in the work-department.	Washing, Ironing, Sewing, Mending; for which the receipts were £70.

Whilst we may avail ourselves of the various Missionary agencies for organizing and directing the industrial occupations of the people as supplementary to their own avowed and immediate aims of Christianizing them, it is only fair to acknowledge that Missionary Bodies in dispensing the funds placed at their disposal by the members of the various Christian Communities are not to be expected to provide a stock of timber and iron and tools, and to erect shop-

buildings out of these pious offerings, nor even to pay the salaries of Master-Tradesmen in the various departments of Industry.

I have found the greatest readiness on the part of Missionaries of every section of the Christian Church to give their time, labour, and attention to promote any adjuncts of a practical kind, but they look to the State to provide the means, or at all events to co-operate liberally with their local efforts, and the immediate and practical way of developing the industrial instruction of Native lads and girls is to put the Authorities of the Institutions in possession of the ability, as they have the will, to help on the business of the Work-shops and Domestic training.

Where the Boarding-system prevails, the attendance is regular and the influence is permanent; and to such Institutions, grants in aid of the outfit of a work-shop and of the salary of the Trade-teacher would at once infuse new life into the industrial agencies already in operation, and lead to their quick and fuller development. As a basis, I assume that ten to fifteen lads, of not less than fifteen years of age, in the case of Natives, who have had the usual elementary day-school instruction for two or three years at least, would with one Master-Tradesman as Teacher and Director, constitute a Trade-department entitled to aid. These, after probation, would be definitely apprenticed for a term, sufficient to ensure their getting a fair acquaintance with the trade.

Where there is a Day-school only, without any provision for *resident* apprentices, and where the number of lads periodically leaving at about thirteen or fourteen years of age, would be likely to keep up the attendance in the work-shop, it should be inculcated upon their parents and themselves that work in the Shop at least for one or two years is the privilege to be accorded to those who on leaving the day-school appear to the Authorities to have an aptitude for manual industry. One Trade-teacher would be sufficient for the trade-class of fifteen to twenty. In this way, all the boys at the larger centres of population would have an opportunity of acquiring the use of tools and a degree of aptitude for handicrafts; arrangements would be made from time to time to draft off the best as apprentices in the Boarding Institutions, to complete their course in a more thorough and systematic manner.

At the present time, twenty to thirty Institutions and Day-schools among the Fingoes, Kafirs, and Tembus can be found, where arrangements would be made at once for such an Industrial plan, as soon as the Teachers of the Trade-class could be introduced from Europe.

The Domestic training of the Girls is going on, but upon a limited scale, at several Institutions; and provision might easily be made for retaining those girls who are about to leave the Day-school, for further instruction in Needlework, Cutting out, &c., or for their transference to an Institution where Domestic duties are superadded to that branch of manual industry.

I would not by any means restrict the training of the Work-shop

to Native lads; but similar agencies should be promoted in connection with the District Boarding Schools among the agricultural population; and the completion of the Industrial Sytem would require a Trade-school or Technic College in one or two of the great centres of population, for those who are to be our Architects, Builders, Engineers, Skilled Artisans, and Foremen.

The whole arrangements may for convenience be put succinctly:—

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS AMONG THE NATIVE POPULATION.

(1). Trade-classes, with one Teacher for a class of twenty boys, from about 13 years of age, as a completion of the Day-school course. Subjects: Spade Husbandry; Mason's work; Tin-work; Carpentry; Shoemaking, according to the local facilities for one or other.

(2). Trade-departments, with one Trade-teacher for fifteen Apprentices, of not less than 15 years of age, in connection with a Boarding Institution. Subjects: Carpentry; Wagon-making; Smith's work, &c.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS AMONG THE RURAL POPULATION.

(3). Trade-classes, with one Teacher for a class of twenty boys, from about 13 years of age, as a completion of the School-course in the District Boarding Schools among the Agricultural population.

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS IN LARGE TOWNS.

(4). Trade-schools, in two Departments, primary and secondary.

(*a*) The primary department, partly theoretical and preparatory; open to lads of not less than thirteen years of age, and to others, having reached a fair standard of elementary instruction. *Course:* Commercial Arithmetic; Short-hand; Telegraphy; Drawing, in all its branches; Practical Mathematics, Mensuration, Surveying; Chemistry in connection with Mineralogy and in relation to Agriculture; Mechanics; Elements of Machinery. Sources of Physical Power—Heat, Steam, Electricity, &c.

(b). The practical or secondary course would include:—Drawing, in connection with Building and Engineering industries; Decoration, Colour, &c.; Topography; Geodesy; Experimental Chemistry; Experimental Physics; Construction of Buildings; Construction of Machinery; Calculations of Cost; Strength of Materials; &c., &c. Illustrations of Machinery in operation. Students would attend one or more classes, at their option. The addition of work-shops, when trained Students were ready to enter upon a definite apprenticeship, for a term, would be made, as soon as the primary Department of the Trade-schools was sufficiently developed.

That such plans are not chimerical but feasible is shown by the experience, quoted above, of the Free Church Industrial Institution

at Lovedale, near Alice; and by the long tried success of technical schools in Germany and elsewhere, of which those at Stuttgart and Zurich stand in the first rank.

A few remarks about the appliances in the Technical University, Stuttgart, will show the actual working of the *highest* type of this Class of Institutions. Attached to the division of practical instructions are,

The Chemical Laboratory.
The Physical Laboratory.
Arrangements for Mineralogical Studies.
Arrangements for Constructive Experiments.
Arrangements for modelling in plaster.
Mechanical Work-shops.
Wood pattern making.
Botanical Garden.

There are four Trade-schools.

1. ARCHITECTURE.—*Course:* Building Materials; Construction of Buildings; Calculation of costs; History and practice of Architecture; Comparative Building Forms and Designing; Artistic Perspective; Drawing and Modelling.

2. ENGINEERING *Course:* Preparatory Mathematics, including Logarithms and Trigonometry; Trigonometric and barometric levelling; practice with the theodolite, &c.; strength of materials; construction of bridges, mills, railways, &c.; Mechanics, generally, in regard to the practical work of an Engineer. Drawing and Modelling.

3. MACHINERY. *Course*: Preparatory Mathematics, including Mechanics; Elements of Machinery; Applications of Steam and Water power; Stationary steam-engines, locomotives, and marine engines; Designs for mechanical apparatus; Calculations of cost. Construction of Machinery.

4. CHEMISTRY.—*Course:* Laboratory work in connection with the profession which a student is preparing for. The subdivisions of technical chemistry are (*a*) Chemical manufactures; (*b*) Mines; (*c*) Pharmacy.

The arrangements for the lower Trade-schools, for the College of Agriculture and Forestry in Hohenheim, and for the various Farming and Gardening Schools are equally suggestive; and furnish ample data for those who are willing to assist in introducing systematic training in the Industrial Arts into our Colonial system of Education.

I will add a few words in reference to (*a*) the general industrial training of the Natives, (*b*) the trade-teaching of our own sons.

(*a*). The process of changing a raw heathen horde into a civilized community must be slow and difficult; and therefore must be entered upon discreetly, and persistently directed by firmness and vigilant forethought. The Day-school and the teaching of the Christian Church must be the means of awakening and fostering any real desire for improvement and self-elevation, whether intellectual, moral, or material; but the fear is that the Philanthropists will stop

short at this stage, just when they have helped the Native to plant his foot on the lowest round of the social ladder. You must add the means and the skill, as well as implant the inclination, to surround the Native's Home with the appliances of civilization; to design and build *square* houses, with sufficient accommodation for procuring the decencies of life; to make bricks and lay them; to make window-frames and doors and put them up; to build a chimney and to construct the thousand and one little things which contribute to the comfort of a residence for civilized human beings. And, on the other hand, the young women must be taught to make and mend clothing, and to perform their other household duties. The ordinary industrial agencies to be attached to the Day-school must be directed to fulfil these objects; and the opportunity of securing individual Titles to their own plots of ground will soon enable the educated Natives to provide themselves with Houses, Tools, Ploughs, and Wagons which will be the best pledges for the peace of the country as well as the instruments of industrial progress.

(*b*). We have so long been accustomed to look upon the mere ability to read, write and cipher, as the passport to employment, that people will be for a time disinclined to accept Trade-teaching as a necessary part of a young man's education: we are apt to think that somehow or other our lads will pick up the knowledge and skill which will enable them to fit into their respective places. I imagine that no one thinks that a lad, because he has the pluck and vigour of his Sires, will develop in the same happy-go-lucky manner into a Surgeon to whom you would entrust the amputation of your limb, or into a soldier to whom the fighting of your battles may be safely committed; and it may be urged that the Building and Ventilation and Draining of our Houses, the construction and repair of the various Mechanical appliances which Science introduces into our midst, the knowledge of the properties and powers of Heat, Light, and Electricity, the principles and practice of Telegraphy, the applications of Chemistry to Agriculture and to Manufacturing processes in general, and similar branches of a Technical character, require as rigid and prolonged a course of Systematic Training as is prescribed for the Student in Law or Medicine or for one of the Awkward Squad who is to be transformed into the smart British Soldier. I wish to sound a note of warning that we shall soon have on our hands a pretty numerous batch of our rising generation, whose early education may have fitted them to drive a quill, but who through our neglect cannot turn their hands to any useful Art. Even at this eleventh hour it is possible to divert many a promising lad from a listless and objectless existence into the stirring energy of a Trade-School.

A Tour in France and Italy.

By A. Wilmot, F.R.G.S.

As it is in the present era of the human race that the world has been girdled with electric belts, we cannot be surprised that progress on its surface has been immensely accelerated. Electric currents seem to have permeated all means of locomotion. Steamers cross the Atlantic in less time than it took Columbus to get out to sea. The Alps, which was an almost insurmountable obstacle to Hannibal, is pierced by a tunnel through which you are borne so quickly that you have not time to smoke a cigar between the first period of total eclipse and the moment of return to the light of day. Sedate citizens of London frequently become like veritable "Wills of the Wisp" as they dart about and appear in different directions with a velocity, made not only possible, but easy and comfortable by means of the extraordinary facilities of travel now offered to a discerning public. Under such circumstances it can well be understood that a Continental tour is now very different from what it was in former times, when men regulated their affairs previous to sallying forth on a far distant expedition to Scotland, or made their wills and prepared for death, previous to trusting themselves on the briny ocean.

Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, have evolved order out of chaos by reducing to definite plans the thousand and one routes which are possible to tourists, and their through return-tickets are issued at surprisingly low rates. To commence my experience at the very beginning, I will ask your readers to come with me to Ludgate Circus and there to enter the head office of Cook & Son. After a few inquiries, second-class tickets are purchased, enabling each person to proceed *viâ* Newhaven to Dieppe and thence *viâ* Rouen to Paris, thence *viâ* Dijon, Amberieu, Culoz, and Modane to Turin, thence *viâ* Genoa and the Mediterranean Shores to Pisa, and on to Rome; return by Florence, over the Appennines, and *viâ* Bologna, through Venice and Milan back to Turin, and then home through the Mont Cenis tunnel, by the same route as that already taken. The cost of the tickets for this long journey, including first-class in the steamer was only twelve pounds and ten shillings. It should be remarked that whenever found desirable, it is optional to change second for first class by paying the difference in the fares, and that the traveller can break the journey at any of the places I have named. Hotel coupons are procured at the rate of eight shillings for each day's expenses—including charges for bedroom, breakfast, and dinner. These are taken by first-class hotels in nearly every town of any consequence in Europe. No doubt I am mentioning facts known to numbers of your readers, but many colonists, I am aware, like to be informed of such particulars.

We will now start on our Continental tour from the far-famed London Bridge terminus. The striking of eight p.m. is performed by countless clocks; and away we go, accompanied by demoniacal shrieks and whistles. Our march is over chimney pots, but we soon fly through the clear moonlight until we make our home upon the deep, in the interior of a steamer which lies alongside the pier at Newhaven. The ports in this part of the Channel are nearly as bad as the boats, and the one, no doubt, is a sequence of the other, as large vessels cannot so easily enter tidal harbours. The wind blows shrill, and the first thing the friendly ocean does when we get out is to come on board freely to make a better acquaintance with the passengers. Most of these soon pack themselves upon shelves, tables, and benches with basins "convanient;" and other sounds are added to the voices of the deep. I wonder that no artist has ever thought of using a sea-sick Frenchman as a model for "Leaden-eyed Despair:" the idea is undoubtedly a good one. But at last "perfidious Albion" is seen no longer; the white cliffs of France are visible and we enter smooth water in a dock at Dieppe. Policemen with cocked hats, looking like Field-Marshals, strut about, and a band of Amazons converted into porters, carry off boxes and portmanteaux. Those Messieurs who are for Paris, march to a large wooden erection where a good wash and a bad breakfast are obtainable. Then there is time while waiting for the train to snatch a joy by inspecting the Cathedral, which is a large ancient Gothic building, in which hundreds of generations have worshipped God.

The train leaves Dieppe about nine a.m., and it is soon observable that the route is much more pleasant than that *viâ* Calais. In the latter case the country puts one in mind of the neighbourhood of Port Elizabeth, whereas in the former we are more reminded of such districts as Albany. Up the valley of the Seine, beside pleasant farms and pasture-lands, by the ancient walls of Rouen, and through flourishing towns, on we go to Paris. Of course it would be absurd to attempt to describe this capital of pleasure-seekers. No one who has been there can ever forget the long stretching Boulevards with their trees, under whose shade crowds sit at marble tables sipping the Nectar of the Gods in various forms. This city is the Capua of modern times and the head-quarters of amusement. Ask an American what place in the Old World he likes best and ten to one his reply will be—Paris! What strikes everyone very much is the complete resurrection that is seen on every side. The capital of France is a veritable Phœnix, and has risen splendidly from its ashes. Nevertheless the Palace of the Tuilleries is only in course of being rebuilt; and there are not wanting memorials in various places of the fiery ordeal through which the nation has so recently passed.

In all great towns advertising can now be considered as one of the fine arts. Painting and poetry are of course enlisted in its service and unbounded ingenuity is displayed. Paris certainly cannot be considered behindhand, if it be true, as I was informed, that even the

silent grave is made to speak in favour of the cheapness and excellence of certain places of business. One ingenious tradesman, it is said, went so far as to erect a costly tomb, lauding his own virtues and declaring that the business was carried on with undiminished zeal and efficiency by his widow; he continues to enjoy excellent health, and to profit by the sympathy of his friends. In all directions, enormous pictures and placards call attention to extraordinary advantages, and immense portraits of devils with hoofs and tails appear to be among the most favourite illustrations.

In Paris and other continental cities it seemed to me that there are two great well defined camps—one of Catholicism and the other of infidelity. There are few sects or divisions of Christians, as those who do not believe everything absolutely believe nothing. The churches appeared to me to be well attended by both men and women, and I was struck by the fact that even in places where there are huge cathedrals, new and tasteful churches have been recently erected. From my own observations I gathered that although the free-thinking tide was strong, nevertheless there has been a powerful reaction among the masses in favour of revealed religion. Among the new buildings in Paris I particularly admired the Church of the Holy Trinity, which is a very costly and tasteful structure. The New Opera House is superb, and, I believe, unequalled in Europe. Volumes could be written about Paris,—its churches Boulevards, palaces and galleries. But space in a *Magazine* for such a hackneyed subject is justly limited, and *en avant* was my motto. So we will leave the city of palaces by the Lyons and Mediterranean railway and wend our way again along the valley of the Seine to fresh fields and pastures new.

The country looked charming in all directions;—the green, leafy forests at Fontainebleau—trim fields, or orchards, and neat villages. We go from the valley of the Seine to the valley of the Yonn and on to the vine-clad plains of Burgundy. It is about eleven at night when Dijon is reached, and after having slept comfortably at the Hotel de Jevea, we spend Ascension Day, 1876, in the churches and public buildings of this ancient city. There are two cathedrals, both of which are well worth a visit, and a very neat church recently erected in the suburbs. Everything in France seems wonderfully precise, and although this is a *fete* day, there seems a degree of military order and method even in the public amusements. The boys of the *ecole militaire* take a walk, marching with a band in front as if they were going to meet an enemy; the trees in the public walks are stiff, straight, and pruned like soldiers on parade; the young ladies and the little children walk as if they were well wound up automatons, and everything and everybody is completely *en regle*. But one of the greatest sights of this ancient capital of Burgundy is the Palace of its Dukes, and there we feast our eyes upon gorgeous tombs with lace-work sculpture, and long galleries of pictures, which can at all events be praised for their wonderful execution, as nearly all represent very

sanguinary battle scenes in which *la belle France* is victorious over her foes. Marshal Vaillant, who was born at Dijon, has been good enough to deliver over his orders and decorations to this Museum. They are so numerous that if he required to wear them all at once he must have been necessitated to ornament his trousers or his back with several.

There is a good deal worth seeing at Dijon, but it is difficult to find out in every case the names of buildings and statues. Inquiries are sure to be civilly answered, but the replies may not be accurate. We have no guarantee, in fact, that our fate may not be the same as that of the English gentleman who stopped his car opposite the Post-office in Sackville Street, Dublin, and asked the driver :

"What statues are these at the top?"

"Sure thim are the twelve Apostles."

"Nonsense, there are only three there."

"Your Honour would'nt have thim all to come out at wanst; sure the others are inside busy sortin' the lethers."

At seven p.m. we bid farewell to Dijon, and pass through a vine country and vines which do not seem one whit better than those of the much despised Cape of Good Hope. It is very natural for a colonist in Europe to endeavour to ascertain why the Cape is universally considered a Nazareth, and of which nothing good can come—at least in the form of wine ; and it soon becomes evident that preconceived ideas and prejudice are at the root of the delusion that it is impossible for the Cape Colony to export good wine. At the same time it must be admitted that on the Continent of Europe great pains are taken by the growers. If our own growers were to introduce skilful vine cultivators and wine makers, many important "wrinkles" could be learned, and the result would be a vast improvement in the quality of the article produced.

It is interesting to claret-drinkers to hear the guard calling out such names as "Beaune" and "Macon," but it is still more interesting to admire the scenery from Culoz (where the line branches off to Switzerland) to the fair plains of Lombardy. The train dashes on boldly through lovely green valleys and deep mountain gorges. At one time, as at "Aix des Bains," we are skirting an extensive pellucid lake bounded by mountains, and at another we are watching the torrents leaping from peak to crag until they mingle with the swift arrowy rivers which cleave their way beneath our feet. At last the cloud-capped Alps which have bounded the horizon are beside us, and we creep along their sides, gazing upwards at the perpetual white robes of dazzling snow which clothe their summit and upper slopes. And now we reach hugh mountains which seem entirely to bar further progress ; and the engine, seemingly desirious to rest before it attacks the greatest difficulty of the journey, stops at the village of Modane, which forms the last station in French Savoy, and therefore the place where Italian rule and Italian railways commence. Passports are really virtually abolished, but nevertheless

an imposing functionary takes it upon himself to demand them, and I will never forget the grand air of dignity with which one of my fellow-travellers presented a card and then passed beyond the barrier with the calm confidence of virtue. This piece of pasteboard was nothing more than his butcher's card which he happened to have in his pocket. I may add that at the same station on my return not having a card of my own in my pocket I handed one of a friend, and using the magic word "Anglais" instead of "open sesame," I passed successfully through the ordeal and the door.

The ridiculous farce of "The Visè of passports, or hand me your card," is performed nightly with great success at Modane, and is accompanied also by a "divertissement" in the shape of a Customs House examination of luggage.

The British matron does not appear to much advantage in this theatre, as it is not very easy to understand all the marches, counter-marches and changes of carriages which take place. *Apropos* to this lady, I may mention that while in the midst of the Alps a foreign gentleman, with a huge moustache, and a still larger meerschaum pipe, came up to my carriage and asked me in French if I could speak English; upon my answering in the affirmative, I was implored to come to another part of the train and explain to an English Madame that it was quite *en regle* for Monsieur to smoke. There, seated in a first-class carriage, a picture of virtuous indignation, reclined a lady of about fifty summers, accompanied by her son. Neither of them could either read or speak French or Italian, and although a notice in the latter language distinctly declared that "it was permitted to smoke" in that compartment, the lady did not seem aware of it, and had denounced the conduct of the foreigner in rather forcible English. Certainly the meerschaum was large, and it did look as if this beautiful carriage whose linings were covered with anti-maccassars was not the place for it. I was obliged, however, to have to explain to Madame that the law was on the side of Monsieur, and it is probable that as soon afterwards as possible she left the carriage and the living Vesuvius who sat within it.

Now we wind upwards along a line of which a corkscrew would form a tolerable model, and after some space of time has elapsed look down upon Modane immediately below us. Then we enter the Mont Cenis tunnel—nine miles long; and in exactly twenty-five minutes emerge to the light of day. A printed notice in the carriage informs passengers that petards laid across the line are exploded by the train in order to give warning to men working in the tunnel. Certainly, it is somewhat alarming when in the bowels of the land, plunged in Cimmerian darkness, we hear reverberating thunders, and there is a feeling of relief when it is possible to say with William Tell—"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again."

The scenery is romantic and beautiful until we arrive at Turin,—through deep gorges and valleys, over rapid torrents and

under overhanging precipices, until undulating plains and leafy bowers take the place of barren moors and sterile rocks. But everywhere like a great pervading influence the Alps are visible and in the hot summer day when walking through the streets of Turin it is refreshing to gaze upon their cool snowy slopes and summits.

Turin is essentially a modern city. Broad well-built streets render it at first sight rather uninteresting, and good well-conducted hotels make the traveller very comfortable. One of the most marked features in this and other Italian towns is the plan of colonnades on the Piazzas and in the streets under which people are sheltered from the sun and weather. The shops are generally small, and cannot for an instant be compared with those in the principal streets of such cities as London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Paris, or Glasgow. Paper money and coppers are the only currency visible, and you receive a dirty little Government bank note for even so low a sum as fivepence—fifty centimes. Articles produced in the country are cheap —including everything at all connected with the fine-arts, pictures, jewellery, &c.; but wearing apparel and articles of foreign manufacture are neither cheap nor good. Of all people in Europe the Italians seem to take life easiest. In the evenings their principal amusement seems to be lounging about and sitting, sipping coffee or looking at vacancy—doing nothing, not even twirling their thumbs. Bands play on the great Piazzas, and the exertion of listening seems to be calmly submitted to. No greater contrast can be imagined than between streams of life in London and streams of life in any Italian city. In the former, people march quickly, with the intent sad look of the beings in the halls of Eblis, each of whom had his heart on fire, and required no policeman to tell him to move on; in the latter, easy *insouciance* and the air of having an independent income and nothing to do is written upon every countenance.

Of course there are a number of churches in Turin, and a huge picture gallery in which there are a few great pictures by the old masters. The Armoury is also well worth a visit, and beautiful specimens of suits of mail are there arranged very tastefully. Many of the Cicerones are imperfect linguists, and it is exasperating to have a horrible mixture of French and Italian served up as a sauce to the feasts of reason which are to liberally spread throughout Italy. Difficulties of this sort put me in mind of the poor Irish gentleman who was terribly humiliated when he found in France that he could not understand a single word that was spoken. This feeling was greatly increased when one day in the street he heard a little boy calling a dog and the animal running to him in obedience directly; "Glory be to God," said he, "sure the very dogs in this country understand French, and here am I, a grown up man, does'nt know a word of it."

It would only be tiresome to attempt a lengthened description of Turin, which is but a mushroom city compared to most others in Italy, and we will therefore take the train, and, leaving the river Po

behind us, traverse the fertile well irrigated plains of northern Italy, and steam onwards to the Mediterranean coast, and alight at Genoa. Here there are signs of considerable trade, narrow streets, marble palaces, and the house of Christopher Columbus. The scenery along the coast southwards is simply charming. Vine-clad cliffs and the vegetation of a semi-tropical country, clothing beautiful slopes and smiling valleys, while the transparent bright green of the sea fringes the white sands and rocky grottos on our right. The train seems to play hide-and-seek with the ocean. Now we are running on, almost touching the waves, and then we dash into a tunnel, then out again, then into another with arches through which we peep at the Mediterranean, and so on until at last we diverge inland and feast our eyes on the slopes and peaks of the Appennines. Near Carrara large blocks of white marble can be seen on the line in trucks; while high up in the mountains the same beautiful stone shows out like patches of pure white snow. At the various villages where there are stations the wine of the country is offered for sale in flasks, accompanied by hard-boiled eggs, bread and Bologna sausages, and at one little place I heard a pompous voice say in English that he thought the eggs were raw and wondered if people were supposed to eat them in that state.

Pisa is situated on a large fertile plain, to which the Appennines form a back-ground. Its ancient walls and generally tumbling-down appearance give it the character of venerable antiquity, but I must say that the famous Leaning-Tower did not seem to me to lean half as much as it ought, in order adequately to sustain its world-wide celebrity. Like many other celebrated buildings it looks something of a humbug when you come close to it. It is the Campanile or bell-tower of the great Duomo or Cathedral, but it seemed to me that the bells were not rung although there is one for each note in the gamut, and that the principal and almost only use of the edifice is to be stared at. Of elegant proportions and constructed of white marble it is certainly worth looking at, and the view from the summit is very extensive. Close to the Campanile is the huge Cathedral, whose great lofty aisles and numerous pictures and statues would take a volume to describe. This church is close to the walls, quite out of modern Pisa, and therefore, like the Campanile, seems to be more for ornament than use. Like the Leaning-Tower it is constructed of marble. The great Baptistery is a separate building, in which there is beautiful lace-work in stone, but the most remarkable part of the interior is the surprising reverberation and echo. Twenty voices seem to answer back your own. Then last, but not least, is the "Campo Santo" or burial ground, in which a very large number of shiploads of earth from the Holy Land were deposited several hundred years ago. Popes, Princes, nobles, poets, and warriors slumber here. The epitaphs rarely recount the virtues of the dead. "Here lies the remains of the poor sinner known in life by the name of the Princess Beatrice," is a specimen that struck my attention. It was not

customary to put "Esquire" or any equivalent of that character on tomb-stones, and it certainly seems better taste to omit them, as well as to refrain from cataloguing the supposed virtues of the dead. There are a number of very interesting ancient and modern statues here, while old and extraordinary fresco paintings illustrate the future states of Hell, Heaven, and Purgatory in a very quaint manner. My guide was good enough to call my special attention to a striking likeness of the Emperior Napoleon I. among the figures in the place of eternal torments,—painted, of course, hundreds of years before the name of Buonaparte struck terror throughout Europe. Consequently this was no freak like that of Michael Angelo, who depicted a Cardinal whom he did not like, in the same regions. The Pope when he was applied to on the subject by the Prince of the Church, regretted that although he had power with regard to souls in Purgatory, he had no control or influence whatsoever in reference to Hell. A visitor very soon "does Pisa," as the Baptistery, the Duomo, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo, are all clustered close together, and there is very little of interest to look at after these have been seen. They form a wonderful group where antiquarian interests, rich marbles, noble architecture, and fine paintings, all unite to instruct and delight the traveller. But it is impossible to linger long, so, taking the train, we travel over scenery scarcely so picturesque as that between Genoa and Pisa. At frequent intervals old walled towns are seen nestling on hill tops, small dull Italian towns are passed, and at last we skirt the sea and go through the modern port of Rome "Civita Vecchia,"—which is a mere place for trade and shipping. We have a journey of more than forty miles further on to Rome, and the shades of evening have deepened over us when we arrive.

We enter the "Eternal City" amidst gleaming lights, which do little more than make the darkness visible. It is a strange sensation to look down on the dark flowing tide of the Tiber, and to feel that you are passing into the city of the Cæsars. It is difficult, however, to retain such thoughts amid the very prosaic bustle of a railway station, and while being borne along in a large comfortable hotel omnibus. We set down at the "Grand Hotel della Minerva," and I cannot do better than begin by describing my home for eight days in Rome. A beautiful colossal marble statue of Minerva graces the entrance-court, and a fountain continually plays before it. A magnificent staircase of white marble leads to four "pianos," as the floors are termed, and hundreds of inmates can easily be accommodated in this veritable palace. But the *salons a manger* are really surprising. Two noble halls, in which at least three hundred people can dine, are decorated in the most tasteful manner with suitable fresco paintings and statues. The cost of living here is only eight shillings a day, including a clean and most comfortable bed-room, breakfast from 9 to 11 o'clock, and *table d'hote* at 6·30 p.m. The last includes the usual long procession of courses in which beans and

mashed potatoes are, for instance, served as separate dishes. It may be observed that throughout Italy meat is inferior, and various makeshifts have to be adopted to make up for it. Wine—very thin "ordinaire"—is given *ad libitum*, and the price for dinner is $3\frac{1}{2}$ livres (2s. 8d.) "Service" is a daily charge, and "bougies" are always included in the bill, and soap is invariably charged separately. An American gentleman, who was a friend of a fellow traveller of mine, felt very much annoyed at the "bougie" trick; as at every hotel at which he only stayed one night, the invariable "bougies," 75 centimes, appeared. It was without avail that he did without a light on going to bed, so in desperation he carried off his chamber candle on every occasion, and at last had the pleasure of presenting a poor man with quite a collection of specimens of foreign chandlery. The charges at cafés and restaurants are very low. First of all, of course, you change English gold into the trashy-looking paper money of the country, and in doing this you benefit by the exchange, so as to get 27 lire 20 centimes for each sovereign. Nominally the lire is equal in value to the French franc. To show how cheap the poor can live, I may mention that the captain and I boldly walked into an eating-house in the Rue quatre Fontana and there regaled ourselves upon excellent coffee and bread, with a small glass of brandy (the skipper drank the last-mentioned) and the total cost to be divided between us was $3\frac{1}{2}$d. sterling For a few pence a most excellent *café au lait* can be procured, and civility is always thrown into the bargain, and no charge for the waiter.

But to return to Rome. The first place to be seen on the first morning was the great Church of St. Peter's. We descend into the Piazza della Minerva, enter one of the numerous carriages, and for "una lira" are swiftly borne through old, narrow, tortuous streets until we come to the yellow Tiber and cross the bridge opposite the great Mausoleum of Hadrian, *alias* the Castle of St. Angelo. This old fortress bears on its face very visibly the deep wrinkles of time. Still, it shows its teeth in the shape of guns and fortifications, and soldiers loiter about its gates as they did five hundred years ago. We are now in the Leonine city, and in a few minutes see before us the great spacious square, with its beautiful collonades forming a fringe or appanage to the greatest church of Christendom. The extraordinary freshness and newness of St. Peter's struck me very strongly. It looks as clean as if it had been newly-erected. The climate and the absence of smoke no doubt account for this fact. It is only by degrees that the vastness of this great temple is adequately appreciated; but even in ascending the steps in front and entering the vast grand Basilica, the pettiness and smallness of human beings seem taught by the massive pillars, the high suspended dome, and the vastness and grandeur of the edifice. "Humility" is the first lesson inculcated in the mind in this church. The site is as ancient and venerable as the building seems young. Murray tells us in his guide book that, "as early as A.D. 90 St. Anacletus, Bishop of Rome, who had

received ordination from St. Peter himself, erected an oratory on the site of the present structure to mark the spot where the remains of the Apostle were deposited after his crucifixion, and where so many of the early martyrs had suffered martyrdom. In 306, Constantine the Great founded a Basilica here, which continued from that time to be the great attraction of the Christian world. At last the present church arose under the skilful direction of Michael Angelo, and was finally dedicated by Urban VIII. on the 18th November, 1626." From the first foundation to that date the building occupied 176 years; but it required three-and-a-half centuries to finally finish it during a period extending over the reigns of forty-three Popes. It has cost ten million pounds sterling, and the expenditure on repairs and superintendence is at the rate of £6,300 per annum. No wonder Byron says—

> "But thou of Temples old, or altars new,
> Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
> Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
> Since Zion's desolation, when that He
> Forsook his former city, what could be,
> Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,
> Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
> Power, glory, strength, and beauty—all are aisled
> In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

Let us enter by the front doorway, open daily from sunrise to sunset, and advance up the great central nave until we reach the high altar at which alone the Pope can say mass. Numerous lamps continually burn before the shrine of the Prince of the Apostles, and we are able, by entering the Sacristy and making proper application, to descend into the subterranean chapels. The entrance is by a flight of stairs behind the statue of Saint Veronica. Guided by an ecclesiastic holding a light aloft, we pass ancient tombs, statues, and inscriptions. Under one of the arches are the urns of the three last Princes of the House of Stuart who died at Rome—James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., as they are here designated. The *Chapel of the Confession*, immediately under the high altar, is the spot where the remains of St. Peter were deposited in the middle of the 4th century, having been brought here from the subterranean crypt of St. Sebastian on the Via Appia. Over the altar in this chapel are two ancient pictures of SS. Peter and Paul of the time of Calixtus II. (1122). Ascending again to the upper world we look in bewilderment around and seem to be lost in the immensity of the building. Five massive piers supporting four arches separate the nave from the aisles; each pier is faced with two Corinthian pilasters, having two niches between them, and the lower niches contain collossal statues of the founders of religious orders. The floor and walls are covered with rich marbles, while exquisite sculpture and mosaic work add to the beauties of the edifice. The dome, however, is the great object which attracts admiration, and it is impossible to describe the magnificence

of its stupendous vault. But as your readers may well suppose it would require volumes to do justice to this immense building, each side chapel of which is a beautiful church, and whose Sacristy is sufficiently large and handsome to serve for a first-class parish church in any city in Europe. Up to a late hour in the morning masses are said at various altars, while penitentaries of various "tribes, tongues, and languages" attend confessionals; so that English, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Dutch, &c., can seek spiritual advice and consolation. The names of the nationalities are painted over the confessionals. In going round the interior of the church everyone is attracted to the magnificent monuments of various Popes, ornamented with collossal statues. The statue of St. Peter has a portion of one of its feet kissed away by the devotion of pilgrims, and in the centre the ever-burning lamps point out the spot where the remains of the great Apostle are enshrined. Under the arch in the right transept, beyond the space in which the last great Œcumenic Council of the Vatican was held, there is a chapel, over whose altar there is a mosaic, from a painting by Lemfrancs, representing our Saviour coming to the rescue of St. Peter when the vessel was sinking, and opposite to this is the magnificent tomb of Clement XIII. by Canova, which first established that artist's fame, and is still considered by many his masterpiece. The Pope is represented praying; on one side is the figure of Death sitting with his torch reversed; on the other is the figure of Religion holding the cross. The sleeping lion at one of the angles ranks among the finest effects of modern art. Most of the altars in St. Peter's are flanked by very beautiful Corinthian columns of grey and red Sardinian granite, and also of red marble, with numerous white veins obtained from the Sabine Mountains.

There may be said to be three Romes—*tria juncta in uno*—Religious Rome, Pagan Rome, and the modern city of every-day life. The two first are eminently grand and venerable; the third is commonplace, dirty, and not by any means attractive. It must, however, be admitted that if the palaces of the nobles are to be included in the last, they form a very marked and exceptive feature These comprise magnificent galleries of art, to which the public are very liberally admitted, so that for entire days it is possible to feast one's eyes on the great works of the greatest painters of the world. The princes of the House of Doria throw open their stately marble halls in the Corso at certain fixed hours, and if anyone desires to see how a magnificent mansion should be built in a warm climate they ought to visit this grand edifice. The palace of the "Colonnas" is even superior, and then there are those of the "Barberini," "Corsini," "Farnese," "Farnesina," "Falconiere," "Odescalchi," "Orsini," "Pamfili," "Ruspoli," "Vedori," and a host beside, ositively too numerous to mention. Space is looked upon as of no consequence; the floors, walls, and staircases are of marble, and the taste and cost which finds expression in beautiful pictures and

statues is further reflected in the architecture and decorations of the buildings which contain them.

Let us take a drive from the Hotel della Minerva. Immediately opposite our hostelry is the magnificent Domincan Church of Sancta Maria della Minerva, whose exterior is so plain as to form no index of the inside. There we behold marble floors and pillars, as well as richly decorated chapels, ornamented with beautiful paintings and statues. Ever-burning lamps before the high altar indicate the shrine of St. Catharine of Sienna, and the white-robed monks can be daily seen moving in procession to sing the divine office in choir. Let us turn round, and going down the Via del Gesu, we come in front of another large, plain-looking building, and find ourselves, when we enter, in the interior of the Gesu—the chief church of the Jesuits in the world. The marbles are particularly rich at the altar, under which repose the remains of St. Ignatius of Loyola. From pavement to ceiling is rich in decorative art, and the calm of the great quiet church is only broken by the sound of the bells rung at the various altars at which mass is in course of being celebrated. It is a delightful change to go out of the hot, bustling, unquiet, narrow world without into the shade of these great, calm, cool cathedrals. In Rome there are no fewer than 360 churches; therefore, if I attempted to describe one-tenth of them this article might be called what I heard a gentleman in Cape Town describe a Governor's speech to be, "a very voluminous document."

The great Basilica of St. Paul's close to the walls is so magnificent a building that some people even prefer it to St. Peter's. Its leading features are the grand ranges of monolith pillars dividing the aisles from the nave, and the numerous mosaic pictures of the Popes. Close to the church is the Protestant burial-ground. The tomb of Keats is easily found; but that of Shelley is in the background, and conspicuous on his tombstone are the words "*Cor Cordium*," alluding to the fact that when his body was burnt the heart resisted the flames and was not consumed. Going out of the gate and proceeding for a short distance along the Campagna, we reach the Church of "St. Paul at three fountains" on the site of the ancient place for Roman executions, where the saint was beheaded. According to tradition the head of the saint struck the ground thrice, and at each place a fountain of clear water sprang forth. The Trappist Monk, who showed us the churches, mentioned that at one time the malaria was so bad during summer that all the inmates of his establishment had to sleep in Rome at night; but that now, in consequence of growing a number of gum-trees, they are able to remain there day and night. He also showed us extracts and decoctions from the tree used as specifics for the malaria. As a matter of course the entire Campagna should be planted, and to some extent the work has already been commenced.

The Church of St. John Lateran is, according to ecclesiastical law, the chief of all churches, not excepting that of St. Peter, and is

a Basilica of great extent and fine proportions, and we also greatly admired the stately marble church of Sancta Maria Maggiore. In the ancient church of Ara Cœli, beside the Capitaline Hill, there is a great contrast between the exterior and the interior of the edifice, as the former is composed of unsightly brick, and the latter is enriched with marble altars, columns, and floor. It is only a few steps from the edifice to a point from which the chief remains of pagan Rome can be seen at one glance. There are the ruins of the Forum, the pavement of which is about twelve feet lower than the modern streets around it, and scattered in various directions are pillars and porticoes of temples. The arch of Titus has been terribly battered by time; but the high-sounding "Farnese Gardens," with the palaces of the Cæsars is a mere delusion and snare. The "gardens" exist only in the imagination, and the former imperial dwellings of Caligula and Nero are literally nothing more than heaps of rubble and rubbish. The Government of Italy, which is the shabbiest and most impecunious in the world, does not seem to thrive on the robbery of ecclesiastical buildings, as it is necessitated to charge each person a lire for entrance here, and to every other place of interest where money can possibly be extracted. At the baths of Diocletian you have again to put your hand in your pocket, and the same operation has to be repeated at the Collosseum, where dirty pools of stagnant water have been allowed to collect so as to seriously endanger the public health. The baths of Diocletian are big, crumbling rubble arches, and the Collosseum has been patched and pieced considerably in many places. The practical Frenchman who was utterly surprised at his friend's transport of admiration when examining a grand ruin, and who exclaimed at last in a deprecatory manner—"But don't you think, after all, it is a leetle out of repair?" would be horrified at the crumbling decaying state of ancient Rome. The Pantheon, however, forms one exception, and this most beautiful building is well conserved as a Christian church. The rain comes in through the circular aperture in the roof as it did in the time of Augustus Cæsar, but it falls on a magnificent marble pavement on which there are pipes to lead it away. The proportions of the dome-like building, and of the pillars, both of the exterior and interior, are simply perfect.

There are more than 1,100 rooms in the Vatican Palace; but although a great building, it is not a beautiful one. Free admissions are granted to the galleries, in which are contained the finest specimens of sculpture and painting in the world. There is the "Laocoon" group, the painting of Raphael's, known as the "Transfiguration," Domenichino's "Communion of St. Jerome," and the frescoes of Michael Angelo in the Sestine Chapel. The reception rooms of the Pope are approached by magnificent staircases, of which the "Scala Regia" is the grandest. The marble halls of audience are like the State rooms of Windsor Castle, ornamented with pictures in tapestry, executed in the very best style of art. It

is not by any means difficult to be presented, and numbers of English and American ladies and gentlemen are introduced on the prescribed occasions. Ladies come dressed in mourning, with black veils, and gentlemen in dress clothes without gloves. His Holiness is attired in a white soutan, and accompanied by several cardinals and chamberlains. The Pope, considering his age, is in wonderfully good health ; although, as he suffers from rheumatism in the side, he walks rather stifly with the aid of a stick. One of the most authentic and interesting sights in Rome are the horrible Mammertine prisons under the Capitoline Hill ; but I feel that I will extend this article to an undue length if I continue, and am so obliged to push on northward.

The journey from Rome to Florence occupies an entire night. The beautiful city on the Arno can be seen very well from the top of the Campanile or bell-tower of the Cathedral, and it was from that vantage point that we feasted our eyes on its glories. Narrow streets, churches, public buildings, with the bright river winding through them,—then on the outskirts handsome suburban residences, numerous gardens, and in many directions innumerable trees, while above all the Appennines with snow on the far-off summits, constitute a picture never to be forgotten. The bell-tower is a structure of most beautiful proportions, built of white marble and the huge cathedral close to it, in contrast to many of the principal churches of Rome, possesses an exterior much more handsome than the interior. White marble glances in the sun from basement to the roof, but when inside nothing particularly grand can be noticed except the magnitude of the building. There are several fine piazzas and streets in Florence, and the quaint shops built on one of the bridges remind one of what London bridge was in ancient times. But it is as a city of picture palaces that Florence is particularly attractive to a stranger. Who can recount the glories of the "Pitti," or narrate the endless attractions of the "Uffizi"? Miles of painting and statuary have to be gazed at, and on a hot day one can well understand the feelings of the two gentlemen referred to by *Punch*, who agreed upon coming to a long picture gallery—each to do one side of it. I had a pleasant American travelling acquaintance in Florence and Venice. "I guess we've seen enough pictures and statues to last us all our lives. I feel as if I'd seen about enough." This poor fellow had done Rome in an incredibly short time, and when he had reached Venice had seen so many churches that he at last acqui ed a horror for any ecclesiastical building. "I guess I can't bear none but first-rate churches now." We drove to Fiesoli on a very hot day, and must confess that it can be quite as warm in Italy during May as it is in South Africa during December. One of the principal attractions of Florence are its suburbs, and the drives in the neighbourhood of the town are charming. No one with any love or appreciation for art will ever forget its wonderful galleries of art where priceless gems create almost an embarrassment of riches, and we cannot be sur-

prised that "Florence" is one of the most attractive places of residence on the Continent.

We leave the lovely city in the morning and soon find ourselves winding along among the picturesque scenery of the Appennines. The railway over this chain of mountains is admirably engineered, and it is unnecessary to remark that the journey is extremely interesting. At one time we are many thousand feet above the level of the sea and can stretch our gaze over the fertile plains of Italy as far as the Leaning Tower of Pisa. At another time, inclosed in a narrow gorge, the horizon is fringed by high peaks rising almost abovehead, while brawling torrents rush downward at our feet. We descend the mountain slopes and find ourselves in the ancient city of Bologna, famous for universities, churches, sausages, and railway junctions. Here, there, is a splendid Crystal Palace style of station in which a hasty joy can be snatched in the form of hot soup, coffee, and other refreshments. The wine of the country is very thin, sour and cheap; meat is as a rule tough, but sausages, coffee, bread, and fowls are good. English hotels are high, American higher, but railway buffets have the honour of being superlatively dearest. And now over hot well-cultivated plains we jog on until the Alps come in sight, and we pass slowly along a vision of beauty in the form of "Lake Guarda"—a calm beautiful mirror of the mountains, whose near shores are fringed with villages and towns, basking in the sunlight and loveliness which surround and embrace them. Wooded shores, groves, castles, villas, are dotted here and there in the frame of the mirror, but the grand snow-capped mountains are its central ornament and chief attraction. Historical towns and many a well-fought field are passed. "The two gentlemen of Verona" have walked about near one of the stations—according to the pages of Shakespeare; and who has not heard of the ancient literary glories of Padua. After we pass this last-named town, the country becomes particularly flat and uninteresting, and at last late in the afternoon we cross a long causeway with water right and left of it, and the train dashes into Venice.

More than one hundred islands on the coast of the Adriatic are covered with buildings all joined together by bridges and permeated by canals, and this is Venice. Gondolas are the omnibuses, cabs, private carriages, wagons, carts, and wheelbarrows of Venice. You go into a gondola from the railway station and your gondoliers, standing erect, propel this peculiarly shaped boat through narrow passages until you come into a great broad stream known as the grand canal. Here everything is novel and beautiful. Palaces and churches rise up on each side, and when we come opposite the Piazza of St. Mark we can feast our eyes upon one of the best known pictures in the world. There is the famous Palace of the Doge and the still more celebrated church. The picture by Cooper on the drop-scene at the Port Elizabeth Theatre came vividly before me, but I missed the very elaborate boats, the rich shawls trailing in

the water and other fanciful adjuncts. I suppose that there is no scene in the world which is better known, and certainly there must be very few which are better appreciated. My American friend lay back on the soft cushion of the gondola and emphatically cried out, "Oh a'int this gay? a'int this most elegant?" At our hotel one entrance faced a particularly narrow street, and the other opened on a canal which took us with a few strokes of an oar into "the Grand." Let us go out in the moonlight and glide along amidst a scene of enchantment. Here is a boat-load of singers who perform part-songs most melodiously; there is a merry pleasure-party. Everywhere there is life and animation without the roar, tumult, noise and annoyance of the streets. Let us land at the great Piazza of St. Mark, and stroll along amid the crowds of pedestrians until we arrive at the place where a military band is the centre of attraction. Hundreds of marble-topped tables opposite the cafés are occupied, and the entire scene is illuminated by the bright lights from the shops which stretch along under the stone arcades surrounding the square. Venice is not nearly so fine a place in the day-time. It is a theatre which looks dull and flat when the footlights have been extinguished and the revelry is at an end. A very extensive view is obtained from the summit of the great bell-tower, the ascent to which is not made by steps but by an incline plane of such a character that it would be quite easy to go upon horseback. From this eminence the narrow canals are lost sight of, and the town looks of an ordinary character, except that the houses are huddled together very closely. The grand canal is visible in front and in the distance are sand banks and the sea. The depth of water for shipping is exceedingly unsatisfactory; the port is a very bad one; and Trieste has obtained nearly all the trade of the northern Adriatic.

The Palace of the Doge is a magnificent pile of buildings, in which halls of senators and picture galleries divide attention. In the dungeons below the cell and stone bed of "Marino Faliero" are exhibited, and in one of the grand halls is the place where he was put to death. The awful contrast between the regal halls of the palace and the dark squalor of the subterranean prison is appalling.

> "I stood in Venice on the bridge of sighs,
> A palace and a prison on each hand,"

and my American companion who had been under the impression that the dimensions of the bridge caused it to be considered a bridge of *size*,—gave a deep groan, in sympathy, after he was undeceived. Certainly, in no point of view is this bridge one of "size," as it is small and narrow. There are two passages inside—one of which leads to the dungeons for political prisoners, and the other to those intended for people guilty of other crimes.

The churches in Venice are numerous, but there is really only one of mark among them, and that is the Cathedral of St. Mark, in which, for more than one thousand years, God has been daily

worshipped. The building, partaking in a great degree of the Byzantine style of architecture is exceedingly peculiar, and the numerous domes on the outside give it quite a Moorish appearance. Above the great entrance are three famous antique bronze horses which Napoleon removed to Paris, but which were afterwards restored. The Mosaics outside and inside the church are exceedingly numerous, and many of them are quaint. The interior presents a venerable appearance, and is more remarkable for being unlike any other cathedral than for special distinctive beauties of construction. The other churches are all of the Italian style, except that of "Sancta Maria Gloriosa" in which there are gothic pillars. It is in the last mentioned church that opposite to each other stand the great white marble tombs of Canova and of Titiens. In another church is the last resting place of that famous, restless, speculative Scotchman—John Law, of Lauriston,—who floated the great American scheme in Paris and was at one time the most popular man in France.

There is a fine public gallery of paintings in Venice, to which of course we go in a gondola and after paying one lire (9d.), the usual price of admission to every public building under Civil Government, feast our eyes upon many of the greatest pictures of the greatest artists. In all these galleries there are always people busy at work copying, and many of their imitations are no doubt exceedingly good, but compare the best of them with the originals and you will notice that they are totally unable to catch the expression of the faces. I was struck very much with this fact in the case of Raphael's paintings. There is something divine and supernatural which it seems impossible to imitate. Of course we return to the Hotel by water—indeed this is the only means of conveyance. There is not a horse, ass, mule, cart, or carriage in Venice. The gondola charges are exceedingly low, and one can be hired for an entire day for 3s. 9d. The people of Venice are most wretchedly poor, and I was informed as a mere statistical fact that half the population were paupers. The place is indeed bereft of all its trade and literally lives upon the glories of the past.

We are not sorry to say "Adieu canaillè, canards, canoux," and find ourselves upon real substantial *terra firma* on our way to Milan. Fruitful and well cultivated plains and the Alps in the distance describe the country. "Milano," as the Italians call it, is a really first-rate city, fine streets, elegant edifices, and beautiful public gardens. But the entire town is merely the setting of that wonderful jewel the white marble cathedral, and that, again, is the setting to the body of a saint whose remains lie under the high altar enshrined in silver and decorated with precious stones—St. Charles Barromeo. There is only one inscription and that is "Humilitas," but underneath the ever burning lamps the hand of the engraver has told the story of his life. Here he is in the midst of a deadly pestilence ministering to the people—there he gives all his goods to the poor. This is the Prelate that Manzoni has pourtrayed in his "Betrothed," and whose

meekness, humility, and charity, made him the beloved Archbishop. The body of the saint is clothed in his pontifical robes, and after the lapse of three hundred years his face preserves the calm happy look which it wore at the moment of death. Lace work in marble feebly expresses the beautiful sculpture on the roof of the Cathedral. Hundreds of statues gaze downwards from their pinnacles, and above all is the great figure of Christ. Below in the church the gothic pillars and aisles seem to dwarf the people by their huge dimensions, and the entire building is one of those great intellectual feasts which cannot be even faintly appreciated until the mind has, at least to some extent, grasped its wonderful details. There is so much to admire that the spectator is dazzled. A walk on the roof gives one some idea of the minutiæ which constitute the grand *coup d'œil* visible from the square; but when in the interior of this church, as well as of St. Peter's, there is some approach to the feeling of being overwhelmed by glory.

There is an immense Picture Gallery to be seen in Milan, which is chiefly remarkable for the number of excellent modern paintings it contains; and then there is the "Ceneccia," or the great picture of the last supper by Leonardo DaVinci, forming a fresco in the Refectory attached to one of the old churches. The Civil Government takes care of this, and charges one lira to each visitor. It is lamentable to notice that as the great picture is painted upon a wall it has suffered very much from damp, and that no successful means have been adopted to arrest the ravages of decay. This is such a well-known picture that it would be absurd to describe it, but I must remark that no photograph from engravings convey the expression in the faces, and that the photos of the original are necessarily inadequate. The photographic art is invaluable where buildings are concerned, but where expression and colour have to be copied it falls most lamentably short of the originals.

We now proceed to Turin and thence back by the same route that we came. I have endeavoured to jot down a few recollections and ideas of the journey, and must request indulgence for the hurried notes of the colonist of a youthful settlement travelling through the oldest and most classic lands of Europe.

Quies.

Lie still, strange wayward heart,
Why throb so restlessly?
Hast thou no better part,
Than o'er life's troubled sea,
To cast the idle pebbles of regret,
And brood o'er sorrow scarcely met?

Is thine the only grief
  Within this world of pain ?
Are there not some less brief
  Which in their depth retain
The misery of vanished tears,
Its buried hopes and living fears ?

Is thine the only brow
  Aching with weariness,
Missing a hand that now
  Gives not its fond caress ?
Were thine the only lips made chill
By those so strangely cold and still ?

Beware ! beneath thy feet
  Fair blossoms thickly lie—
Crush not the flowerets sweet
  While turns the fretful eye
To those which, farther, seeming bright
Grow dull within the touch and sight.

Wait—for some work is thine,
  Though hidden from thee now—
The Hand which is Divine
  Shall place thine to the plough,
When He sees work and worker stand
Fitted for ought He shall command.

It may be many years
  Before the work is given ;
Perchance not till thy fears
  Seem lost in light of heaven ;
One hour such by Wisdom willed
Is nobler than life's own fulfilled.

The cross He blesseth is a crown—
  The crown by others prized—
Though smoothing for awhile earth-frown,
  Is but a cross disguised,
Which with its gilded pressure weighs
The spirit that it cannot raise.

Z.

The Ballads and Songs of Scotland.

Part I.

By Dr. William Bisset Berry.

The earliest efforts of every people in the unconscious evolution of a national literature, have taken the form of Song. At an early period in the history of the Hebrew race, we find by their sacred literature, that there were song-writers amongst them. A specimen of their compositions is to be found in the "Song of Moses," which, on one occasion at least, was recited or chanted by the people, while such companies as "Miriam the prophetess and the women with timbrels and dances" answered them at the various breaks, with the sublime refrain, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: his horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." Again we have been informed that the Iliad and the Odyssey were originally specimens of early Greek Ballads, handed down by tradition and recitation, until Pisistratus collected them and preserved them for the world in the present shape; and that the popularity of these ballads must have been very great, even in the remotest times, alike with the fact that the function of that popularity in securing an undying fame for those whose deeds they celebrate was well understood, is sufficiently attested by the lament of Alexander the Great that there was no clever ballad-singer like Homer to hand down an account of his *gestes* to posterity. Similarly, it is believed, that there existed minstrels amongst the ancient Latin races who composed and sung, who "harped and carped," in honour of the great. These minstrels lived on into the Augustan age—"at which time a search among the nooks of the Appennines, as diligent as the search which Sir W. Scott made amongst the descendants of the moss-troopers of Liddesdale, might have brought to light many fine remains of ancient minstrelsy." *

But no such search was made, and the Latin ballads glided from the memory of the people, unable as they were, perhaps, to survive in the presence of the Æneid and other products of that classic period, though they did not finally pass away without providing much material of thought and expression to the orators, historians, and jurists whose written works have come down to us. We shall presently find that some of our Scottish ballad poetry shared a kindred fate; but still such a large amount has been now secured for posterity that we have small ground for regret.

One of the earliest collections of British ballads, available for ordinary readers like myself is that entitled "A Collection of Old Ballads," in three volumes, published in London a century and a

* Macaulay—"Lays of Ancient Rome."—Preface.

half ago. The anonymous editor says in his preface, "It was the custom of these song enditers thus to transmit to their children the glorious actions which happened in their days. And I believe it was never used more than among the English in times of old. For we may very reasonably suppose that one-half at least of their works are lost, and we have still one-half of whatever is remarkable in history handed down to us in ballads." Since this collector was at work, many ballads that eluded his very diligent search have been secured from tradition; but to him we Scots are doubtless indebted for the preservation of many of our ballads,—though for several for which he claims an English parentage, a Scottish one has been proved by subsequent critics.

Later on, and in England again, Bishop Percy brought out his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" a collection easily obtainable, but of inestimable value and interest to the student of antiquarian lore. To Percy, we Scots owe a debt of gratitude for what he did for our early national poetry. But for his labours many of our ballads would have perished. Other ballads, again, found by him in a fragmentary shape, were restored to something like their early completeness in his hands, much in the same way that the skeleton of certain extinct animals has been reconstructed from a fossil tooth by Mr. Owen.

Joseph Ritson followed the Prelate, criticizing him very severely, but doing good work of a similar kind at the same time. But even before these two works appeared across the Border, our own Allan Ramsay was winning his spurs by collecting and editing every scrap of the national poetry he could lay his hands upon. Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany* and *Evergreen* were the first tributes of love and veneration paid by a brother poet of Scotland to those "makers" whose names indeed had perished, but whose labours in the field of poetry had stocked many a Scottish home with imperishable ideas of beauty; while, at the same time, by his own additions to the garner, Ramsay proved himself worthy of being ranked as a fellow-labourer. Still critics complain that Ramsay was in too many cases dissatisfied with the originals of the ballads he found in vogue; that he too ruthlessly altered and modified them to suit the taste of his own age,—a taste that did not long survive—"thereby throwing great difficulty in the way of his successors, who have been forced again to invoke the uncertain and ever altering aid of tradition for originals which then might have been easily secured." * This error was avoided by Herd† who came after him, and who, being no poet like Ramsay, contented himself with collecting a large number of our historical ballads, publishing an excellent selection, along with a miscellany of Scottish song which he, perhaps with justice, calls "The Poetry and Music of the Heart."

* Aytoun, "Ballads of Scotland"—Preface.
† David Herd, "Scottish Songs," 1769.

In the beginning of this century Sir W. Scott earned the high encomium which we have just found passed upon him by Macaulay, in respect of his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,"—a work interesting not only on account of the ballads for the first time published in it, but on account of the elaborate introduction and notes with which it is adorned. Since Scott's time, many ballad collectors have appeared in Scotland. Jamieson, Buchan, Finlay, Kenloch, Maidment, Sharp, Motherwell and Aytoun. It may just illustrate the difficulty with which these ballads have been collected, if I mention the fact that though Professor Aytoun's work was published only a few year ago, there are several ballads printed for the first time in it. One of these is the traditionary form of the ballad, the "Battle of Harlaw,"—a ballad that existed in this traditionary form for nearly four hundred years. This ballad has this point of interest for myself, that it is the only ballad I have heard sung by one of those professional ballads-singers, who used to earn their bare living by attending and singing at gatherings in the country districts. The place was a lone farm in the Highlands; the time, nearly twenty-five years ago; the occasion, the festive one of Auld Yule, when "neebors" gather round the log, burned still in memory of some rite in the old fire-worship, and drink *sowens* in honour of Hulda, the northern Ceres, the fruitful mother of the earth. The singer was a rather handsome, venerable-looking old man, "dressed a' in black like a minister," with a brow as bald and locks as white as John Anderson's. He unfalteringly gave us the whole two-and-twenty stanzas of the ballad, following each with the easy refrain,

"We a drie, drie, drediдronilie drie,"

in which most of the company joined him, with a precision and a faithfulness evidently caught from the Sabbath psalmody. I was too young to know what fee was awarded to him for this and services of the same kind, but I well remember the deference which was paid to him by all present.

In striking contrast with this singer lived also in my boyhood time, another ballad maker and singer, a true though not a very cultured modern carper, — John Milne of Glenlivet, long well known all over Scotland.* My singer of Harlaw—in the spirit of Thomas Campbell's *Last Man*—defied the democratic innovators of the nineteenth century to quench his love for, or to shake his faith in the faultlessness of the good old times. He was satisfied with delivering that which he had received. His leanings were conservative. Heroes only such as James the Ross, John the

* An excellent notice of Milne appears in a recent number of *Good Words* (February, 1876,) from the pen of my old friend William Alexander, editor of the Aberdeen *Free Press*, and author of *Johnny Gibb*.

Graeme, and Brave Forbes, could perform such deeds as he cared to sing of, thus :—

Brave Forbes to his brother did say,
"O brither, dinna ye see,
They beat us back on every side
And we'll be forced to flee."
"Oh na, oh na, my brither dear,
Oh na that maunna be,
Ye'll tak your gude sword in your hand
And ye'll gang in wi' me."
Then back to back the brithers brave,
Gaed in amang the thrang,
And they swept down the Hielandmen
Wi' swords baith sharp and lang—*

all in the true Doric of the "North Countrie." But Milne cared not for such themes ; he was occupied with the popular cause; he aimed at redressing the wrongs of the people—at least of the agricultural poor. Milne's figure was a strange one, more particularly when you saw him seated on his ass and jogging along the turnpike, or when you saw him helping the Cuddie through some stile for the sake of a near cut to a neighbouring feeing market. Outwardly he was almost as pied as the Piper of Hamelin, for he wore a Lochaber bonnet, a many-coloured cotton scarf, a green swallow-tail coat with bright buttons, a red plush waistcoat double-breasted and buttoned high up, knee-breeches of yellow cord, Balbriggan-hose tied with red gaiters whose ends streamed by Jenny's flanks. For the rest let Mr. Browning describe him :—

He himself was tall and thin,
With shap blue eyes each like a pin,
And light brown hair and swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in.

Brought up as a shoemaker, Milne cobbled away for a lot of people who, thinking it no sin to make their own whiskey and to drink it, were always objects of anxiety to the guagers. Smugglers and guagers coming to blows one day, Milne tried his pen at a ballad in honour of the occasion. He awoke one morning and found himself famous, —"forsook the awl and lapstone, took to the occupation of a ballad maker, and for a period of over thirty years, gained a livelihood and reared a family in decent comfort by singing or reciting and selling his own rhymes."

In addition to marking the contrast in the two types of ministrels, these little recollections may serve to correct the statement made by

* The encounter described in this ballad was, I believe, one of those which even so late as the Sixteenth century took place between the freebooters from the Highlands and Islands, who made predatory excursions eastwards. An entry in the Council Register of Aberdeen, 1593, describes the precautions to be taken by the inhabitants to protect life and property "fra the tyrannous invasion of the saidis heiland men, quha has na' respect to God nor man." Buckle, H. of C. vol. iii. p. 23. 1872.

the editor of Sir Walter Scott's Border Ministrelsy, to the effect that the last of the race of Scottish Minstrels who sung his own compositions or those of others was Charles Leslie, of Aberdeenshire, whose death was thus announced in the newspapers for October, 1792 :—"Died, at Old Rain, in Aberdeenshire, aged one hundred and four years, Charles Leslie, a hawker or ballad singer, well known in that country as mussel-mou'ed Charlie. He followed his occupation till within a few weeks of his death."*

These recollections may also further tend to illustrate the effect of the modern spirit upon minstrels and minstrelsy. It first reduces what was an appanage of royalty to be the common possession of the many; it first widens the circle of their direct influence until it embraces the cottage of the peasant, and then dismisses them back to make way for the printing press and the newspaper. But, a few centuries ago, these makers and singers of ballads were persons of much importance in the state. They were indispensable to royalty, and received corresponding honours and largesses. William Motherwell quotes an Act of the Scottish Parliament of 1471, prohibiting the importation and wearing of silk on account of the great "povertie" to which the "Realme" has been brought by incessant war with England; but even in these hard times special permission was given to "knychtes, menstrallis, and heraldes" to wear clothing made of this costly importation. And, were it necessary, abundant evidence could be adduced from documents preserved in the General Register House of Edinburgh, to prove that the minstrels received marks of royal favour quite as substantial as those which are said to be bestowed upon British laureates of the nineteenth century.†

Before taking up the subjects of the ballads proper, which have come down to us by tradition mainly, I think it right to say a few words on the early classic poets of Scotland. Some of our ballads were evidently composed before these classic poets appeared, and others, again, were evidently written by contemporaries of these poets. The style of language used by the ballad-makers must therefore have been very much the same as that used by the classic poets. Yet the works of these classic poets have virtually long ago ceased to be read, and indeed are now barely intelligible, while the traditionary ballads are still popular, and, as now printed, can be read by any ordinary reader. The moment a man commits his thoughts to writing, the language he uses becomes fixed and unalterable. But the spoken language of the people is in a state of unstable equilibrium, and it is therefore easily modifiable. Periods in the growth of a nation's literature are thus distinctly marked by the character and style of the works of those who from time to time arise and earn reputations as authors, just as periods in the growth of a tree are marked by the rings of woody fibre, or as the growth of a mollusc's shell is marked

* Lockhart: "Introduction to Minstrelsy of Scottish Border." Vol. i., pp. 84, 85.
† "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern"—Introduction.

by the arrangement of the spines. Compare Chaucer's English with D'Avenaut's or Shakspeare's,—Shakespeare's with Addison's,—Addison's with Froude's,—vast differences will be at once apparent, not only in the spelling of words, but in the very words themselves. The writings of the Scottish classic poets have been fossilized, as it were, in the shelves of libraries, while the ballads of contemporary and even earlier makers, composed as they were to be spoken only, and floating down as they did on the breaths of the people, have undergone adaptation with every succeeding generation, and are at last fixed for us in the form they had in the mouths of reciters seventy or eighty years ago.

The changes thus meant to be noticed may be understood at a glance from the following quotations. The first is a short passage from a translation of the Æneid in the language of the Scottish nation, by Gawin Douglas, who was Bishop of Dunkeld about the close of the fourteenth century.

> " At every pyle's point and corne's croppis
> The teicheres stude, as lemand beriall droppis
> And on the halesum herbis, clene but wedis,
> Like crystall knoppis, or small siluer bedis :
> The licht begouth to quenschying out and fall,
> The day to dirken, decline and deuall :
> The gummis risis, doun fallis the donk rym,
> Baith here and there skuggis and schaddois dym :
> Vp goes the bak with her pelit leddren flicht."

When one looks at this passage one need not be surprised by the story which is told of a youth at the High School of Edinburgh, who bought a copy of Douglas' translation at a book-stall in order to steal a march upon his teacher and schoolfellows, but who found, with a grief as unutterable as that which Æneas himself confessed to Dido, that the Æneid of the Bishop of Dunkeld stood much more in need of a translation than that of the bard of Mantua. The foregoing passage is thus modernised by Professor Aytoun : it is part of a description of an evening in June :—

> At every pyle's* point, and corne's crops,
> The teicheres† stood, as clear as beryl drops,
> And on the wholesome herbage, clean from weeds,
> Like crystal knobs, or like small silver beads.
> The light began to quenchen out and fall,
> The day to darken, decline, and devall.‡
> The gums§ arise, down falleth the dank ryme,‖
> Both here and there come out the shadows dim.
> Up goes the bat with her peel'd leathern flight.¶

The quotation I desire to contrast with these is selected from the ballad *Edom o' Gordon*,** which is almost as old as Gawin Douglas'

* Tops of grass. † Dew-drops, from French *tacher*, to spot. ‡ Descend.
§ Mists. ‖ Hoar-frosts. ¶ A description of the so-called wings of the bat.
** " Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary." James Maidment. 1868.

translation of the Æneid. The language in which this was originally composed for recitation must have been very similar to that which Douglas uses in his work. By being preserved in tradition only until about a hundred years ago, when it was taken down in writing and thereafter printed, the ballad has gradually acquired the altered form in which it is now intelligible to any ordinary Scottish reader of the present day :—

" O then bespake her daughter dear,
She was both jimp and sma',
' O row me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me ow're the wa'.

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her ow're the wa' ;
But on the point o' Edom's spear
She got a deadly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the reid blude drips."

But Bishop Douglas was neither the earliest nor the only classic poet that Scotland produced in these remote times. More than a hundred years before Douglas, Barbour wrote the poem of " The Bruce." Barbour's name is the very earliest name that is authenticated in Scottish literature, although Thomas the Rhymer is said to have preceded him ; and it is a fact worthy of notice that this patriarch of Scottish literature and Chaucer, the patriarch of English literature, were contemporaries. Now Chaucer's fame deservedly far overtops Barbour's ; but the latter was in no respect indebted to the former, for " The Bruce " appeared some years before the " Canterbury Tales," and is a poem worthy of a distinguished place in any national literature, more particularly when we consider how little progress the language had made, and how little it was broken in for the work of poetry. In England, however, with the single exception of Lydgate who soon appeared, a period of well nigh two hundred years elapsed after Chaucer's time before any poet of any eminence again flourished ; a period which was adorned in Scotland by the writings of several poets of fame ; and on these the influence of Chaucer's manner is plainly visible. First, in order of time, and by no means the worst in point of excellence, was the royal poet James I., who confesses his indebtedness to Chaucer, and whose poem, " The King's Quhair," contains many passages that are still admired. Then came Robert Henryson, schoolmaster in Dunfermline, who wrote a series of Fables, distinguished not less for their high-toned morality than for their elegant diction. To him succeeded William Dunbar, originally Franciscan friar, afterwards diplomatist and statesman, author, amongst other pieces, of the still appreciated " Thistle and the Rose," which he wrote in honour of the marriage of James IV. with the Princess Royal Margaret of

England. Thereafter came the Gawin Douglas I have spoken of as the translator of the Æneid, and Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, the Scottish Dryden. These were the men who performed for Scotland the poet's part of refining and polishing her language; a language that we can hardly now-a-days believe was once a living and spoken one; a language of a Parliament and of a Court; a language which, after being deprived of these helps to progress and permanance, fell off from high use and fame, until it was rehabilitated by adaptation in the skilful hands of masters like Ramsay and Burns for the uses of imperishable song, where it has a charm unique and inexpressible, and that has been felt in its fullest force by others than Scots.

But in addition to this classic poetry, a knowledge of which has been always limited to the few, Scotland possessed excellent poetry, a knowledge of which was diffused among the people. For this people, more perhaps than any other, has always been fond of poetry, more particularly of the poetry of the country's own makers. Though her climate is a misty one, and her abundant moorlands are bleak and cold and barren, Scotland's atmosphere has been laden with song; poetry has ever been in the air which her sons have breathed from childhood. The thoughts of such men as Tennyson, Browning, or even Shakespeare have never come directly to the minds of the common people; taken in as it were by the upper ten, they have gradually percolated the various strata of society. The following statement, from a biographical notice of Tannahill, shows the different condition that obtains in Scotland:—"It is gratifying to know that this poet was in some measure a witness of his own success, and lived to hear his songs sung with approbation in hall and cottage. In a solitary walk on one occasion, his musings were interrupted by the voice of a country girl in an adjoining field, who was singing by herself a song of his own—

"We'll meet beside the dusky glen on yon burnside."

And he used to say that he was more pleased at this evidence of his popularity than at any tribute that had been paid to him.

This extraordinary characteristic of Scots—the universality of the interest manifested in their national songs, the general information of the popular mind with these songs, and the partiality exhibited towards them—did not escape the notice of Goethe, himself a candidate for fame as a song-writer for a nation of poets and philosophers. "Take up Burns," he says in one of his conversations, "take up Burns; *how* is he great except through the circumstance that the whole songs of his predecessors lived in the mouth of the people; that they were, so to speak, sung at his cradle; that as a boy he grew up amongst them; and the high excellence of these models so pervaded him that he had therein a living basis on which he could proceed further. Again, *why* is he great but from this, that his own songs at once found susceptible ears amongst his compatriots; that sung by reapers

and sheaf-binders, they at once greeted him in the field ; and that his festive companions sung his own songs when he went to make merry with them. On the other hand, what a pitiful figure is made by us Germans. Which of our old songs so lives among us that it greets us from the mouths of the people ? They are written and printed and they remain in the libraries, quite in accordance with the general fate of German poets. Of my own songs how many live ? Perhaps one or another of them may be sung by a pretty girl to the piano ; but among the people, properly so called, they have no voice."

It may from this be inferred that the songs of Scotland are such favourites with the people because these songs express sentiments and feelings that already exist, and that have not had to be called into existence and maintained there by the songs. That this is so seems to be shown by the facts of the Jacobite songs. The sentiments which these were intended to nourish belonged by right only to a section of the people ; and, especially in the case of those others in whom it was created by the songs, the enthusiasm soon passed away, and, as we shall presently see, spent itself more in poetic dreaming than in political action, while the vast bulk of the songs themselves, like the songs of Germany, now exist only in the libraries. While, again, the fact that the national songs proper not only are favourites, but have been so for centuries, shows either that in the national character there is small tendency to change, or that the songs themselves, being once established in the popular favour, have helped to maintain that character which first gave them acceptance. And this powerful influence of an intensely beloved national song in keeping whole and sound the national character has never been better borne witness to than in the often-quoted saying of Fletcher of Saltoun, that if a man was permitted to make the ballads that a people took to and loved, he need not care who on the other hand was permitted to make that country's laws. A good body of song once properly established in popular favour will keep the heart right, and if the heart is right the head cannot go far wrong.

In this use of the term ballad, Fletcher no doubt meant that it was to include popular poetry of all kinds. I propose, however, to group this poetry under two heads—ballads and songs. Though it is scarcely possible to draw an accurate logical distinction between the ballad and the song, there being many compositions which it would be difficult to refer to the one or to the other class, still for our present use the ballad may be defined as a versified or lyrical composition, in which the element of narrative forms the chief part. A song, on the other hand, may be defined as a versified or lyrical composition expressive of a particular emotion. In the ballad there will for the most part be an absence or unconsciousness of that artistic finish which is so marked in the song, the events narrated may be real or imaginary ; and while the object of the song will be to express human emotion or even passion more or less intense, the ballad will only aim at evoking emotional sympathies in those who

hear or read it. Ballads we shall find to be of several kinds—legendary, romantic, historical, &c.

The legendary are perhaps the most interesting of all the ballads. By such, I mean ballads the narrative of which concerns events or causes which never had any real existence in nature, which existed only in the imagination of men, but whose outward reality was most fully believed in at one time. That the legendary ballads expressed the beliefs of the people who composed them, there need be no doubt whatever; but if we would understand how men could ever have such belief, we must go far back into the history of our race; and indeed we have only lately begun to understand these things by the help of the modern science of language and by studying the folk-lore of the various nations.

We who inherit the culture of the ages during which intelligence has been coping with the unknown in nature, whose boast it is that we can give approximate explanations of so many phenomena, sometimes smile unworthily at what we call the credulity of people in times of old. In those times every change was put down to personal direct interference, and the number of the supposed personal workers was multiplied accordingly. As philosophers would say, the invariability of antecedent and consequent, of cause and effect, the orderly succession of phenomena, was neither believed in nor observed. To nascent intelligence, to the uncultured mind under every sky and in every age, occurrences were the results of the direct personal interference of the great spirit, or of some lesser spirit, either commissioned or permitted to act for the time being. When the thunder echoed from the cliffs, the great spirit was expressing himself in tones of wrath; when the lightning flashed, he was breathing fire upon the earth and its occupants; meteorites were the bolts of Jove hurled from Olympus at his enemies in heaven, on the earth or under it; and plagues amongst men and beasts were visitations of an offended Apollo or Æsculapius. Without a home to cover him,—living, like our Bushmen, in holes and caves of the earth, ignorant of tillage and depending for his daily food on the skill with which he could by his rude weapons entrap or kill his prey, his hunting grounds liable to sudden inundations apparently causeless,—and, with all this, having an intelligence just awakening and a reasoning faculty springing into force,—need we wonder that primeval man was possessed by painful, fearful, horrible imaginings and dreads? The whole race of course would have general experience such as these; but there would be special experiences, such, for instance, as our Celtic or Teutonic ancestors would undergo, as they passed westwards towards the setting sun, from their far-off Aryian home to the land of cold and mist,—as they migrated from the tropical climate of the Indus Valley to the bleak and barren moors of the islands beyond the sea,—as they gradually exchanged a land flowing with milk and honey, a land where the fruits of the earth were in profusion, for another land whose soil was stubborn and whose trees were fruitless.

History has no record of the feelings that men had under these circumstances; but the stream of language when traced to its fountain-head already gives indication of the thoughts and beliefs that filled their minds. The folk-lores, too, that exist amongst all nations and kindreds, are all records of the hopes and fears, of the joys and sorrows of men, before the days of writing or of books or of ballads had arrived. All the superstitions that so long clung, and that in some cases still cling, to the minds of European people are survivals of the *cultus* that the Teutonic, Celtic, and other human waves brought with them from the primeval nursery of the race. Witches and warlocks, spirits evil and good, elves and goblins, "fiends, ghosts, and sprites" enter largely into the mythology of the Teutonic and Celtic races. One vein seems to run through all the mythologies, all the folk-lores of the peoples of the North Western Europe at least; and one vein is found similarly to run through the legendary ballads of these peoples where they can be found. Particular local colourings are given in accordance with the countries where the ballads have been traditionally preserved, but their foundations are one and the same: one tale has one local colouring in Denmark, another in Scandinavia, a third in Scotland. But long after the Celtic and Teutonic waves of men were settled in their new homes, another unique cultus came again from the East, converting the capital of the Roman Empire and spreading thence over all the nations of the West. This new cultus did not immediately and completely supplant that which was already in possession. At some points the old beliefs gave way before the new ideas; but at many other points the old beliefs held their ground against the new, backed though they were by the prestige of learning and authority. The old eery horror, for instance, with which primeval man contemplated the phenomena of nature, was mitigated by the message of peace on earth, by the glad tidings of great joy, and by the stimulating assurance of an immortality beyond the grave. But many of the ideas connected with witches and evil spirits in general, ideas already hoary with age and firmly rooted in the popular mind, so far from being driven out, were rather strengthened by the Christian revelation of Satan.

Bearing these reflections in mind, the old legendary ballads seem invested with a strange and peculiar interest for those who have any sympathy with the history of man. We find a very fairly suggestive embodiment of the effects of the blending of this double cultus on popular belief in the very ancient ballad "The Witch Mother."* The hero, Willie, has married against his mother's consent. This mother is the witch-mother of the ballad. She is believed to be endowed with the power of heaping agony and disaster upon all who displeased her. The witch-mother's wrath is visited upon Willie's wife, who is with child. Twice Willie goes to the witch-mother,

* "The Witch Mother" in Aytoun's "Ballads of Scotland," Vol. i.

offering what he deems the most tempting bribes if she will but remove the spell from his wife :—

> " That gudely gift shall be your ain,
> And let her be lighter o' her young bairn."

But the old lady is not to be easily won over ; whereupon appears to Willie the antagonistic spirit of Good, the well-wisher of man, who in this ballad is called " Billy Blin," and who is no less a personage than that favourite household god of Scotland, the brownie, who as the ballad

> " Spak aye in good time,"

like the dog that appears to Elizabeth Sawyer,* and who offers himself to her as a *familiar spirit*. The brownie has power, " but 'tis circumscrib'd and tied in limits." He is unequal to the part of directly undoing the work of his lady superior, but he makes up for his deficiency in power by his superiority in cunning. He puts Willie up to a little strategem, by the success of which the witch-mother is made to reveal the nature of her spell, and Willie speedily makes use of the knowledge to relieve his young wife.

Again, early in the history of man, a number of mythical and allegorical interpretations of natural phenomena seem to have obtained a peculiar hold upon the mind. Some keen and close observer of nature, with imaginative bent of mind, and having only the vast book of Nature to read and to study, seized upon constantly recurring events, such as the rising and setting of the sun, the monthly phases of the moon, or the phenomena of the seasons, interpreting them, with poetical license, in language that correlated these, at that time inexplicable, appearances to experiences purely mundane and human. In the course of time, and by the destructive effects of tradition, by which alone these allegorical interpretations were preserved, the fact that the interpretations were allegorical seems to have been lost sight of, the merely human and grosser parts alone surviving. Sun and moon being looked upon as gods, it was in this way that legends arose about supernatural beings visiting and obtaining the loves of mortals. Most cosmogonies and mythologies afford examples. In the Greek we have, for instance, the residuum of an allegory in the legend of the visits of Jupiter to fair women in the shape of a shower of gold and in the form of a bull ; or, again, in the somewhat dismal legend of the abduction of Proserpine by Pluto ; or in the peculiar Hellenic myth of Cupid and Pysche, veiling a truth that belongs neither to one age nor to one country. So far as I have been able to see, Hellenic grace and beauty are altogether absent from this class of Teutonic myths, at least as these are preserved in the Scottish ballads. Some of the more interesting features of this class of ballads may be learned from such ballads as " Demon

* In the " Witch of Edmonton ;" Dekker.

Lover,"* "Alison Gross,"† and "Tamlane."‡ (The critics tell us that these ballads are all of undoubted antiquity, being mentioned by name in a peculiar composition known as "The Complaynt of Scotland," published at St. Andrew's about four hundred years ago, and which mentions by name a great many of the ballads, songs, and literary pieces which then amused or instructed the people.) In his introduction to the "Demon Lover," Motherwell says that "though the general versions vary in some particulars, they are agreed as to the manner in which the real character of the hero was discovered, viz., by the malformation of his feet. . . . . The horns with which vulgar superstition has also decorated his brow, it would appear can be put off or on as he may have a mind, but the villainous hoof sticks to him at all times, and will neither be shaken off nor metamorphosed into anything like the foot of a rational biped." The tragic ending of this awe-inspiring legendary ballad seems to be intended to convey a moral which it would savour of impertinence in one to attempt to particularise. One would almost incline to the opinion that it had been composed by a woman by way of a caution to her sex. In the ballad of "Alison Gross," a man is made to relate his experience; and, bearing in mind the peculiar conflicts of religious opinion that were then taking place, more particularly the peculiar account which the new faith gave of the Fall of Man, it seems to me as if the composer had resolved upon making an apology for the new faith, as if he had desired to convey the opinion that if a supernatural being in female form had tempted the first man, instead of one in male form tempting the first woman, it had not gone so hard with our race; for these ballads, be it remembered, are all pre-Miltonic:—

"O Alison Gross that lives in yon tree,
The ugliest witch in the North Countrie—
Has trysted me a day up till her bower.
And mony fair speeches she made to me.

"She straiked my head and she kembed my hair,§
And she set me down saftly on her knee,
Say 'Gin ye will be my lemman‖ sae true,
Sae mony braw things as I would ye gie.'"

The supposed speaker has not poured wax into his ears as the wily Ulysses did when he was about to undergo a similar temptation; nevertheless the voice of the charmer fails:—

"Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,
Hand far awa and let me be,
For I wadna kiss your ugly mouth
For a' the gifts that ye could gie."

* Motherwell: "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern."
† Jamieson: "Popular Ballads and Songs."
‡ Aytoun: "Ballads of Scotland."
§ From the frequency with which it is mentioned in ballad poetry, this stroking of the head and combing of the hair seems to have been a favourite act of dalliance in olden times.
‖ Lover.

Alison is deeply incensed by this ungallant and churlish reply to the proffer of friendship, and thereafter the speaker resumes in words that are worth noticing for the insight they give as to what was the *hocus pocus* of the time:—

> "She turned her richt and round about,
> And thrice she blew a grass-green horn;
> And she swore by the moon and stars aboon
> That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.
>
> Then out she has ta'en a silver wand,
> And she's turned me three times round and round,
> She's mutter'd sic words that my strength it failed,
> And I fell down senseless on the ground.
>
> She's turned me into an ugly worm,*
> And garr'd me toddle about the tree," &c.

But the victim is not left in misery for any great length of time. The Queen of Leelie Court, a personage identical in some respects with the Titania of Shakspeare, and the representative of another supernatural being that wishes well to man, floats down beside him from her mysterious palace, and, taking in the situation at a glance, effects his deliverance thus:—

> "She took me up in her milkwhite hand,
> And she straiked me three times o'er her knee,
> She chang'd me again to my ain proper shape,
> And I na mair maun toddle about the tree."

The legendary ballad of "Tamlane" is of a still lighter and more cheery character. There are several versions of this ballad, one being found in the fifth volume of "Johnson's Museum," a collection of Scottish ballads and songs published nearly a century ago. Tamlane seems to be a favourite hero in Scottish poetry, for the name, with many variations in the spelling, occurs frequently. Some forms are Tam-a-lane, Tam-o'-the-Lin, Thomalin. Johnson makes it Tom Linn, as if his impression had been that the name was a familiar way of speaking of Thomas Linn. But recent researches in folk-lore have identified Tamlane with Thumbling and Tom Thumb, the hero of many a nursery story. By some critics, again, Thumbling or Tamlam has been identified with Thor, the thunder god of the Teutonic mythology, who, in the course of his mythical wanderings, on one occasion crept, from alarm at an earthquake, into the thumb of the glove of the gigantic Hungnir, and on another was rescued by his son from the danger of being crushed under the foot of the same gigantic hero. Now, it seems almost inconceivable how such stories as those about Tom Thumb could be traced backwards to the allegorical sun-myths I have alluded to. Yet, when we remember that immediately after the sun appears above the

* In old Scottish the words "worm" and "serpent" were often used for one another. Cropping up in the middle of an old Scots ballad, this allusion to the tree and serpent of various mythologies is peculiar.

horizon,—immediately, that is, after what a person of poetic temperament and poetic license may term the birth of the sun, when naturally he would be supposed to be small, young and weak, he rapidly acquires strength and might, he fills the heavens with light, and throws out a scorching heat upon the earth—when we remember this, the root idea seems to be found, more especially when we know that these dwarf incarnations of the Teutonic and other mythologies are all endowed with superhuman power or strength. I am disposed to believe that the fragment given by Motherwell, Herd, and others, entitled "The wee, wee Man," has reference to this same mythical hero. It begins :—

"As I was walking mine alane
Betwixt the water and the wa',
There I spied a wee, wee man,
He was the least ane that e'er I saw.

His legs were scarce a chaftmont* lang,
Both thick and nimble was his knee,
Between his een there was a span,
Betwixt his shoulders there were ells three."

The superhuman strength of the dwarf is thus alluded to :—

"This wee, wee man pulled up a stane,
He flang't as far as I could see,
Though I had been as Wallace strang,
I wadna gotten it up to my knee."

This peculiarity of great physical strength and dwarfish body is one that characterises Tamlane also, and the probability of their identity is further borne out by the description of the kindly welcome the "wee, wee man" receives on his return by the fairies, whose great affection for Tamlane is so notable a feature of the ballad which goes by his name. As the ballad is too long to insert here, I may attempt an outline of the story. There is in a certain part of the country a prohibition to young women, warning them not to wander in a specified direction on account of the Tamlane who frequents that neighbourhood. Janet, an Earl's daughter, has her curiosity excited by the prohibition, and wanders thither ostensibly to gather flowers. She is soon accosted by the dwarf Tamlane, who wins her heart, of course. Like a prudent woman and a canny Scott, Janet desires to know who he is, and more particularly if he is not one of those children that have been kidnapped by fairies before baptism. For a belief was common that unbaptised children were liable to be seized by the fairy queen, who, being a vassal of the devil-in-chief, was under an obligation to pay tribute in kind, a direct tax which she tried to evade by substituting human children stolen for the purpose. Baptism was supposed to protect children from this calamity, hence charms of all kinds were in readiness in every well-regulated household to defend new-born children from the fairy plunderers against

* A measure of six inches.

the arrival of the priest with the holy water. But sometimes baptism did not give protection, for Tamlane tells Janet that he was duly taken to church and sained, *i e* , consecrated by the sign of the cross ; which reply to Janet's question as to his antecedents is further remarkable from a scientific point of view, as it shows how such a beautiful, mythological, and spiritual conception as the rapidly-endowed child of the night and the dawn becomes realistic, concrete, and localised by the grinding and destructive effects of oral and popular tradition In the ballad, Tamlane's real origin is quite lost sight of, and a local parentage is found for him such as would satisfy the greatest lover of Burke's Peerage amongst us :—

" Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,
Dunbar, Earl March was thine,
We loved when we were children small,
Which still you yet may mind."

He then proceeds to relate what has been his fate during seven years, and that the day is near at hand when he is to be sent as the " kane " or tithe to the demon, but from this doom she, if she still loves him, can save him by bravery and determination. He tells her of a procession which is to come off soon ; he is to take part in it, and if she will be there, seize him and hold him fast through all the changes of form that the fairies will give him to make her let him go, he will be free and be her own for ever :—

" Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And eerie was the way,
As fair Janet in her green mantle
To Miles' Cross she did gae.

There's holy water in her hand,—
She casts a compass round,—
And straight she sees a fairy hand
Come riding o'er the mound.

And first gaed by the black, black steed,
And then gaed by the brown,
But fast she grip't the milk-white steed
And pu'd the rider down.

She pu'd him frae the milk white steed
And loot the bridle fa',
And up there raised an erlish cry,
'He's won amongst us a'.'

They shap'd him in fair Janet's arms
And asked, but and an adder;
She held him fast in every shape
To be her ain true lover.

They shap'd him in her arms at last
A mother naked man;
She cuist her mantle over him,
And so her true love wan."

Janet has won her husband, and we shall unite in wishing so brave a girl much joy in her choice; but the Elphin Queen is very heart-sore about her loss :—

> "Had I but had the wit yestreen
> That I hae coft this day,
> I'd paid my kane seven times to hell
> E're you'd been won away."*

This seems the most suitable place in which to offer a few remarks on one of the most celebrated personages connected with our early Scottish ballad poetry. "Thomas the Rhymer" was long supposed to be a legendary or mythical name, but it is now ascertained beyond doubt that this was the popular name for Thomas Learmont, otherwise called Thomas of Erceldoune, from the village of that name on the Tweed, where he was either born or where he lived. Thomas must have flourished before the close of the tenth century, for we find from certain historical sources (Barbour) that Thomas' rhymes were already held in general esteem in 1306. Some of my Scottish readers may not know this remarkable man by name, but I imagine that no man can have lived long in Scotland, or have had much intercourse with Scots, without becoming acquainted with some or other of his so-called prophetic rhymes; for Learmont appears not only to have travelled all over Scotland, but to have left some marks of his genius for rhyming at almost every place he visited. In the county from which I hail, for instance, one of the best known of these rhymes is :—

> "When Dee and Don shall run in one,
> And Tweed shall run in Tay,
> The bonnie water of Ury
> Shall bear the Bass away."†

Lately antiquarians have unearthed a romance in verse, preserved in three manuscripts—one in Cambridge, one in the Cathedral Library of Lincoln, and one, a fragment, in the British Museum. From

* In his elaborate introductory notice to this ballad, Sir Walter Scott thinks the following tradition worthy of a place—a tradition very popular in the district where Scott obtained "Tamlane" from recitation, and one to which, the captive being a woman and the liberator a man, there is of course a very different ending. "The wife of a farmer in Lothian," says Sir Walter, "had been carried off by the fairies, and, during the year of probation, repeatedly appeared on Sunday in the midst of her children combing her hair. On one of these occasions she was accosted by her husband, when she related to him the unfortunate event which had separated them, instructed him by what means he might win her, and exhorted him to exert all his courage, since her temporal and eternal happiness depended on the success of his attempt. The farmer, who ardently loved his wife, set out on Halloween, and, in the midst of a plot of furze, waited impatiently for the procession of the fairies. At the ringing of the fairy bridles and the wild unearthly sound which accompanied them his heart failed him, and he suffered the ghostly train to pass by without interruption. When the last had rode past the whole troop vanished with loud shouts of laughter and exultation, among which he plainly discovered the voice of his wife, lamenting that he had lost her for ever."—"Border Minstrelsy." Vol. ii, 327.

† Those who care to see a goodly number of these rhymes may consult "Chambers' Popular Rhymes" and Sir W. Scott's "Border Minstrelsy."

these Professor Aytoun has collected his interesting "Thomas of Erceldoune." Then there is the ballad of "True Thomas," preserved traditionally until about the beginning of the present century, when it was taken down by Sir W. Scott. These two ballads, though evidently of different parentage, agree in a wonderful manner in their account of the Rhymer's meeting with the Queen of Elfland, and of his sojourn in her enchanted region for seven years, during which time he was supposed to have acquired the gift of prophecy. On first meeting with the Queen he has to pay a penalty for his gallantry:—

"'Harp and carp, true Thomas,' she said,
'Harp and carp along with me,
And if ye daur to kiss my lips,
Sure of your body I shall be.'"

Thomas seems to have looked upon this as tantamount to an invitation; at all events, he behaves very differently from the hero of "Alison Gross":—

"'Betide me weel, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me,'
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

'Now ye maun gae wi' me,' she said,
'True Thomas ye maun gae wi' me,
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be.'"

Thomas has now to accompany the Queen, who is mounted, as all such personages are, at least in ballad literature, on a milk-white steed; and after they have travelled together for some distance, she addresses him in language whose source will not be obscure to a nineteenth century listener, though he may be interested by its occurrence in a Scot's ballad five hundred years old:—

"'Light down, light down now, Thomas,' she said,
'And lay your head upon my knee,
Light down and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

'O see you na that braid, braid road
That stretches o'er the lily leven?
That is the path to wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

'And see you na yon narrow road
Sae thick wi' thorns and briers?
That is the path to righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

'And see you na that narrow road
That winds about that ferny brae?
That is the way to fair Elfland,
Where you and I this night maun gae."

Like some other ancient seers of whom we read in history, sacred and profane, this prophet-bard of Scotland, according to popular tradition, was permitted not to see death. After his return to earth, on completing his seven years of serving the Queen of Elfland, Thomas always seemed to believe that he should again be called away. "Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Erceldoune, a person came running in and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and a hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the streets of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return."*

To Lina.

Oh gaze not reproachfully on me,
Eyebrows that arch like thine,
And the orbs they o'ercanopy, never
With sadness were meant to shine;
Was it I was the soonest unfaithful?
Was it I was the first to break
That promise exchanged when your sweet lips
Touch'd mine, as the swallow the lake?

Tall palings stood rudely between us,
Your stern little hand kept the gate,
Though close, I could scarce hear the whisper,
I then thought was speaking my fate,
When you pouted your lips through the palings,
And vowed, little cheat, 'twas a kiss;
But the love that it sealed was as transient
As that timid greeting of bliss.

But the ghost of our dead flirtation
Rises, with rueful stare,
At the glances and words of the present,
At the words and the glances that were;
New loves have made up for the old one
With you, dear, as well as with me,
But that hour at the gate I'll remember
Till memory ceases to be.

B. M. R.

* "Border Minstrelsy." Vol. iv, 115.

Nuggets.

Now that the precious metal, Gold, is for the first time being uncarthed in South Africa by the enterprise and industry of the Anglo-Saxon race, it may be of interest to many to be put in possession of some idea of its mode of occurrence in Nature, as exhibited by the gold-mining industries of other countries.

Although I am personally acquainted with the locality of Leydenburg, and almost every other spot in South Africa where traces of gold have been discovered, and am quite aware that it is found in Africa under somewhat different circumstances than in California and other gold countries, yet, I must here remark that the general principle of its mode of distribution, and the character of the rocks in which it is found, are in all countries the same. I shall, therefore, endeavour by reverting to my experience of the matter upon the American continent to give South Africans who are unacquainted with the subject some notion of the way in which gold is usually found, and at the same time explain a theory based upon my own personal observations, of the aqueous formation of nuggets.

Gold is found naturally in two modes only. First, alluvial gold, found in alluvium, or where alluvium has been; and second, gold found in mineral veins, or lodes, either with or without other metals.

Under the first form, gold is found in a pure metallic state, from dust so fine that, if dry, it will float upon water, to large nuggets of 2,000 ounces in weight. (It must be noticed here that by pure metallic state I mean with its natural alloy of silver or copper—gold never being without alloy.)

In the second form, it is found permeating the quartz or silicious matter composing the matrix vein under circumstances I shall more fully describe hereafter.

These are the two natural forms, and there can be no doubt that the first or alluvial gold, owns its origin solely to the ordinary process of denudation decomposing the mineral veins in which it previously existed. The only incongruity which makes this difficult to believe, is, that whereas in alluvial deposits large lumps of gold are frequently found; in quartz veins, notwithstanding that mines have been worked for years in every quarter of the globe, large pieces have never been discovered in the lodes. It is my object here to prove that this is only an *apparent* incongruity and that nuggets, however large, in every instance owe their origin to quartz veins. With regard to the formation of the veins themselves, that I do not discuss; these are invariably found traversing the more ancient sedimentary rocks and those of igneous origin subjacent: and concerning them I can see no reason to disapprove of the commonly accepted theory of their mode of formation by hydrothermal deposition in previously existing fissures.

It must be always borne in mind that the operation of natural forces connected with the earth are never at a stand-still. Every hour of

the day, of every day, thousands—millions—of tons of solid mineral matter are being transported from point to point, shifted, moved, re-arranged by currents, rivers, winds, &c. Assuming such effects to have been previously in existence as forcible as now for countless ages (and investigation would tend to prove that they have been at some periods much more so) it becomes at once easy, not only to account for the enormous thickness of the sedimentary deposits, but also for the irregularities, and phenomena presented,—such as that of a heavy lump of metal being located on the summit of a lofty hill.

Nature is never idle; apparently there is no movement in the crust of the earth, but in reality the changes which are wrought by time and industry are always taking places: for Nature is industrious. And what cannot be effected by time and industry? Here we have a lesson by mother-earth herself, that, conjointly, these two things are invincible. So, let me proceed with my explanation.

When I was in San Francisco in 1864, there were some very rich mines opened on the Sierra Nevada, and the excitement in the city was intense. The gold was found in quartz ledges, or reefs, and sometimes these were immensely productive. Many samples and specimens of the rock were brought to town; and a mining agent with whom I was acquainted knowing my fondness for geological investigation, supplied me with a number of small specimens taken from different lodes, selected on account of their richness in the precious metal.

I had quite a collection of these little chips, and as I gazed upon them, knowing them to be specimens of gold in its matrix, I was struck with the difference there was between many of them; and on the other hand the similarity in some respects of others although found many miles apart.

I observed among my numerous specimens that there were four distinct modes in which the gold occurred in the rock:—

1st. It occurred in small flat plates or specks, separated from each other, each scale smaller in circumference than a pin's head, but spread throughout the whole mass like currants in a cake.

2nd. It occurred in the same manner, but the specks were in cubiform (or otherwise solid) bodies, and in this instance they were sometimes so thickly scattered (although always separate) as to form a tenth or even more of the bulk of the specimen.

3rd. It occurred in large irregular plates and various sized specks having no kind of uniformity in distribution.

4th. It occurred in wire-like ramifications throughout the substance of the rock; the wires being usually flattened and joined to plates and scales, *but the peculiarity of this description of stone was the singular manner in which almost every particle of metal was connected together by threads, forming a figure similar to a sponge or honeycomb*, which embraced and held together the surrounding quartz.

I noted the above peculiarities, and as from time to time I saw specimens from all parts of the country, I observed that they always belonged to one or other of the four descriptions given.

No. 1 was always blue or whitish-blue.

No. 2 was often blue, rarely brown.

No. 3 was often brown, rarely blue.

No. 4 was always brown, never blue.

These differences of colour although denoting the probability of the difference of depth from which each specimen had come, inasmuch as the change of colour was in most cases due to oxidation of the ferreous constituents, were also characteristic of the different modes of occurrence of the gold.

It struck me that as gold was found in these forms alone in the quartz veins, and never in large solid lumps like nuggets ; that either the quartz lodes were not the matrix veins of nuggets, or that if so, the mode of formation of the latter had not yet been explained by geologists. It is true an indifferent sort of explanation as to the gold being melted out by the action of terrestrial heat, &c., had been put forward as an hypothesis, but although it is quite possible there may be instances where the materials in veins have been melted subsequent to original formation, it is questionable whether separate particles of metal would in such a case be melted into one mass ; or that such action has taken place in all the localities where nuggets have been found. So without being at all satisfied in my curiosity on this point, I put my specimens into a bottle with water (which by the by is a good way to view some mineral specimens) and determined to meditate on the subject. I kept the bottle in my coat-tail pocket for the double purpose of showing to my friends and reminding me of my subject of meditation.

One day after I had not examined my bottle for a considerable time, I looked at it and was astonished to observe a quantity of sand at the bottom. Ah ! I thought, somebody has been tampering with my specimens. And sure enough so they had ; for Master Natural Causes had been there at work most industriously as usual. Yes, the stones were decomposing under the influence of the abrading power of water in motion.

Upon an examination I found the following effects to have taken place :—No. 1 showed evident marks of having lost small portions of their angular surfaces. Nos. 2 and 3 the same ; and No. 4 presented a hammered appearance, some of the flat projecting pieces of gold had been flattened down and spread out, thus partially enveloping the specimen and making it appear more gold and less quartz. Upon an examination of the sand I found grains of various sizes with scales of gold, and rounded specks, or dust. These were from Nos. 1, 2, and 3.

But there was no gold from No. 4 in the sand although doubtless some of the sand was derived from that portion of the stones.

Now the action which went on in my coat-tail pocket was no other than that which goes on in every torrent and river in every country in the world, and considering the results obtained in the short space of a few weeks on so small a scale, is it not reasonable to suppose that in the ceaseless " mills of Nature " there is amply sufficient force to produce nuggets in all the variety they have been found in, without the aid of sudden convulsions, or unusual heat ?

Although heat is an important element in all natural circumstances and must not be overlooked of course in matters of geological inquiry, I maintain that there is abundant evidence to prove that aqueous agencies alone are quite capable of forming and placing in any spot whatever, pure nuggets of gold as large as any as have yet been found. And I believe they owe their origin to gold in quartz veins under the circumstances I

have described regarding specimens No. 4. In the action of water in motion upon such a specimen if detached and laying in a river bed, we can see sufficient cause. Every blow which is given by the water moving adjacent boulders, cracks up and helps to remove the brittle quartz: whereas it does not remove the gold if that be joined together by ever so fine a thread, simply because that metal possesses the property of ductility to such an extent that it would seldom become ruptured in this manner: and as it also possesses the property of malleability in an extraordinary degree, it may be beaten by the waves of centuries, seeing that it is incorrodible, until all the brittle quartz is beaten out of it, and the ramifying, honeycomb-like structure is at length hammered and rolled into a huge nugget. The fact that nuggets are of all sorts of fantastic shapes, showing waterworn marks; that they often contain grains and chips of rock, and even rounded pebbles; that they are always found where alluvium is, or has had a chance of being; I think is sufficient evidence to prove the truth of this theory.

The specimens No. 4 having this ramifying structure are generally brown or red, because they usually occur near the surface or cap of the vein: often they are located in small stringers or leaders, but an inch or two wide, which shoot out from the main lode, and when detached by the ordinary process of denudation it is easy to see how nuggets are formed from them, because, coming from near the surface they are, as a rule, extremely brittle and the silicious matter is easily washed away. If any one doubt the great power of water in motion for causing effects such as mentioned, let them place a few broken stones in a bottle with water and carry it as stated; if of ordinary active habits the effect will soon be seen, even without taking many journeys by post-cart.

And now as to the formation of alluvial gold through the distribution of these four descriptions of specimens by the ordinary process of denudation. It must be borne in mind, that however impossible it may appear at first thought, that a huge nugget of almost the heaviest metal known can be placed by the ordinary natural action of water alone upon the top of a high hill, yet if sufficient *time* be allowed, and all surrounding circumstances be taken into account, it will be seen that there is ample power in the dynamical forces of Nature, as they are at the present time existing and working before our eyes, to cause such an effect. It must be also borne in mind that if we are to account for phenomena produced by causes which have been extended over countless ages, we must not disregard the climatic changes which during such an interval may have taken place, because the natural forces existent in the Tropics are necessarily different from those of the Arctic regions; and for this reason we must be particular to consider the effects of the glacial period.

In the countries in which, up to the present, gold has been found in the greatest abundance, the glacial action has left evident marks of having been at one time very powerful. But that the imagination may be carried over the whole of the proceedings of nature extended throughout this illimitable period, I shall, in the language of personification, animate this interesting portion of matter which humanity, by common consent, has agreed to consider matter of the chiefest interest.

Imagine yourself a Nugget, then, and take a retrospective glance at your life:—Your earliest reminiscences carry you back, perhaps, farther than is

usual, for you remember being *in situ*; you remember being in the sponge-like form I have described enveloped in your matrix, a quartz vein.

It is intensely cold; the rigours of an Arctic winter wraps all nature in a death-like stillness; resting upon you, and covering all the earth as with a mantle, lies a thousand feet of snow. Upwards in vast domes it towers, far above, notwithstanding you lie hid near the summit of a mountain peak. Then in that fearful cold the rocks crack, but owing to your ramifying structure you hold together the substances near you and within your embrace, viz., that portion of your matrix vein which immediately surrounds you. In time the cracks extend upon all sides, and you are left isolated in an angular irregular block. Then comes a thaw and water finds its way into these cracks and separates you from your parent vein. Again intense frosts; the water is congealed, and you are fast in the embrace of your second parent, the glacier. Then with a noise like thunder you are torn from the breast of the mountain. Grasped by the mighty avalanche, you slide irresistibly down. Held in the vice-like grip of the ice one part of you which is exposed is ground down flat with the force of a million tons. Over the hard unyielding rocks you are grooved and striated.

Now, with a crash, the glacier is broken and you are hurled pell-mell into a heap of rubbish—stones, blocks, sand, mud, ice, snow, and water come headlong down upon you; and at length you lie buried in a vast moraine.

Years roll away; and you see the light, and are again buried in a mass of *débris*. At this period your weight may be about two tons. Now as ice removes once more the incumbent stones you are again exposed upon the surface. There is a biting frost, and you feel your skin crack and chip off. Thus you are commencing to lose your quartz and your angularity.

Around you, as far as the eye can reach, is one vast field of ice, and again you feel that you are moving. Those great masses of snow like huge mound mountains, which seem to pass one another, are in reality still—it is an optical delusion—it is not they which move, but you, and the ice-island upon which you rest, which is drifting in water.

Those mounds are but the bluffs of a buried coast line, and now you see the breakers dash and hear the roar of the sea; you are taking your first voyage upon the ocean. You are a passenger upon an iceberg bound withersoever the waves and winds direct. Grand and majestic is the scene as the huge white ship sails before the wind. All around you sparkling in the sunlight are the white horses of the open sea. Wild and beautiful and free, they leap for very joy. But you are not alone, you have a fellow passenger in the shape of a white bear—he looks disconsolate, and by way of relieving the tedium of the voyage comes up to you and rubs his back against one of your still sharp edges; in doing so he rubs off a grain of quartz, thus assisting you to fulfil your destiny, which is to lose all your quartz.

And now the sun bursts out in all the glory of a lovely day. Never before did you feel so warm. The ice begins to melt. Onward you course, the waves dashing over the edge of your drifting ship which gradually grows smaller and sinks visibly into the waters. Ursus Polaris

looks scared. You, being of a more stoical turn of mind, quietly await events. The waters draw nearer, and at length you fall into their soft embrace.

Rapidly, you glide downward, as you catch a last glimpse of your travelling companion, whom you see perched upon the topmost peak of ice,—the picture of despair and isolated confusion.

And now you sink, sink, sink; and the waters have a soothing influence, which is hardly diminished when you sink at length into a soft bed of ooze. Owing to your weight you become buried in it. If you were as impatient as some people you would begin to think it was all over with you now; but as I said you are of a philosophical turn of mind,—you don't know what monotony is, and as to time, you have no faith in it, you believe it a myth, an invention of the human mind and like most such inventions serving only to increase trouble and anxicty.

"Time takes no measure in Eternity."

For you there is no such thing as time, because you always were. The only thing you know is change and so you say good-night and take a rest for a million years.

At length you are awakened by a buzzing noise in your ears. Yes, sure enough there is a dull deadened roaring sound. With characteristic patience, you amuse yourself by listening. Gradually, but very gradually, the noise grows louder—the fact is that the bed of the ocean upon which you rest is being slowly raised up, and as the waters recede the beach is brought nearer and nearer to you. At length, after you have listened a thousand years or so, a dash of water caused by an unprecedented current comes in your face, which is thus washed clean from the incumbent ooze, and then through the water once more you see daylight. Now (to you rapidly) you are cleansed from the surrounding ooze and stand alone in the water. Alone, save that about you are many specimens of gigantic mollusca which delight to live in the soft mud of these chilly waters.

But all this time while the roar of the breakers has been in your ears, the water has been becoming more shallow; nearer and nearer, as the land rises, are you brought to the margin of the sea; until at length, one day, during a great storm, you are roughly torn out of your seat and flung with violence upon a beach of boulders. Unlike you, a rugged and honest fellow, these are smooth faced villains who have seen much battling in the world; and this they at once let you know without ceremony. On all sides you are knocked about the head, losing quartz at almost every blow!

And here, in the littoral warfare, you are beaten about for many years. All your old notions of quiet and comfort have vanished; and as you cast an eye over your person you find it much reduced: you are now not one-tenth your size at birth. This warfare has made havoc with your constitution, you are getting into the sear and yellow leaf,—yes, you are getting positively yellow! You used to be of a nice pink and white complexion with your teeth as white as snow (crystals as they were) and now, alas! you are almost uniformly yellow, and only traces of your former complexion are seen in white spots here and there. You are a heavy fellow, and in your battles give some knock down blows,

but you have a soft heart, and scarcely does one boulder hit you in return but a deep impression is made in your susceptible nature ; you take a thousand forms during this your warfare. Your face is ever new. And at every change you part with a grain of quartz. Thus you become more yellow as you become more condensed, more battered and more fit for the part you have yet to take in the world.

At length one day, you are cast to the very margin of high water and again have rest. Slowly and through many ages the waves recede from you, and as they retire to a distance, sand and dust accumulate upon your head. You are once more buried. Now, above you, grow a group of ferns, by and by roots come and embrace you, and a tall tree lifts its sweeping head far above into the air. Again you sleep and something of your old quiet spirit takes possession of you.

The tree dies and is swept to its fathers. Rain, wind, and storm come and the sand is removed from your face. Again you see the light of day, and this time you are on the top of a high hill looking upwards at the sky. Presently you hear a snuffling sound and somebody puts his foot upon your face—it is removed—you look up, indignant—but he stops not to apologize, and you see the retreating form of that unpolished plantigrade Ursus Spelœus. It is the post-pliocene period, and this old fellow is just now travelling home to his cave to lay up his bones for the enlightenment of future generation of developed animalisms by aid of the coming Owen.

Years roll on, and at length a heavy rain-storm washes the earth away from under you and you slide down the hill side—little by little, for sometimes you rest a hundred years held by the roots of grass and other herbage, or take a siesta upon a ledge for a few centuries. But you are endowed with that divine attribute patience—you are not in a hurry—and while you wait you are never at a loss for amusements. Every year there is a change in the vegetation around ; daily you see animals, birds, and insects all bent upon some particular business of their own ; and so as an observer, you pass this portion of eternity pleasantly enough.

Years roll on, and another rain-storm comes and you are hurried down in a slip of earth straight into a torrent-bed. Now again warfare. Like the battles of the beach, these rolls and tumbles in the river alter you considerably. Again you part with quartz almost at every blow. At length, being a heavy fellow, you get to the bottom and take up your abode under a shelving rock. Here you lay for many days. But the rock is cracked, and every year pebbles force their way further and further into these cracks, and at length your shelving rock is lifted up and cast aside by the water, to be in its turn rolled and rounded into a boulder. Thus you are unearthed and again battling with your brothers of the stream. Continually you creep under the shelter of projecting rocks, and every time you are at length removed by a similar process. Now you are swept along for the last time and laid beside a big boulder upon a solid bed of rock. Sand and pebbles crowd around and lie upon your head. More boulders accumulate, more sand, more pebbles, and slimy sediment ; till at length you are buried again under many feet of drift. Here you lay still for a thousand years.

Once more you are awoke from your sleep—not this time by a buzzing in your ears, but by regular strokes. You are, as I said, regard-

less of time, otherwise this would suggest to you "what is o'clock?" and if you asked, it would be answered the "Human period," and that you are wanted.

You, however, await events with accustomed stoicism. When, presently, a miner's pick grazes you; and you are brought to light, cast into a bucket, wound up by a windlass and washed in a long box. Now you are eagerly seized by a human hand, overhauled, fondled, smiled at, and quietly put away to take your second voyage upon the ocean.

Your next experiences I can hardly describe, having, up to the present, no personal knowledge of the sensations produced—suffice it to say you are melted; after which you are decidedly more pure than formerly, and you commence an active life bright and shining, with the face of a human being—the face of Queen Victoria.

C. F. O.

Lines for Music.

Now o'er the earth
Night's veil is thrown,
Bright hours of mirth
For toils of day atone;
Youth and Beauty meet,
Music swells around,
Light and graceful feet
Beat measure to the sound.

Bright starry skies
Are shining above,
Clear lustrous eyes
Are beaming with love!
Figures, fair and slight,
In airy rings advance,
The poetry of sight—
The gay and graceful dance.

Music exalts;
Sing, comrades, sing,
Join the gay waltz,
Time is on the wing;
They whose heads are white,
Life's dark hours can tell,
Then let us yield to-night
To pleasure's magic spell.

B. M. R.

The "Nice Man."

When a middle-aged man is described by his friends as "nice" we may be sure that there is nothing marked in his character. He is probably one to whom fortune has not been kind, one who has all his life been overborn. Originally of a quiet and contemplative disposition, with no great gifts, but with some, which under favourable circumstances would have made him honoured and loved, he has been placed in uncongenial soil, and by ill chance, or rather, want of strength of will, has dwindled down to be a harmless creature, liked, pitied, and laughed at by everyone.

His father, a country doctor or clergyman, whose life has been one long struggle with poverty, determines that his son shall forsake the paths of poor gentility and become a trader, for the good man believes that a gentleman has but to enter the arena of commerce and his fortune is certain. So straightway he writes to connexions in the great city, saying :—"John has decided upon a commercial career, and I ask, that for the sake of old times, you will use your influence on his behalf." In time comes an offer which after much talk is accepted. Then a new box is bought and his clothes packed in it, his mother mends anything that is likely to wear into a hole during the next twelve months, buys new socks, puts shillings in the toes, gets a thimble and teaches him to sew. A writing-desk is his father's present, his sisters' a stock of stationery, and with his new possessions made all the brighter by a sense of liberty and freedom, John takes his leave.

Of course his mother sees him off and goes to the end of the platform to catch a last glimpse of the train as it moves off; at last only a faint curl of smoke is seen above the hill round which it has sped its swift way, and she returns slowly home, and feels for the first time that her boy is really gone. At the station she did not realize it, for he was only such a little way off, that it seemed as if she could call him back ; but now, how empty the house feels without him ! Yes, he is really gone ; no more shall she minister to his little wants. Now, when she makes her nightly round of the children's rooms, there will be one in which she will linger long, although there is no candle to take, no smooth brow to kiss as of old. No, her boy is far away sleeping among strangers.

So John gets his first start in life, and after working creditably through his articles, another crisis comes. He is sent travelling, but he does not like it, and has little success. His employer tells him to keep a good heart and he will be all right in time, but it is weary work and the tricks and chicanery he sees practised disgust him ; so after a year he returns to the office till "something turns up." Then comes a sad time ; long letters come from home full of sad forboding, that he will find it no easy task to procure a situation ; of stories of men who went to London with half a crown in their pockets and ended Lord Mayors—stories he had heard from his cradle—and full of many other matters which people who know nothing of Trade so delight to discourse upon. At last wearied by this useless talk, he determines to accept the first thing that offers. It is a situation as traveller—and he fails again, for there is no mistake about it he cannot sell goods. So after many changes and failures, with all the

heart out of him, he abandons all hope of a brilliant mercantile career, for a small certainty in a Government office. Friends get a nomination, and he becomes "One of Her Majesty's Civil Servants," and for a time is happy. But in the course of a few years he begins to feel that things are not quite right; he has plenty of friends, and people are glad of his company, but still he is only a "lodger" in the vast city, and though life passes pleasantly, he knows he is a person of no consequence whatever

Now, his father was poor, but still he was respected by everyone; he had a position in society, and was a person of some importance in the town. So here is a fresh trouble, and he begins to look about to find a way to remedy it. Marriage at last suggests itself, but how can he marry upon two hundred a year? So he thinks for a time, but then he discovers that if the lady had another two hundred the thing might be done,—certainly, given two hundred a year and affection, for he would not marry for money, oh no! He could marry, and like his father, have a position. But his friends, for the most part, are among the families of men in the Service, whose daughters are portionless and by no means willing to marry poor men. But he knows one of a very different type. Her strong masculine mind has often shown him the safe path when his weaker vision would have led him far astray. She has many virtues, strength of will such as few possess, sound common sense, clear intelligence, a beautiful face—for he has that curse to a poor man, a love of the beautiful—perhaps it is a trifle hard but yet rarely beautiful—and above all, ten thousand pounds. That decides him; he proposes, is accepted, and, before six months have passed, is a married man. Gradually a kind of affection has grown upon him which he calls love, and she is proud of his good old name and likes him,—so for a time they are happy. She rules him, but with fondness, and as he has been ruled ever since he was born, he rather likes it.

But as time rolls on, the power she has over an easily moulded will engenders the desire for more, and the determination to have it. Her advice is given in a more authoritative tone, and is not so easily followed as before; her love becomes dashed with pitying contempt; and from being a support she becomes a burden to him. He feels she half despises him; hopes against it; tries not to believe it; says "How happy we have been, the fault must be mine; I am always so full of fears, perhaps I am unwell and out of spirits; but I will not believe that she loves me less than she did;" and in this state of doubt and uncertainty—now hoping, now fearing—time passes.

But one day comes a scene which destroys the illusion he has cherished, and shows the truth as it is—dark and hopeless. He disapproves of something, and his opinion is gently ridiculed. He gets warmer, and insists "I do not approve of it, it is against my will, and in my own house I will be obeyed." Then slowly comes "Against your *will*, I did not know you had one, I did not marry you for your remarkable 'will,' certainly;" and then with a look of scorn, and "You, poor weakling, how despicable you always were," she sweeps from the room, and he hears a quiet mocking laugh as she goes to do that which he had commanded her not to do.

Thenceforth many passionate attempts to regain his lost authority render his life miserable, till wearied with unsuccessful war he gives up

the contest in despair, and his wife rules him without mercy, not objecting to his being happy if he will be so when and where she pleases, yet in everything making him feel his inferior position in the house.

But soon even this shadow of her affection passes, and with all her bad qualities in play, with the flush of power strong upon her, she begins to delight in his discomfiture. During her attendance at the religious meetings of her church he stays at home. He is sent home from parties "to look after the servants" long before she thinks of leaving. And at home he may be found patiently waiting for her, turning over some old book of prints, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming—of what is, and of what might have been.

Then comes the next stage, when the house grows hateful to him, when her friends fill it, and he is a mere spectator of their enjoyments; when he longs to leave the well lighted rooms, but dare not, when he begins to long for his bed because there he forgets his troubles. Soon he forsakes his house and may be found about odd corners looking into old picture-shops, loving art more as he loves her less, or dawdling along quiet suburban lanes, wandering in quest of something—something he will never find—his lost happiness. So he tries to make the best of things; doing little kindnesses for anyone who will not worry him, gardening, sketching, pottering; dwindling down to be an aimless, harmless "nice" man. And, having all his life done nothing of his own volition, is at last carried to his grave and buried,—regretted for a month and forgotten for ever.

JACQUES.

To Spring.

On vernal wing,
Clothing with green the trees,
Wooing the flowers with balmy breeze!
Thou comest, gentle Spring!

The happy birds sing!
Softly the turtle-dove
Warbles his song of love!
Thou comest, gentle Spring!

Peace thou dost bring!
On my lone, sorrowing heart,
Now shed thy healing art,
Oh! gentle Spring!

Let me not cling
Too close to this poor earth!
But, in my soul, give birth
To holy thoughts, sweet Spring!

MU.

On Musical Matters.

Music, the most popular of the Fine Arts, has of late made considerable advances in our Colony. A quarter of a century ago the performance on the pianoforte of quadrilles, valses, and polkas, or perhaps an overture, was considered, if not the principal object of musical culture, at least to be sufficient. And it is only a few years ago that the "Christy Minstrel" musical vagary excited such unproportionate admiration as to border on enthusiasm.

The really artistic performances of Signor Cagli's Italian Opera Company, although at first but slowly recognised, have done much to improve people's taste. Among the better educated classes a steady advance in this respect has been observable for many years, and now with the desire for a better or higher female education, wishes, though as yet rather vaguely expressed, are heard for a more thorough, and a "theoretical," study of music. Even our newspapers in some leading articles have expressed an opinion that music is taught and learned in general but very superficially, and remarked that young ladies knew nothing of "harmony," and were unable to tell in what key the valse is set which they rattle off. Classical music is now, however, valued to a certain extent. Harmony and thorough bass are beginning to be talked of as a necessary branch of knowledge for every young lady, though the uses of it, and the full meaning of "theory of music," seem after all to be but rather imperfectly understood: in fact, concerning the theory and practice of music, as well as with regard to the real object of musical culture, there have ever been, and are still entertained, a good many erroneous views.

Music, more than any other of the Fine Arts, stands in closer connection with pure *sensation*; and it differs from poetry, painting, and sculpture, in that these have inexhaustible sources of *material* in nature,—especially so the plastic arts. The painter could not represent a tree, a sunset or sunrise, if these were not typified in nature; the sculptor could not form a statue if he had not had the human figure in reality before him; both can create nothing which they have not seen or observed. The painter can indeed paint an imaginary landscape, but this will consist of nothing but what exists in nature—trees, clouds, rocks, water, and so forth. The poet has before him all mankind, with their passions, feelings, and actions, as he knows them either by personal observation or through tradition. But for music there is nothing in Nature to copy from. The metal, wood, and the skins or guts of animals Nature furnishes as the building material for the pure musical tone. With this, the *measurable* tone, human ingenuity has been busy for more than two thousand years to build up the whole system of harmony, melody, and rhythm, or the musical art as it at present exists. Nature has given to man the organ—and with it the inclination to sing—but this is all; there is no melody

for him to imitate, nor does harmony, in a musical sense, exist in Nature ; or has anybody ever heard a triad or a chord of the sixth or seventh sounding in Nature ? Only the third element of music—rhythm—is there, as it can be observed, for example, in the clattering of a windmill, or the gallop of a horse.

If musicians sometimes—as Haydn has done in his " Seasons," or Beethoven in his " Pastoral Symphony "—imitate certain manifestations of nature, as a thunderstorm, the song of the nightingale, they thereby merely intended to recall in us the *impression* associated with such natural phenomena, but did not do so because they thought this to be fine or beautiful music.

It has been usual to represent Music as being able, like Poetry, to express feelings and passions, and even in the best works on music we find it defined in this manner : " The art of expressing an agreeable play of feelings by means of sounds," or " the art of expressing feelings by modulation of tones." This false stand-point has been triumphantly attacked by E. Hanslick and others. But if it cannot express feelings, it appeals to them, and has power to affect us sensibly. Sad music makes us sad or sadder ; lively music cheers us and makes us joyful.*

The real and legitimate object of all musical culture may be pronounced to be : " Enjoyment of its Pleasures." All human kind, with very rare exceptions, finds a pleasure in listening to music. Music is then to be enjoyed ; but of course enjoyment of it is of different kinds and degrees. It may be barbarous or cultivated, merely sensual or artistic. Tastes are widely different, too ; there are personal as well as national differences of taste. The taste of nations is not stationary, but has often changed, and will still further change with the progressive development of the human race. Richard Wagner's music was once ridiculed in England, but now the acceptation of his works there is a *fait accompli*. Three of his operas have been successfully performed, and others are to follow. Among ourselves there has been an unmistakable change for the better. Although a great deal of flimsy music is still relished, yet there *are* pianoforte players (young ladies) amongst us, who appreciate and enjoy Beethoven's Sonatas and Mendelssohn's music.

For real science of music, we are certainly rather behind the age—not only our " girls," but others besides, including many of our musical critics, who seem still to consider what is called " thorough bass," as comprehending the whole art and science of music, and who seem to forget that music has to be studied for many years technically before theoretical knowledge can be of any use, and that only

* The most remarkable example of how powerfully music sometimes is capable of affecting a poetic and excitable nature is the Rev. Ch. Wolfe, author of the famous poem, " The Burial of Sir John Moore." He was once so much struck by a national Spanish air, the first time he heard it played by a friend, that he commenced singing it over and over again, until he produced an English song, admirably adapted to the tune, which he called, " Spanish Song," and he did the same on two or three other occasions.

a very small number of learners possess the requisite talent and abilities, but that by far the largest number have to overcome so many difficulties and hindrances that their progress is but very slow, and that most of them in after life give up the practice of music altogether. For these and for those of our daughters who do not get beyond the ability of playing a number of pieces tolerably on the pianoforte, it will be of very little use to know the difference between a major and minor chord, or to know what a dominant seventh is, nor will their papa enjoy the music better if they tell him in what key the piece they play to him is set.

It is certainly most desirable that music should be generally more regarded in the light of a science, and treated as an art, instead of being looked upon as nothing better than a fashionable accomplishment; but it is even of greater importance that those interested in education should deem it a duty to see that the study of music be not so conducted as to foster and encourage thoughtlessness, triviality and vanity, which it only too often does. A smattering of "Harmony and Thorough Bass" will not only be useless in this respect, but would only serve as an excuse for further absurdities, and countenance mediocrity. We are able to enjoy music without knowing a note. Those who have a more cultivated sense of hearing and a cultivated taste can appreciate the beauties of such music as Chopin's, Mendelssohn's, or Beethoven's, without knowing anything of the construction of chords, or of melodic progression. Our enjoyment in these cases will be however only sensual. It is only when we know something of the fundamental principles of the construction and development of musical compositions that we are able to understand their value as real works of art, and fully to appreciate their beauty and design. Then our mind will also become interested; then we will be also able to distinguish good music from trashy.

During the last twenty or thirty years, our knowledge of acoustics has so much advanced, and musical æsthetics have been so much cleared up, that the old routine of studying what is called Thorough Bass can be safely dispensed with. If by Thorough Bass is meant, as it often is, ciphered or figured bass, this will be of use only to the score-reader, and the composer, as a kind of musical shorthand.

That which is *desirable* for those who wish to advance beyond mere dilettanteism, and which is *necessary* for teachers of music, is a knowledge of those parts of the theory of music which treat of Tonology, Melody, Harmony, Rhythm, Forms and Counterpoint.

The complaint, so often heard, that in female education a great deal too much time is given to the learning of the piano is, in some respects, not an unjust one; but, on the other hand, it is also an undeniable fact that, in many instances, not enough time is allowed to the practise of it. Our taste is in general too corrupted or too little cultivated. A chaste and feeling performance of good, though light and simple, music is seldom appreciated. In the concert-room, as well as in private circles, "dash, clatter, and display" is sure to

be applauded. To acquire the necessary skill for the execution of music—even of the Sydney Smith or Brinley Richard type—a great deal of time and practice is required; and of the many who attempt and wish to acquire it, only a few, after all, are found to possess the requisite capabilities. In this way a great deal of time is wasted, which might have been better employed. Those who have abilities and talent are not encouraged in the right direction, and therefore seldom feel inclined to give so much time to the practice of music as it demands. If one finds that the superficial execution of some shallow but noisy drawing-room *morceau* pleases more than the best and finest of Mendelssohn's "Songs without words," for examples one must be possessed of a great amount of self-dependence and real artistic feeling and love for the Art not to give up a study so little encouraged, and the hard practice of music, so little understood, and which, after all, is to most people but *caviare*.

Stellenbosch. C. J.

Charades.

No. I.—The Traveller.

The summer sun hath climbed on high,
And the flowers beneath droop'd languidly;
The birds had plunged beneath the shade
Of shelving rocks, or forest glade,
And the traveller tired with his long long ride
Is saddling off by the mountain side;
Aweary with travel and faint with thirst,
Oh then more than riches he'd prize *my first*,
So in search of my first, but all in vain,
He discover'd *my second* upon the plain.
"This is always the case!" in angry mood
He exclaimed (for he was neither wise nor good.)
"I am weary and tired, and parched with thirst,
And I find *my second* instead of *my first!*"
So he sat down and grumbled, and swore by his soul,
If he had but a gun he would shoot *my whole*,
Whilst *my whole* bounding off far away o'er the plain,
Has left the poor traveller in thirst with disdain.

No. II.—Mammon.

Where the earth is broken above the stream,
You will see *my first* with wild flowers team;
Or else, perchance with grass o'er grown,
With many a rough projecting stone.

You will hear *my second* while wand'ring on,
Through the woods in the merry wild birds' song,

While singing her sweetest roundelay,
To the setting sun at the close of day.
My whole is worshipped by all mankind.
Around their hearts are my coils entwined.
I am prized by them more than heaven above,
And the earth beneath hath not such love.
As for me they bear,—for me they will sell
There souls—and hereafter in darkness dwell.

No. III.

Silently *my first* was falling,
While I wander'd by the wood,
Falling o'er the quiet valley—
And upon the rushing flood.
While I gazed upon the fading
And departing rays of light,
Their I saw *my second* changing
And dissolving into night.
Like the joys this world affordeth
Brief and fleeting evermore,
And dissolving into sorrow—
Lost upon life's care-worn shore.
Thus I pondered by the forest,
With the darkness everywhere,
Calling up sad tales departed—
Mourning over days of care.
Whilst beside me in that forest,
Emblematic of our pride,
Stood *my whole* with bright red berries
With the "Fox-glove, side by side."

Kimberley. M. E. BARBER.

Meteorological.

FROM RETURNS PUBLISHED BY THE COLONIAL METEOROLOGICAL COMMISSION.

1876. Month.	Barometer.	Mean Temp.	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Max. of Month.	On what days.	Min. of Month.	On what days.	Rain-fall in inch.	Number of days on which rain fell.	Mean Humidity, complete saturation equals 100.
ROYAL OBSERVATORY.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
May ..	30·114	55·9	63·3	48·2	82·8	12th	38·6	25th	3·060	7	82
June ..	30·151	55·6	62·7	47·5	73·7	4th	41·9	19th	3·630	8	80
July ..	30·157	55·1	61·5	48·3	71·5	22nd	40·5	7th	3·495	8	80

1876. Month.	Barometer.	Mean Temp.	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Max. of Month.	On what days.	Min. of Month.	On what days.	Rain-fall in inch.	Number of days on which rain fell.	Mean Humidity complete saturation equals 100.
SIMON'S TOWN.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
May ..	29·938	64·7	74·3	55·0	83·0	12th..	47·0	25th.. ..	2·850	3	65
June ..	30·036	59·4	65·4	53·5	76·0	16th.. ..	45·0	23rd.. ..	1·800	3	72
July ..	30·062	56·7	63·6	52·3	73·9	12th.. ..	46·0	4th	4·100	6	77
PORT ELIZABETH.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
May ..	30·204	58·8	65·6	53·0	85·0	13th.. ..	46·3	26th.. ..	3·410	4	78
June ..	30·230	57·5	65·8	50·9	83·5	5th	45·0	29th.. ..	2·030	4	78
HUGUENOT SEMINARY, WELLINGTON.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
May ..	..	56·7	65·6	..	77·0	11th.. ..	..	.. ..	5·839	15	88
June ..	..	52·5	63·8	..	72·3	15th.. ..	..	.. ..	2·010	5	87
July ..	28·769	52·9	62·5	46·0	72·5	12th.. ..	37·9	7th.. ..	5·941	11	82
GILL COLLEGE, SOMERSET EAST.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
May ..	27·450	54·6	63·2	48·5	72·0	13th & 31st	39·0	25th.. ..	2·300	10	75
June ..	27·530	51·7	60·7	49·5	69·0	5th & 16th	37·0	28th & 29th	0·380	3	70
July ..	27·551	52·7	62·9	47·8	75·0	23rd.. ..	35·0	6th.. ..	0·340	4	63
ALIWAL NORTH.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
May ..	25·040	45·4	62·0	38·0	76·0	5th	25·0	27th.. ..	2·180	9	85
June ..	25·089	40·4	60·2	32·7	68·0	1st	22·0	28th & 29th	0·280	2	82
KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
May ..	28·463	54·0	65·0	40·0	77·0	14th.. ..	27·0	26th.. ..	3·890	10	83
June ..	28·563	50·6	62·4	38·0	77·0	5th	28·0	3rd & 29th	0·980	6	77
July ..	28·592	49·1	63·3	34·7	74·0	23rd.. ..	26·0	18th.. ..	0·320	4	70
KIMBERLEY.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
May ..	26·195	54·1	74·9	43·2	85·9	5th	34·1	18th.. ..	0·900	5	81
June ..	26·268	48·1	66·1	37·0	81·4	1st	20·0	26th.. ..	0·970	3	82

The Barometer readings are reduced to the Temperature 32° Far.; but no correction has been applied for height above sea level, except for Port Elizabeth, where a correction of 0·180 has been applied throughout.

The Barometer at Gill College, and Kimberley are Aneroid Barometers.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

University Education at the Cape.

By. G. Gordon, M.A., LL.B.

The University of the Cape of Good Hope was established and incorporated in 1873, "for the better advancement of sound learning amongst all classes of Her Majesty's subjects in this Colony;" and, two years afterwards, the privilege of obtaining degrees and certificates was extended to duly-qualified persons, whether they resided within the colony or not. The declared object of the University is the advancement of sound learning, and the means which it employs to effect this is to ascertain by examination the persons who have acquired proficiency in certain specified departments of knowledge, and to reward them by corresponding academical degrees and certificates, as evidence of their respective attainments. No matter where or how such persons have acquired their knowledge, whether by a regular course of instruction at some public educational institution, or by a strictly private course of study, if their attainments and character satisfy the university tests, they are rewarded by receiving the degree or certificate for which they have applied.

Now, before a university degree or certificate can act as an inducement or stimulus to pursue a regular and liberal course of education, it must possess a certain recognised value, and confer on its holder a certain distinction, or some social or professional advantage. Such being the case, society has a right to ask for some guarantee that these degrees and certificates should represent a certain minimum standard of proficiency in the subjects for which they are given. Hence, it ought to be the special care of the university that its examiners should be able and experienced men whose characters and qualifications are above suspicion, and who not only have a thorough

knowledge of their subject, but, which is of equal importance, who know also how to test that knowledge in others. These two latter qualities do not always co-exist in the same person to the same extent A good examiner as well as a good teacher must be an accurate scholar; but the converse is not always true. A successful teacher of a subject generally makes a good examiner in it, because it is only by a judicious series of examinations that he can ascertain from time to time the progress of the students; and this forms one element in his success. On the other hand, one who has no such experience of examinations may know his subject well enough, and yet fail to apply the proper test to candidates, either by making his "paper" too easy or too difficult, or by confining its range to only a small part of the subject, or by going beyond its limits.

It is one of the provisions of the Act of Incorporation that the Council, in appointing examiners "shall avoid, as much as may be, appointing any person to be an examiner of any candidate who shall have been under the tuition of such examiner at any time during the two years next before the examination." The object of this provision seems to be to secure impartiality on the part of the examiner, and to prevent "cramming." So far, the end in view is a good one; but it is obtained by losing the services of some who would be otherwise most eligible. Perhaps the plan least objectionable would be to appoint two examiners for each subject, one of whom might be a public professor or lecturer in that particular department.

It appears from the returns in the University Calendar of the present year, that there are fifty-nine undergraduates and twenty graduates, eighteen of whom have obtained the degree of B.A. This measures the progress made by the University during the first two years of its existence; and so far have the interests of sound learning been promoted.

But it has been found that unless this examining power is supplemented by a corresponding teaching power, the candidates for degrees, and especially for the higher ones, will be comparatively few. Not only is it desirable for the advancement of sound learning, to bestow academical distinctions upon those who, after examination are found worthy of them, but it is also necessary to establish a college or colleges where a regular and liberal course of education is given. This has been partly accomplished under the Higher Education Act, by establishing professorships and lectureships in five educational institutions already existing in different parts of the colony—viz., South African College, Cape Town; Diocesan College, Rondebosch; Gymnasium, Stellenbosch; Gill College, Somerset East; and Grey Institute, Port Elizabeth. These institutions have supplied nearly all, if not all, the candidates for graduation. The following table is an abstract of the Government returns for the second quarter of the present year, and shows at one view the number of students attending each institution, and the time devoted to the different courses of lectures.

Name of Institution.	Number of Students attending the				Professors and Lecturers under the Higher Education Act.	Number of hours per week devoted to each Course of Lectures.			
	M.A. Course.	B.A. Course.	Matric. Course.	Survey. Course.		M.A. Course.	B.A. Course.	Matric. Course.	Survey. Course.
The South African College, Cape Town	5	10	72	1	Professor of the English Language and Literature	Nil.	5	17½	Nil.
					Professor of Analytical Chemistry and Expl. Physics	Nil.	9	18½	Nil.
The Diocesan College, Rondebosch	1	5	63	6	Classical Lecturer	Nil.	8	20	Nil.
					Mathematical Lecturer	Special Hours.	10	10	6
					Lecturer in Physical Science and English Literature	Nil.	8	16	Nil.
The Gymnasium, Stellenbosch	Nil.	5	25	Nil.	Professor of Mathematics and Physical Science	Nil.	10	10	Nil.
					Professor of Classical and English Literature	Nil.	10	10	Nil.
The Gill College, Somerset East	Nil.	Nil.	12	Nil.	Professor of Mathematics	Nil.	Nil.	25	Nil.
					Professor of Classics and English Literature	Nil.	Nil.	25	Nil.
					Professor of English Literature	Nil.	Nil.	24½	Nil.
The Grey Institute, Port Elizabeth	Nil.	Nil.	32	Nil.	Lecturer in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy	Nil.	Nil.	21	Nil.
					Lecturer in Classics and English Literature	Nil.	Nil.	24	Nil.

The preceding table shows that there are six students taking the M.A. course, twenty the B.A. course, and two hundred and four the matriculation course, while seven are studying for a certificate of land-surveying. Looking at the number of hours per week devoted to each course of lectures, it appears that only "special hours" are given to the M.A. course, the remainder of the column being filled up with "Nil." One might ask, how then are the five students taught who take the M.A. course at the South African College? They have apparently nothing to do with either of the two professors mentioned in the table. But there are other professors in this institution who are not under the Higher Education Act, and these may possibly give them instruction.

It is a curious feature in this time-table that the greater part of the time of the professors and lecturers, with three exceptions, is bestowed upon the Matriculation Course. Now, properly speaking, a Matriculation Course is no part of a university training, but simply a preparation for it; and, accordingly, a number of the first-class schools of the Colony have Matriculation Courses. It does not impress one with a high idea of colonial university education to find that the professors and lecturers bestow the greater part of their time upon a Matriculation Course.

The foregoing table represents all that is being done under the Higher Education Act. Medical and law courses are conspicuous by their absence, and yet the University has the power to grant degrees in both faculties. There is obviously a deficiency of teaching power in some institutions, and a want of students in others.

As was formerly observed, there are already eighteen B.A. graduates, and twenty undergraduates are taking a B.A. course. A certain number of these will naturally wish to make greater attainments in knowledge, and will aspire to the highest degrees which the University can give. But where will they get their training? There is no medical or law course, and there is evidence to show that the so-called M.A. course is very imperfect. The longer the settlement of this question is delayed, the longer will the Colony have to wait in order to reap the benefits which a complete university curriculum is calculated to bestow.

Two proposals have been made to remedy these defects in our system of higher education. One is to convert the University into a training institution, and make it what is called a teaching university, with its faculties of arts, law, and medicine,—a copy, in short, of many European and American institutions of the same name. But one great objection to this proposal is the impropriety of allowing a small body of teachers to be the only examiners and judges of the proficiency of their own pupils. This is the reason why many American and some German degrees are so little esteemed; and no one who has the interests of the Cape University at heart would wish its degrees to be reduced to the same level. Nor is there any

danger of this as long as the University remains an examining one, and has nothing to do with teaching.

The other proposal is a "University College." But what is implied by the name? If it means a college as part of the University, then the phrases University College and Teaching University are synonymous; but if it means a college, like, for example, University College, London, which has no power to grant degrees, but gives to its students the necessary training to qualify them for even the highest academical distinctions, the proposal seems to be a very suitable one. Whatever be the name given to such an institution, let it be one whose courses of study shall include, as far as possible, a complete training for any diploma or certificate granted by the University of the Cape of Good Hope. Why should the young men of the Colony be tempted with rewards and distinctions held out to them by the University, if there is no properly organized training institution where they can become qualified to merit them? Private study will do much for the individual, but public training will do more. Who ever heard of an M.D., for example, who became such by private study alone? And yet our University has the power to confer this distinction, while at the same time no one can at present hope to attain it without leaving the Colony to receive the necessary qualifications. As a general rule, whatever distinction the Colonial University has the power to bestow, some one or other colonial institution ought to exist which has the power to qualify competent individuals to merit such distinction.

Since there are already five educational institutions under the Higher Education Act, it would not be necessary to add this proposed University College to their number, but simply to convert one or other of them into such a college. Of course even the best of them would require considerable alterations and additions in order to secure efficiency in teaching the higher parts of a university curriculum. For instance, it would be absolutely necessary to exclude youths from this college who had not passed the matriculation examination. Matriculation courses should be left to the other colleges which have no candidates for any degrees higher than B.A.; but when professors have to conduct M.A. as well as B.A. classes, they cannot give matriculation courses in addition, unless they get competent assistants to help them.

Such a university college would consist of the three faculties of arts, law, and medicine. The faculty of divinity which exists in some universities appears to be best provided for by the different churches in their respective theological seminaries and divinity halls.

Again, in each faculty there would be two separate courses of study, the junior course qualifying for the lower or bachelor's degree, and the senior for the higher degree of master or doctor. The professors in the faculty of arts would conduct the B.A. and M.A. courses; those in the medical faculty the M.B. and M.D.

courses, and a similar arrangement would obtain in the faculty of law. Thus the time and labour which at present are bestowed upon youths preparing for matriculation would be devoted to the higher departments of study, and an apportunity would be afforded of obtaining a professional education in the Colony.

It is almost ludicrous to consider the great number of imports which the colonists here fancy that it is necessary to make for their comfort and convenience. To import what cannot be produced in the Colony is excusable, but to import what is or might easily be produced in sufficient abundance and of equal if not of superior quality if people only took a little more trouble, is absurd. Our labour market is largely supplied from abroad, although, as Dr. Dale observes, the raw material consisting of Fingoes, Kafirs, Basutos, &c., is in perplexing abundance; and these or their children only require to be trained to habits of industry in order to satisfy our wants. A school-boy who was once asked to give a list of colonial imports, mentioned teachers in the list. Many teachers, however, are now produced in the Colony, but those of them who have received a university education are still, so to speak, imported. The same may be said of clergymen, and of medical and law practitioners; but the time now appears to have arrived when an effort should be made to give a university education in the Colony. Those who can afford it should still be encouraged to visit the universities of Europe in order to increase their knowledge and experience of men and manners; but this is no reason why the opportunity of receiving a university education at home should not be given to others who cannot bear the expense of going abroad.

It is not necessary in this paper to sketch out the details of such a proposal as a University College; for these can be more or less easily filled in after the chief outlines are agreed upon. Take, for example, one of the faculties, say the faculty of arts, and let us see how the principle of the division of labour can be applied to the training of students in the knowledge of those subjects required for the B.A. and M.A. degrees. This will be seen best by considering the three departments in which the University grants the M.A. degree, viz., the department of languages, which includes Latin, Greek, English, modern history, logic, and mental philosophy; the department of mathematics, which includes pure mathematics and natural philosophy; the department of physical science comprehending physical geography, geology, botany, zoology, animal physiology, chemistry, light, heat, sound, magnetism and electricity. Now it is unreasonable to expect one man to conduct the whole training of a class of students in any one of these departments, and even two would in Europe be deemed insufficient; but as it might be considered here too ambitious and expensive to begin with more, let us assume that two professors in each department will undertake the work. One of these would naturally occupy the chair of the ancient languages of Greece and Rome; another that of modern English

literature, history, logic, and mental philosophy; a third the chair of mathematics; a fourth the chair of natural philosophy, comprehending mechanical philosophy, light, heat, sound, magnetism and electricity; a fifth the chair of chemistry, and a sixth the chair of natural science, including botany, zoology, physiology and geology. The last two professorships would also form part of the medical faculty. Thus the faculty of arts at University College would consist of six professors.

The question now remains, which of our colonial educational institutions could be most easily and conveniently converted into such a college? From the foregoing table it appears that only three are at present actually engaged in qualifying students for graduation. Of these three the South African College has the greatest number of students and the largest staff of professors, including those not under the Higher Education Act. Moreover its shareholders have recently delivered up to the Government all their rights in the college; and thus there would be no local or sectarian opposition to the alterations that would be found necessary. Then, again, in the selection, regard must be paid to the convenience of students, and to the facilities which the place affords for the prosecution of their studies. It would be necessary to have a good library, well-supplied physical and chemical laboratories, a well-stocked botanic garden and museum; also, in the case of medical students, to have easy access to hospitals and asylums. Every one knows that Cape Town possesses more of these qualifications than either of the other places. It is, besides, the capital of the Colony, and the largest town in it, and would therefore form the most appropriate seat of a University College.

Let it be carefully noticed that this proposal does not imply that all the higher education should be centralized in the capital. This would be unjust to other parts of the Colony, and very inconvenient and expensive for many country students who may only desire to take the junior university course, qualifying for B.A., or who may only want a certificate of land-surveying. For such the other institutions are the most convenient, and they ought therefore to be encouraged in that healthy spirit of rivalry that animates their arts' departments.

Once more let it be remembered that the object of the University is not to grant degrees and certificates but to advance sound learning. The degrees are only a means towards an end, and therefore when the B.A. or M.A. course is spoken of, it does not mean that these degrees are held out to the student as the object of his studies, but simply as a stimulus to acquire a sound knowledge of those subjects included in the course.

It will be at once admitted that the greatest difficulty in establishing a University College is the financial one. This must be overcome chiefly by Government aid and, as far as may be, by fees, subscriptions, and private benefactions. It is a matter that concerns the whole Colony and as such becomes a public duty; for, as it

has been truly observed, "the prosperity of a country depends not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings, but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character; here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power."

Bain's Kloof.

Alone! midst mountains old, grey, desolate, and bleak,
Storm-beat and worn. Alone! I see each promontory speak—
An echo's voice! Afar it fades away,
As magic music, born but to decay.
Trickling, gurgling are thy streamlets here
Rushing, murmuring in the torrent there,
Borne on the zephyrs through this sunny scene—
All's harmony; sombre thy kloofs serene—
Here vegetation lives but in thy smile,
'Neath rocks, how huge, massive, yea, sublime,
Where Time's gigantic fingers leave us but their trace—
His lightest touch can raise or sink a race.
How live ye thus, when tempests seek thy shrine?
Must ye not crumble in their rage—decline?
When storms thy breast disturb, then do we fear;
But calm, each view we feel exalt and cheer.
With Time the elements thy power may test;—
Still thy sunny haunts I love the best,
How long they leave an impress on the heart,
E'en hearing but thy voiceless speech in part.

Epigram.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF SCARRON).

I have seen—without dying of grief!
(Ye ages unborn, can you yield it belief?)
I have seen—and I shudder with horror to think of it,—
I have seen—my glass full, when I might not drink of it!

B. M. R.

Song.

The young blushing rosebud
Is sweet to the view,
When its opening leaflets
Are spangled with dew.
But thy cheek blooms brighter,
With charms ever new,
For love plants his flag there,
And lodges with you.

The stars glisten brightly
In clear azure sky,
And scent-laden breezes
Are hovering nigh.
But the star of my heaven,
Is thy bright blue eye,
And sweetest of zephyrs,
Thy musical sigh.

B. M. R.

Oh, Sing not now.

Oh, sing not now the lively songs
Sung by the gay and glad,
But sing some tender plaintive air,
Softly and sweetly sad.

Sing some familiar melody,
Some lover's tender lay,
The sighing of some fond true heart,
For dear ones far away.

The stillness of this twilight hour,
The dusk, yet starlit skies,
With murmured song of mournful sound,
Will gently harmonize.

And as thy sweet voice steals around,
With soft, bewitching power,
We'll mourn dark evening e'er should end,
The tender twilight hour.

B. M. R.

Sixty-five Years ago.*

In the good old days, after the battle of Blauwberg brought the Cape under British authority, the colonists knew nothing of judges, barristers, attorneys, or agents "On Circuit." The inhabitants living beyond the first range of mountains—in what was then termed the "Overberg"—were left to settle their disputes by the exercise of mutual good feeling or by the arbitration of their friends, the landdrosts and heemraden. The cognizance and punishment of any serious crimes or misdemeanours, and the adjustment of all civil suits in which considerable property was at stake, took place only at the seat of Government, Cape Town. The delay thus occasioned, in criminal cases, greatly weakened the impression that punishment should produce; whilst in civil cases the expense and inconvenience which those moving in any matter were put to, frequently prevented the aggrieved from having recourse to legal redress.

To Earl Caledon, who was Governor in 1811, is due the credit of being the first to introduce the institution of "circuits" in the Colony. He directed that a commission from the "Worshipful Court of Justice" should once a year, or oftener, proceed to the most distant parts of the country, to administer justice among the inhabitants with the same power and authority as was exercised by the full court in Cape Town. Mr. W. S. van Ryneveld, the President of the Court of Justice, and Mr. Diemel and Mr. Fagel, two of the ordinary members of the Court, took the opening circuit; and on their return to the metropolis in February, 1812, made a detailed report of their proceedings to Governor Sir John Cradock, who succeeded the Earl of Caledon.

This report is interesting and valuable, because of the light it throws upon the state of the country at that time. The Government knew very little respecting what were then the "remote districts of the interior,"—Uitenhage and Graaff-Reinet. Some twelve years before, Sir John Barrow had visited them, and depicted the farmers as "possessing the comforts of life blended with their concomitant evils, as roses are placed on stems surrounded by thorns." "These people," he said, "in the midst of plenty unknown in other countries, can scarcely be considered as objects of envy. Debarred from any mental pleasure arising from the perusal of books, or the frequent conversation of friends, each succeeding day is a repetition of the past, whose extreme sameness is varied only by the accidental call of a traveller, the less welcome visits of Bushmen, or the terror of being put to death by their own slaves or Hottentots in their employ."

The Commission of the Court of Justice, at the close of 1811,

* For the historical information in this contribution, we are indebted to the valuable records preserved in the Colonial Office.—Ed. C. M. M.

found the social condition of the inhabitants very little improved; and they especially deplored the miserable state of education and civilization which they met with; and this too, as they remark, notwithstanding that, in virtue of their high position and authority as Circuit Judges, the inhabitants everywhere "endeavoured to show to them their best side."

"In journeying from the one drostdy to the other" say the Commission, "our short stay at each place or in each district allowed of our only making general observations. It is, however, certain that the mere fear of punishment or respect for the judges is not sufficient to produce actual civilization or to deter people from the commission of crimes; there are other means besides the example of punishment to prevent actual crimes in future. We may not therefore keep from His Excellency the Governor's consideration certain circumstances and remarks which have occurred to us on this head; and especially, in the first place, the miserable state of instruction and civilization of the youth which we have met with almost everywhere in the country, and which therefore, if possible, in order to prevent evil consequences, requires the most powerful efforts of Government. . . . . In general most of the parents and heads of families seem to entertain respect for religion; this is in itself an advantage. If the parent despised religion, it would with reason increase alarm and apprehension. At the drostdies where there are churches and instructors, there are also schools, in which the youth are taught to read and write, and the principles of the Christian religion; of those the villagers and some of the neighbours avail themselves, but excepting those, all the other inhabitants and the children are to be pitied. We have passed through districts mostly inhabited by rich inhabitants, owners of places and proprietors, the one more and the other less, of considerable numbers of cattle, in the houses of whom we have met with twelve or more children, the oldest of whom was not able even to read or write his name. The parents in the meantime were not indifferent; on the contrary, most of them expressed their wishes with tears in their eyes that this might be provided for in one manner or another, feeling themselves that their children, growing up without education, without instruction, without even a knowledge of the first principles of religion and morality, would at last be like nothing else than savages."

As immediate provision for the introduction and spread of education in those remote places was not practicable, the Commission suggested the gradual establishment of churches in well adapted situations.* These churches, they thought, would lay the foundations for villages, which would concentrate the population and be a spur

* The clergymen employed in the Colony at this time were:—At Cape Town, the Rev. Mr. Fleck and Rev. Mr. von Manger; Stellenbosch, Rev. Mr. Borcherds; Zwartzland, Rev. Mr. Scholtz; Paarl, Rev. Mr. Gebhart; Tulbagh, Rev. Mr. Ballot; Swellendam Rev. Mr. Scholtz; Zwarteberg, Rev. Mr. Vos; Graaff-Reinet, Rev. Mr. Kircherer n. at George, the Rev. Mr. Herholdt.

to industry and agriculture. They therefore reported to the Governor :—"Besides the erecting of churches at such drostdies as there are not any, and the providing of each with a clergyman, by which a village school would be established under the superintendence of such clergyman, the same as at Swellendam, and Graaff-Reinet; there are also districts where schoolmasters could be placed with much propriety, who in the middle of such a district need not instruct the children, whom he could either receive as boarders or day-scholars, in anything else than in that which one may expect from what we call common schoolmasters, consisting in reading, writing, cyphering, the principles of the Christian religion and the like, the same as is customary in the so-called poor schools in England. In this respect it has appeared to us in our journey that the following districts should be principally considered :—The district of Cango; 2nd, Elephant's River; 3rd, Long Kloof; 4th, Bruintjes Hoogte; 5th, four different districts of Sneeuw Bergen, and such like.

"The landdrosts of the several drostdies must know certainly of other districts in the respective jurisdictions, situated in the same manner. Moderately speaking, there are upwards of 3,400 children belonging to the district of Graaff-Reinet, of which at the most, no more than 100 have an opportunity of any instruction, while the parents of at least 2,000 of those children are very well able to afford the necessary expense of their education, and even can be called rich inhabitants. The want of instruction will certainly be found in the same proportion in the other districts.

"Aware of the expenses and great sacrifices which Government has already made in other respects for the benefit of this Colony, we have considered the manner in which the requisite costs could be defrayed for this purpose; and we conceive we cannot recommend anything better than just the same which exists on behalf of the church at the drostdy of Swellendam, where, agreeably to the regulations of the late Dutch Government at the yearly opgaaf, a certain sum is also furnished by the proprietors of all places and erfs towards the building of the church and parsonage house; which good regulation has just enabled the church to surmount the heavy costs and debts which have been accumulated for the building, and which now being further continued will yield a good part towards the erection of the church at Zwarteberg.

"In the same manner we are of opinion, that not only at Swellendam, but at all the other drostdies, a fund could very easily be established for the churches and schools of the country districts. At all events, as soon as there is a fund, it will not be very difficult to find persons qualified for such simple instruction; and by this previously establishing a fund, a foundation would immediately be laid to provide for this great want, which increases by degrees in proportion to the population. In the other districts there are individuals who are much richer than those of Swellendam, and therefore the

fund would speedily be considerable, particularly if it be not regulated according to the number of places and erfs which the different inhabitants possess, as is at present the case at Swellendam, but in the same manner as the usual yearly opgaaf, and the payment for the civil district's chest, that is, in proportion to the number of sheep and black cattle, under the title of 'Sheep and Cattle Money.'

"We did not neglect everywhere to sound the feelings of the good inhabitants on this point, and we found among them all the most ready inclination to make sacrifices for the attainment of such an important object.

"At the drostdy of George, in the first place, a church is required; neither is Uitenhage provided with a clergyman. It is hoped that an opportunity for this purpose will be speedily found, as we remarked that the labours of a teacher in the far distant districts are really not in vain. This we particularly observed at the drostdy of Graaff-Reinet. It is well known that some years ago the greatest part of Graaff-Reinet had the character of uncivilization and immorality. This, however, at present seems to alter. Such a prejudice was even entertained against Hottentots and slaves, that it was considered degrading to allow them as heathens access to the church; but this now appears entirely to be cured. Besides the free access to the church from time to time, which slaves and Hottentots now have once or twice a week, divine service is performed by the Rev. Mr. Kicherer for those people in a building in the village, erected for that purpose by the different inhabitants, and which is of late frequently attended by many of the inhabitants themselves. The zeal of the inhabitants to attend public worship is particularly remarkable there; even many of them take the trouble to come up to church with their families, eight or ten hours with a horse wagon, so that there seems to be a general respect for religion, which in its consequences must have a good effect on civilization and good morals; all of which is to be attributed to the indefatigable zeal of the clergyman there, who has so deservedly attracted the general approbation and confidence; and also to the encouraging example which was shown in that respect by the deceased landdrost, Stockenstrom.

"As soon as the above-mentioned fund is brought so far that the parsonage-house already begun at Graaff-Reinet can be finished, the same will soon increase; so that besides the said schools, churches can be thought of in some of the other districts; as for example:—1st, the district behind Sneeuw Bergen; 2nd Bruintjes Hoogte, in which respect the district of George should first come into consideration; 3rd, the district of the Lange Kloof, and particularly the so-called Molen River;—all districts of great consequence when they are considered according to the circumstances of the country, the neighbourhood being surrounded with valuable places, plenty of water and rich inhabitants, and therefore all districts which possess within themselves resources to create in time villages from schools

and churches and to give the necessary spring to their welfare and prosperity.

"Towards the civilization of the country and the establishment of good morals there are certainly no other means than those which tend to bring the people together who are dispersed far asunder. All the young people of which many of the houses are full, have no other prospect than the breeding of cattle, and to obtain places for that purpose. Nothing else is heard of than of forcing in between other places, in order to obtain new grazing places or clear ground and good pasturage over the Great Fish River, and consequently a common inclination to settle themselves beyond the limits, in case they could obtain permission thereto.

"There is, in fact, no other way or prospect for the young people than the easy livelihood of breeding cattle. In the villages and in their neighbourhood, one only sees, besides agriculture, a beginning made with the learning and exercising of trades, and with the principles of a more or less civilized social life,—in which Graaff-Reinet, which has scarcely been established twenty-five years, has made considerable progress, which daily increases. A strong proof of this is, that of the forty-eight houses belonging to individuals which are now in the village, thirty-seven have been built since the year 1806,—all of them provided with out-houses for slaves, cattle, &c., and also with separate and well-planted gardens, orchards, vineyards, and the like, there being in the village besides the public baker, butcher, and farmer of the wine-licences, twenty-two people who successfully carry on different trades, and which tends as an encouragement to others to obtain in a useful manner an honest livelihood by their industry. The prosperous state of the village is mostly to be attributed to its own advantageous situation, as being in the neighbourhood of districts inhabited by rich people. The advantage thereof is palpable.

"In the districts where there is no church, fixed magistracy or village, the young people have little intercourse or communication with each other, and therefore no development of each others' ideas. All look forward to become graziers, and no person forms for himself any other plan of livelihood.

"One sees further old and even rich inhabitants, spending their last days with much indifference at the far distant places, without any comforts of consequence, and therefore without those conveniences or enjoyments so necessary in old age—alone complaining of the great distance of God's house, which, however, they all seem to have a great inclination to make use of. Such sort of rich old people have already been seen in the villages, who, having disposed of their places on behalf of their children or others, come and settle themselves down near the church in order to spend their last days with more convenience and satisfaction. By living among society they enjoy more comfort and spend the superfluity of their means and income, through which they give bread and work to the indus-

trious. This, as is well known, is over the whole civilized world the real foundation of civilization, and when it has been begun in this country it will be seen that there is an inclination to follow the same course."

"By these means," says the Commission, "the great object of the instruction of the youth, and the concentrating of the inhabitants at different places of the country, and consequently their gradual civilization would be attained; for, as we well know Ignorance is the source of crime, and Knowledge the handmaid of virtue."

Thus far the report of the Circuit Commission refers to the Colonists of European descent, who are termed "the white or Christian inhabitants." But the Commissioners also observed the condition of the aborigines and of the slaves in the inland districts at that time. Respecting the aborigines they say:—

"The number of Hottentots, actual subjects of Government, is pretty considerable. Those are at present absolutely reduced either to service under the farmers, or as soldiers, or to take refuge in the schools established here and there by the missionaries. In the district of Swellendam, a few small kraals are still to be found, which the landdrost has the ambition to wish to preserve. For the rest, we have not found the smallest vestiges of kraals, former habitations of Hottentots, except a single one in the neighbourhood of the drostdy of George, named the High Kraal, where two families reside, and seem to enjoy the benevolent protection of the landdrost, whose further protection we did not fail particularly to recommend. For the class of Hottentots in the service of the farmers, the continual attention of the magistrates, joined to the full effect of the Government's Proclamation of the 1st November, 1809, is of the greatest consequence. The promotion of the exercise of divine worship and instruction in the different districts will also have an advantageous influence on these creatures, and particularly when access thereto is made easy to them.

"The abolition of the former custom among the Hottentots, that their children should be inboeked (indentured) to serve twenty-five years with the farmer, where they were born, has certainly on the one hand had the effect of restoring all the Hottentots to their natural liberty; but on the other hand, inconvenience appears to arise therefrom, inasmuch as the farmers now not having any interest whatsoever in young Hottentots, most of them are indifferent, and evince little or no care for them. The consequence is that in sickness or misfortunes they do not everywhere receive that help or support which they stand in need of. In this situation we believe that several of these creatures, although free in name, are more dependent and more to be pitied than the slaves themselves, for whose support even when they are old, crippled, and incapable of service, their masters are obliged to provide. In particular, it did not escape our attention that we met at several places such Hottentots, all of them burthened with a good number of children entirely naked, who, the one more the other less, must have been in that predicament.

"The establishment of more schools by the institution of the missionaries for the instruction and civilization of Hottentots must prove of utility, if they be well regulated and governed with judgment. Those institutions, properly adapted thereto, will remarkably contribute to the improvement of the state of the Hottentots and towards their civilization. In the neighbourhood of Genadendal, the Hottentots, besides the cultivation of the ground for their own subsistence, hire themselves in the harvest and ploughing time to the farmers in the neighbourhood. This is also to be seen at Bethelsdorp, where we found at the Gamtoo's River some Hottentots belonging to that institution who were at the places thereabouts in order to assist the farmers in gathering in their grain; a thing which is to be wished might be the case in more districts, because that the Hottentots having their actual dwelling at the institution where their children enjoy the advantage of instruction, would then by good treatment, all of them be brought to serve the farmers, and for the rest have a safe retreat to the institution to which they originally belonged, whereby they would be secured in their interest, and assisted in their complaints, should they have any, in order to their being regularly brought before the landdrost; although in the meantime it is to be wished that the Hottentots were more encouraged by the missionaries to labour than is supposed to be the case at present, and that the known Christian moral lesson should be continually impressed upon their minds—that we must 'earn our bread with the sweat of our brow.'

"There are also other people to be met with within the limits of the Colony, who likewise deserve consideration; namely, the so-called Bosjesmen. We should not speak of those people if we had not met them within the boundaries of Government; but on our return journey, which was over a part of the Sneeuwberg, the Goup, Nieuveld, &c., we had imperceptibly an opportunity of being in some degree personally acquainted with the situation of those people.

"It is well known, that some years ago the inhabitants residing at the north boundary of the Colony were occasioned much trouble by the Bosjesmen; the people were not even safe as far as Sneeuwberg; one had, yearly, enough to do by commandos, and therefore with the death of hundreds to protect the inhabitants in their possessions; a thing which one year more, another less, had cost much blood for thirty or forty years past. At present, however, we found that in this respect, peace and quietness reigned everywhere.

"At Sneeuwberg, and further along the Goup and Nieuveld, the Bosjesmen live mostly with the inhabitants, where they serve as herders, with full as much care and attention as the Hottentots themselves. At some places in our journey we met with whole kraals of Bosjesmen, some of whom, according to their custom, went daily round the fields to look for food, consisting of uintjes, (a kind of bulb) wild flower bulbs, and the like, which they called field food. Some of them we met in the fields, seeking their food; they had a

good deal of uintjes, bulbs and nuts with them. The instrument with which they dig those things out of the ground is not of iron, but consists of a piece of wood about 1½ inch thick, which was pointed at the end and stuck into a round stone, in order to make it heavy. The ground from which they obtain this food was partly a soft karroo, but also partly hard clay and stones so that the operation necessary thereto in the burning heat is a troublesome work in itself, a thing from which we must conclude that the Bosjesmen in themselves cannot be considered a lazy, indolent people, because they must obtain their daily bread by continual bodily labour and exercise. The Commission were conducted by one Van Heerden, residing at Sneeuwberg, then heemraad of Graaff-Reinet. This Van Heerden had another grazing place at the boundaries of the Colony on this side, and we soon saw from the manners and gestures of the Bosjesmen, and from their calling out "Good day, master," and asking for victuals and tobacco, that they knew him, and were accustomed to receive benefits from him. Van Heerden told us that those people had the same kraals at his grazing place, and that they sought for subsistence in the same manner; that he sometimes gave them tobacco, and now and then a goat or a sheep, and assisted them as far as he could, to which their friendly and grateful countenances were to be attributed; and also, that such was the custom among most of the inhabitants there. From this circumstance and other information we received, we saw that the Bosjesmen at present live at perfect peace with the inhabitants, and even that they serve them faithfully in taking care of their cattle. We were everywhere informed that this is principally to be attributed to the good treatment they receive. From time to time several of the inhabitants who reside at the boundaries, for the sake of their own peace and safety, have made a point of assisting the Bosjesmen who live in the neighbourhood. Now and then a subscription was made of goats and sheep, which were divided among them at different times. We learnt that formerly the Bosjesmen could never be brought so far as to keep breeding cattle of their own; but there were now kraals which had small flocks of goats, which had been divided in that manner, and which had already bred; and especially that such-like collections of cattle were necessary in dry years, when it is not possible for the Bosjesmen to penetrate into the ground, and who therefore cannot procure their usual food; that they then suffer hunger for days and weeks, even so that they tied their bellies round with bands; but that at last they were compelled to plunder, in order to satisfy their hunger, from which arose all the other unfortunate consequences with Bosjesmen. It is, therefore, supposed that if small sacrifices were made on behalf of the Bosjesmen who live along the boundaries of the Colony, particularly at such times—that is, in uncommon dry seasons—it would entirely put a stop to their plundering."

This system of assisting the Bushmen to acquire and possess

property was greatly promoted and encouraged by Mr. Stockenstrom, the landdrost of Graaff-Reinet from 1805 until 1811, who got voluntary contributions of cattle from the farmers to set peaceful kraals agoing as breeders. But shortly afterwards in 1818, when Mr. Stockenstrom's son (afterwards Sir Andries Stockenstrom,) succeeded to the office of landdrost of the district, he found that the herds and flocks of the Bushmen were nearly all dispersed. He re-took from the Kafirs upwards of 2,000 sheep and goats which had from time to time been given to the Bushmen by the Boers. These had been taken by the Kafirs from the Bushmen's kraals, which they had destroyed with the most barbarous cruelty.

The remarks of the Commission on the condition of the slaves are very brief. The number of this unfortunate class, at that time, in the inland districts was small, compared with those in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. The Commission recommended that means should be afforded them to obtain a knowledge of religion; but there was a difficulty in the way. By a resolution of the Batavian Government of 1770, which was declared to be law at the Cape, it was prescribed that slaves who had been catechised and confirmed in the Christian religion, "should not be sold." The owners therefore, were not much disposed to encourage the conversion of their slaves, as it at once deprived them of the right of realising that particular class of property, which had then been greatly enhanced in value by the discontinuance of the slave-trade. In connection with this subject, an interesting correspondence took place on the point, "whether a slave could not be at the same time a slave and a Christian,"—honourably discharging his duty to his master and the public, and at the same time enjoying as well as his master all the comforts afforded by the Christian Faith.

Governor Sir John Cradock, to whom the report of the Circuit Commission was addressed, acknowledged in suitable terms, the valuable services rendered by Mr. Ryneveld and his brother judges, and approved of the enlightened and philanthropic suggestions offered by them for the social and moral improvement of the rural population.

His Excellency lost no time in directing a circular to be sent to all the landdrosts of the Colony, enjoining them to follow the instructions he had himself received from the Imperial Government—to extend to all classes of persons equal justice and equal protection. "We are ever to have in view," he said, "that in the administration of justice no distinction is to be admitted; whether the complaint arise with the man of wealth or the poor man,—the master or the slave,—the Christian or the Hottentot,—the same patient and equal attention is to be paid to the representation of each one, and the most careful inquires to ensue. It is the lesser description of offences, which from their obscurity and insignificance frequently escape observation and punishment, that require increasing vigilance. It is the uncontrolled severity of the powerful over the weak,—it is the nameless tyranny of the strong over the defenceless,—and the

thousand means which the spirit of oppression can employ,—that fill me more with solicitude; for such persecutions evade the direct interference of the law, and are almost only to be remedied by the energy of an active and enlightened magistrate intent upon advancing the progress of true religion and Christianity."

Estranged.

A dark cloud rests between thy soul and mine.
Oh love! stretch forth thy hands, across the gloom,
And let me feel thee near! Time was
When thou and I held converse sweet. And
Thou pouredst forth, on mine entranced ear,
Sweet melody of words. Or 'mid the crowd,
Where all were gay—thou—silent and apart—
Didst commune with my soul.
The deep spirit in thine eyes leaped forth,
And, growing into mine, thrilled the most secret chord
Of all my being. Oh blissful days
Beyond recall! would ye again were mine!

Now, through the deep'ning gloom, I gaze—I cry
To thee!—No voice replies.
Day follows day, in weary round, and I
In patient silence wait, and weep alone.

But, when the weary day has found its rest,
My spirit—freed from her fetters—flies to thee,
And, in the deepest stillness of the night,
Broods o'er thy soul, dove-like, seeking rest.
Say, dost thou feel her breath upon thy brow?
And her soft arms entwined, in timid love,
Around thee?
Her sad eyes seeking thine, in questioning
Wonder, and grief, at thine estrangement?

Ah! spurn her not, sweet friend! Grant her but this—
This one poor boon—this mimic joy—and I
Will love, content, apart from thee—If so
It be thy will. ψυχή.

Jottings from Russia.—Moscow.

By a Cape Colonist.

Here we are at the city of golden domes, minarets and cupolas! As is my wont in visiting a new place, I ascended the nearest hill, and from thence had a splendid view of the river Moscowa and the town through which it winds. This Sparrow Hill is said to be the spot where Napoleon and the French army first caught sight of the golden domes, and unable to suppress their joy, they, one and all, gave a simultaneous shout—"Moscow!" and no wonder, for from this view the panorama is very grand. Immediately below you flows the river, which separating into two arms, right and left, seems to hold the city in its embrace. Looking down upon the town you have a perfect view of the roofs of the houses, churches, &c., and how "ravissante" it is! For no dirty tiles, no corrugated iron, no smoked-coloured slates meet your gaze, but cupolas covered gilt and silver, domes painted green, red and blue; minarets of all colours; and the roofs of houses and public buildings painted green. On a clear, sunny day what a contrast all this would present, say, for instance, to looking down from St. Paul's on the tiled roofs and smoky atmosphere of London. From this point of view it looks like a realisation of some tale from the "Arabian Nights"; but "all is not gold that glitters" truly, and if it were ever true that "distance lends enchantment to the view" it was emphatically so in this case. At my side as we looked at this picture, was a young lady from New York, and she exclaimed to me—"Is not this fairy-land?" I said —"Yes, but 'tis a pity we did not see this first, before traversing the city and seeing it as it is, for half the romance of the picture is lost when instead of the oil painting of an artist you discover a manufactured oleograph. So with Moscow; its whole strength and beauty lie in its roofs viewed from afar, for much of the gold and silver and paint, on closer inspection, looked tawdry, mean, and *blaze*. Moscow having suffered so severely by fire and invasion became considerably poverty-stricken, and instead of employing the marble so freely used at St. Petersburg, had to content itself with brick, stucco, and meretricious ornamentation, so that on the whole the town is far inferior to St. Petersburg, though in the "West End" there are stylish-looking buildings of considerable dimensions.

Not knowing a soul who could speak English in this benighted land, it was certainly being in luck's way when, immediately after arriving, I was introduced to an American gentleman who had secured the only English guide to be had for his party. In company we then inspected the place, and how pleasant it was to allow conversation to flow glibly in one's mother-tongue! We started off first to the Ivan Veliki Tower, situated in the centre of the Kremlin, the latter, an immense building or rather a walled-in area,

containing monasteries, churches, palace, treasury, &c. As the walls are very high with a sort of masonic frill work at the top the effect in a photograph is very imposing. The Tower rises to the height of 325 feet, and this we ascended in order to look down upon the city lying immediately around it. The view from this summit is far more telling than that from the Sparrow Hill, not a dome, cupola, or minaret being lost, but each being distinctly seen as it stands out in bold relief against the blue sky. We gazed long and intently at the unique panorama before us, so utterly unlike anything you see in any other part of the world, excepting perhaps Constantinople; but a warning from the guide—"Sir, there's plenty nice tings to see yet" gave the signal for descent. On the way down we inspected the very wonderful collection of bells placed in different parts of the Tower—the most unique in the world. They are thirty four in number, the largest weighs sixty-four tons: but this was eclipsed by the "Great Bell of Moscow," which lies at the foot of the Tower, in which a dozen people might dine. Its weight is 444,000 lbs., circumference 60 feet, height 19 feet. I attempted to move the tongue of the former bell, and though pushing with all my might only succeeded in moving it slightly.

We duly visited the Petrofski Park and the Chateau de Fleur where the Russian upper ten congregate of an evening, enjoy ices, tea, coffee, &c., and listen to the band; the gardens being well laid out and lighted by thousands of coloured lamps form quite a gay and festive scene. Russian ladies dress very quietly and in sober colours, partly accountable to the excessive price of all articles of manufactured goods; in fact everything is very expensive. We dined at a restaurant and ordered nothing but what was the *menu* for the *table d'Hôte* of the day, and the charge was seven roubles—twenty shillings. The poor have to be content with meat on Sundays only, and for the rest of the week, black bread and onions and sometimes other vegetables, but these are not abundant, for the climate is so severe that the ground can only be cultivated for six months in the year; the black bread would be very palatable if the Russians did not add some sour condiment to it which makes it taste unwholesome to an Englishman, but suits the palate of a Russian, who believes in sour croute, sour soup, &c.

One afternoon we drove to the Simonoff Monastery, about five miles from the town, one of the most celebrated in Russia, principally because it has a very high tower on the highest ground near Moscow. Of all the sights in Moscow, the view of the town and its surroundings from different quarters is the finest and most worth seeing. I ascended this tower—330 feet—about six o'clock, and saw the declining rays of the afternoon sun strike the various golden-covered cupolas, and the sight was indeed most interesting. I would have given five roubles to the guide had he met us at the railway station, blindfolded me, and led me thus to the top of this or the Ivan Tower, and then on reaching the summit pulled the bandage

off and exclaimed "Viola Moscow!" but as it was, the purlieus of the station, very much like those around Cape Town, loose stones, sand and dust, low white and yellow-washed walls and houses, anything but favourably impress the new comer.

We visited the Riadi or Moscow Bazaar, or grand market place, an immense building or aggregation of buildings containing 2,000 shops (or large stalls) where the chief business of the city is transacted. The profits ought to be considerable, for each occupier pays from 1,000 to 1,500 roubles per annum for his shop. The price realized by land both here and in St. Petersburg is tremendous. Mr. ——, paid £1,500 for his wooden country house with one-and-a-half acres of land, and for a store (which has about thirty feet frontage and sixty depth in a back street) £8,500.

The universal practice of smoking in Russia is dreadful, *ladies* and gentlemen smoking everywhere and on all occasions, it is impossible to get out of the way of tobacco; and to object would be to have the pleasing hypothesis respecting you that you were a harmless kind of lunatic escaped from England, but before you had been in the country long you would come to sounder conclusions!

The railway carriages are very luxurious. The one in which we travelled from St. Petersburg was simply a large room, having twelve large easy chairs, and these placed so far apart as to admit of your walking about the carriage and chatting to your travelling companions. Each chair had a spring so that one could let down the back to a horizontal position and form a bed. There is altogether on the Continent a great variety in the style of carriage, whilst in England we seem to have stuck to the same kind ever since railways were first started.

Determined to see Russian life in every aspect we went to what is called the Chinese Quarter, so called because it is partially surrounded by a wall like the wall of China, and because a number of Tartars once had their locale there. Here were shops of every description of the poorest class, black bread, old boots, old clothes—some so old that they were only fit for the paper mill, but as clothing is so dear the commonest sack-cloth, however old, has its value; the streets and pavements were packed with peasants and every description of representative of the lower orders. We entered the motley group and took our stand to watch proceedings. Here was an itinerant cobbler, carrying his leather lapstone, pegging-awl, &c., calling out that he was ready to mend any old boots. Up came an urchin of fourteen, whose boot required doctoring, and asked whether he would do it for twelve copecks (equal to fourpence). "No, but for fifteen copecks." "All right," and sitting down on the kerbstone the youngster pulled off the boot, and to work went the cobbler in the middle of the street, and in about ten minutes the work was done. Whilst this was going on quite another scene was being enacted in our rear. There, on the pavement, were two or three barbers vigorously plying their trade at one penny halfpenny a head,

and it would have made any one roar to witness the operation. Shades of Professor Brown! to have seen the basin placed on the head, and the beautiful regular outline given by this simple process! What struck one most was the perfect good humour with which these roughs (for roughs they were indeed) regarded our intrusion into their peculiar preserves! My Russian friend chaffed them right and left and evoked sallies of mirth. One could not venture thus into Seven Dials or the Thieves' Quarters of London without being told to make oneself scarce, or being insulted in some way; but the Russian Serf is a thoroughly good-natured, humorous fellow.

An incident happened here at dinner one night which may amuse the reader as it did us. A Russian gentleman who spoke a sprinkling of broken English (an accomplishment of which he was not a little proud) and who had paid a short visit to England and Scotland, was giving us an account of his trip. The following were the graphic terms in which he described Edinburgh:—"You know it been very cold in de Scotland, in Edinbro', and I see 'Hotel' up written, and I go there, and I was very so cold, and I call the garçon-garçon, garçon make quick and bring me de Cognac. He look at me, and I say: 'yes, de Cognac;' he not go, and I say: 'why you not go; and he say: 'please sir, I cannot bring de Cognac, this is the Temperance Hotel.' I say: 'what can you bring, for I am very much cold?' And he say: 'Limonado Gazeuse;' I say 'Lee-mon-a-do Gazeuse! dis wedder—no.' So when one of my friends wants to go to England, I say: 'My friend, you take care and go not to the Limonado Hotel!'"

Having exhausted the sights of Moscow, and after some days' thorough enjoyment in so doing, we returned to St. Petersburg. The former city certainly does not bear the same mark of refinement and intellectual cultivation, which is so apparent at St. Petersburg, where ample provision appears to have been made for the cultivation of the fine arts, and advanced research in every department of knowledge.

After a few more days' interesting sight-seeing here, "homeward bound" became the watchword. The last evening was spent in going for a ride round some lakes in the immediate vicinity of Mr. M.——'s Datschka, starting at half-past ten o'clock p.m. They have some splendid black horses here—that being the favourite colour—lighter than the English and more agile, and rather better than our Cape horse, but they are very dear.

It was all very well to cry "homeward bound" and make up one's mind to start, but this was a land in which one could not come or go according to pleasure, and there was such a thing as a "passport;" and oh! poor distracted fellow-traveller, does not that mean something? I shall not soon forget the amount of trouble the delightful thing caused. After obtaining it from the Earl of Derby, paying for it and having it, *visa-ed* at the Russian Consulate in London, it was taken from me before entering Russia, then returned after we had arrived at St. Petersburg. Here, again, it had to be

inspected and entered at the Police Office. At Moscow the landlord of the hotel asked for it, and on objections being raised to surrendering it, said it would subject him to a heavy fine if it were not delivered up; accordingly it was given up (with reluctance enough), and once more registered at the Police Office, and necessary fees paid, and then there was no end of trouble and bobbing in and out of the Office before getting it back; but to crown all, before leaving St. Petersburg, Mr. M.—— said: "You cannot leave unless your passport is *visa-ed*." "*Visa-ed!*" I exclaimed, "it is *visa-ed*, and registered and entered, and there is positively no room left to write more on it!" Nevertheless, on inspection, it was pronounced faulty, and again it had to go before some Russian dignitary, and again dodging about for two days had to be gone through, and two roubles fifty ropecks paid, before it was possible to leave!

However, at last, I was fairly off, and on the way to—yes, actually to Finland! Now, a word or two about this way of quitting the country, and then farewell to Russia.

It seemed folly to travel over the same ground twice when there was opportunity for varying the route; so, in spite of the prospect of a lone journey among a people who speak no language but their own, and that most unintelligible, the love for adventure, and the chance of seeing new countries was sufficient temptation to travel north and wander amongst the Fins, instead of returning southwards.

From St. Petersburg to Helsingfors we passed through a succession of lakes, margined to the water's edge with the Russian fir (*Pinus Sylvestris*), and the Swiss pine (*Abies Ecelsa*). I should say that the character of the soil here was much poorer than that of Russia generally, for in all directions do you observe granite boulders cropping up above the soil, and scarcely any other forest tree but the hardy pine. It is strange that in a country so abounding in lakes, the soil should to so large an extent be so poor; the poor Fins must have a hard life of it, having to contend against such a rigorous climate and hungry soil; and yet hotel life in Finland is not half so dear as in Russia.

One comfort here, they use the Roman characters, unlike the Russians, and one can read the name of a station, or street, or signboard. As an illustration of the unique character of the Finnish language, here are two specimens in daily use: "Hegwää päiwää" (good day), Olkaa nün Hywä (if you please). We remained only a short time at Helsingfors, the present capital, and well known for its fortress—Sweaborg, termed the "Gibraltar of the North." The town is somewhat smaller than Cape Town, and has a population or 25,000. A handsome granite quay extends round the inner harbour. At the railway station, after securing the services of a porter and entrusting the luggage to his care, I could not tell where to take it or ask the way to the steamboat. Here was a fine dilemma! Every language was tried for steamboat—English, Dutch, German,

French, Russian, but in vain, the porter only shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. At last, however, some other passengers called out the name, and he comprehended that he was to follow in their wake. The steamer, that was to convey us to Stockholm, proceeding first to Abo, was lying in the harbour, and a tight, smart craft she was, of about 150 tons; but I little expected that we were in for a regular sea voyage of two days and two nights. At dawn the next morning the *Dagmar* steamed ahead for Abo. The navigation and scenery between Petersburg, Helsingfors, Abo, and Stockholm is perhaps as curious and striking as any in the world. Fancy, between Cape Town and Port Ellzabeth running the gauntlet of 2,000 islands! At no time in a course of 250 miles could you stand on deck and see a clear open sea: it was islands on the right, islands on the left, islands forward, islands astern, and islands all around, varying in size and shape, all of granite formation and mostly covered from the shore to the highest point with pines. The navigation was most difficult and tortuous, and very circuitous; at times you would look ahead and wonder how it was possible for the steamer to continue a course which would apparently take her right on to a group of islands, when, perhaps, within a hundred yards a channel would open up between the group, but so narrow that on either side of the steamer the distance to the shore was only about thirty or forty yards. The scenery was singularly interesting —sea, islands, granite rocks, and pine woods, in ever varying panoramic combinations—and the sea as smooth as an Italian lake. We reached Abo at 3 p.m. in the afternoon, and here for the present my jottings must come to a close.

Our Holiday.

Come away, come away, for a holiday!
From the dust and the din of the city away,
With a whole summer day before us;
No poor captive bird, from its prison set free,
Is half as delighted and happy as we,
When the blue sky is all that is o'er us.

Who will, let him shut himself up in his den,
Or spend all his time among money and men,
The thought of a holiday scorning;
We'll ramble to-day in the cool shady lanes,
And roam as we list through the meadows and plains,
Now decked with the jewels of morning.

Come on, Mary, come! and—forgive me the hint!
We mean to be easy, so put on a print,
Change your gaily-plumed hat for a straw one;
Leave ribbons, kid gloves, and pearl necklace behind,
Let your bonny bright tresses float loose on the wind;
We go where you need care for no one.

Come on! never mind those we meet in the street;
The solemn old folks, full of pride and conceit,
They may think we are both of us crazy;
If they do, their dismay only adds to the fun;
Come on! let us see who the faster can run,
And pluck the first crimson-tipped daisy.

I feel when in town as if three score and ten,
And sometimes you look as you'd ne'er smile again;
To-day sees us sprightly as ever;
You are fair as a lily, I'm not a bit gray;
We are children once more, light-hearted and gay,
And afraid of no frolic whatever.

O, happy to rest under shady green trees,
And feel on one's forehead the cool fragrant breeze,
Forgetful of time, toil, and sadness!
No dweller in cities has pleasure like this;
In the country alone is the well-spring of bliss;
The fields give us health, love and gladness.

And if, after gazing in Mary's bright eyes,
I should steal a sweet kiss—a long coveted prize;
There are only the flowers to espy it;
Where's the harm of a kiss in the merry greenwood?
In a parlour she'd chide me for being so rude—
In the city I never would try it.

Come on, Mary, come! make the most of the day;
These moments of pleasure will soon flee away;
Then—back to the city together!
Away with the blossoms that deck your long curls,
And back to kid gloves, fine ribbons, and pearls,
And the gaily trimmed hat with the feather!

To the city again with its dust and its din,
Our burdens to bear, and our bread to win,
Not knowing what may be before us!
But stronger to suffer, to do, and to dare,
By thoughts of a holiday, free from all care,
When the blue sky was all that was o'er us.

After the Dutch. R.

The Ballads and Songs of Scotland.

Part II.

By Dr. W. Bisset Berry.

A very interesting series of legendary ballads is occupied with the subject of the supposed return of the dead. I have already, on several occasions, made use of the Scottish word *eery*, a word for which there is, so far as I am aware, no precise English equivalent. A person is *eery* when he is in that vague, emotional condition of mind which is associated with the grand or mysterious in nature, or again with the dreadful and horrible. The physical condition underlying this mental one is perhaps identical with that which underlies what is *technically* called anxiety or expectancy, which state of mind, again, is the true key to the explanation of so many of those pseudo-phenomena of the so-called spiritualism which attracts so much attention in our day. Now if so many people of some degree of culture allow themselves to be persuaded of the reality of this pseudo-phenomena of spiritualism, need we wonder that amongst people of little or no culture deception should have been so common? Again, nothing so much as death would be apt to engender this feeling of *eeriness;* and the feeling would be more intense in the case of the deaths of those in whom a deep interest was taken—one of the family, for instance, or a lover, or a national hero. The mind would naturally brood over the memory of the departed, until his or her image became so rooted in the brain that it would be very easily re-presented to consciousness according to known laws of association. This re-presentation to the consciousness having taken place, the creative fancy easily accomplishes the rest, and soon we have a tale of the return of one from the dead, which thereafter becomes a legend, and is handed down accordingly. The impressive ballad of "Sir Roland" * is a good example. The lady trysts with her lover, Sir Roland, to meet her in her own lonely bower by midnight, a few hours only before their contemplated marriage. She has done so with the intention of slaying him for some insult she imagines she has received from him. She carries out her intention, then mounts her horse and tries to escape by night. Could any combination of circumstances be more likely to produce an *eery* or expectant frame of mind? The darkness of night—solitude—the last look of a faithful lover dying by a cruel and impulsive hand! Accordingly, as she gallops along, she sees a knight on horseback in front of her. After a keen pursuit, she comes up to him by the bank of a river where he has stopped. He asks, "Is it deep?" "It is deep, but a true

* In Motherwell's "Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern."

knight need nothing fear." They enter it together, both are carried down the stream, and as she expires,

" O this is hallow morn," he said,
" And it is your bridal day ;
But sad would be that gay wedding,
If bridegroom and bride were away !

" And ride on, ride on, thou proud Margaret,
Till the water comes o'er your bree,
For the bride maun ride deep and deeper yet,
That rides this ford wi' me.

" Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret,
Turn round and look at me ;
Thou hast killed a true knight under tryst,
And his ghost now links with thee ! "

Another very ancient ballad, " Clerk Saunders," furnishes some interesting details of popular belief with reference to the return from the dead. May Margaret, a king's daughter, has plighted her troth to the Clerk and will marry him, but her seven brothers are against the marriage, and one of them stabs him to death while he sleeps by the side of his bethrothed. After twelve months and one day, the proper probationary period in the olden time, Margaret is alone and is very *eery*. At midnight and below her bower window—

" She hears a knock and cry."

Clerk has returned to obtain a renewal of Margaret's plight. Her fidelity, she has resolved, shall not terminate with the year, she will be wedded to him even in death, and she longs to be with him. She, knowing that her friends wish her to marry another, will not plight her troth until she can know by kissing the visitor that he is her own true lover. He replies :—

" My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell now of the ground,
And if I kiss thy comely mouth
Thy days of life will not be long."

After some further discoursing, she is assured that her own Clerk is there ; then—

She has taen a crystal wand
And she has stroken her troth thereon,
She has given it him out at the shot window,
Wi' mony a sigh and a heavy moan.

Clerk now desires to leave her, but Margaret will not be left—

" Is there ony room at your head, Saunders,
Is there ony room at your feet,
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain would I sleep ? "

" There's nae room at my head, Margaret,
There's nae room at my feet,
My bed it is full lowly now,
Among the hungry worms I sleep.

" But plait a wand o' the bonny birk,
And lay it on my breast,
And gae ye hame, may Margaret,
And wish my saul gude rest."

From the concluding verse of this ballad it will be seen that, in connection with popular beliefs respecting the return from the dead, the " birk " (birch) occupies an interesting place. To Scots the " birks" are better known in association with Aberfeldy or Invermay than in connection with ghost stories. I have found several other allusions to the " birk " in this ghostly connection. There is a very curious one in the " Wife of Usher's Well." The wife's three sons have gone abroad to be educated, as was the fashion evidently at a very early period in Scottish history, but she soon afterwards is impressed with the idea that they have been killed : thereafter the ballad says :—

It fell about the Martinmas time,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The Carline wife's three sons cam hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke * nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheuch ; †
But at the gates of Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneuch.

King James again in his " Peblis to the Play " has the following stanza :—

Ane young man stert into that steid,
Als cant as ony colt,
Ane birken hat upon his head,
With ane bow and ane bolt.

While in the ballad of " Fair Janet " we find that the place of the " rose and the briar," which usually spring out of the bosoms of all true lovers who are buried side by side, is taken by a " briar and a birk." I am sorry I have no explanation to give of this peculiar association, but I hope some one more skilled in these matters will be able to supply the missing link.

Of the variety of the legendary ballad known as the " Romantick,' if there ever were many current in Scotland, only a few fragments are now known. In this respect the English and the Scottish early ballads present a striking contrast. " The Book of King Arthur," is a perfect mine of " romance," but it is hardly to be included in ballad literature ; and the bold Robin Hood is the theme of so many English ballads and songs that he has been named the " ballad singer's joy." It would, I suppose, be considered absurd to claim Arthur as a Scottish hero of romance ; still I would just notice the curious facts that, according to Mr. Freeman, the tract of country between the Humber and the Forth was, in early times, a distinct kingdom, under the Bretwalda of Northumberland, and that this

* A marsh. † Furrow or trench.

region is now in high favour amongst critics as an Arthurian locality. Then, again, there appears to have been in Scotland proper a person corresponding in some respects to Robin Hood, and who was known as "Berthram the Archer." We have, in Mr. Pinkerton's "Select Scottish Ballads," a single stanza which is believed, by such a competent authority as Motherwell, to be all that is extant of some much longer ballad about this Berthram. The stanza apparently is an invocation to his favourite weapon when, as is alleged in tradition, he was surrounded before being made a prisoner; for he was an outlaw like his Southern analogue:—

> "My trusty bow of the tough yew,
> That I in London bought,
> And silken strings if ye prove true,
> That my true love has wrought."

Sir W. Scott also gives a beautiful fragment, in the "Border Minstrelsy," called "Berthram's Dirge," composed apparently in honour of the same hero of romance. In all probability the memory of Berthram was not as dear to Scots, as Robin Hood's was to Englishmen, for the reason that archery never was a national pursuit in Scotland as it was in England. Perhaps also, Berthram had no clever ballad singers such as Robin Hood had, to hand down an account of his *gestes* to posterity.

The *historical* ballads are more numerous and interesting. The period of the wars of Independence, beginning about 1295, seems to have been marked on the Scottish side of the border at least, by an abundant outburst of stirring and enthusiastic song. The conditions are sufficient for this. The haughty Norman was victorious everywhere south of the Tweed, except, perhaps in Wales, and such men as Wallace and Bruce were the last remaining leaders of the old Saxon race in the north. This is the period of which I formerly remarked that the bulk of its ballad literature had been lost. The evidence that there was a considerable body of such literature consists chiefly in the frequent references made to it by later writers. Barbour, Wyntoun, and Henry the Minstrel (Blind Harry), who lived nearly two hundred years after the period, make frequent quotations from the bards of those times, which show that those bards did their utmost to sustain by their art the national enthusiasm. From these quotations, many of these poems would appear to have been humoristic in character; as if the composers had adopted the "chaffy" manner in alluding to the powerful invader. For instance, in some of the pieces, King Edward is spoken of as "Longchanks;" and it is said that when Berwick fell into his hands in 1297, he showed that his temper had been not a little nettled by the pasquinades that were freely recited amongst the people.*

* Maidment—"Book of Scottish Pasquils" (1868).—Introduction, viii.

The intensity of bitterness that existed between the two countries is well set forth in the ballad *Auld Maitland*, believed by such authorities as Scott, Leyden, and Hogg to be of very ancient date. It exhibits in a very remarkable degree,

> That stern joy which warriors feel
> At foemen worthy of their steel.

The ballad informs us that King Edward, in compliance with a request from his nephew marched nothwards with a large army. After crossing the border, the castle of *Auld Maitland* is reached. He is summoned to surrender, but he replies :—

> "Of Scotland's king I had my house,
> He pays me meat and fee ;
> And I will keep my gude auld house,
> While my house will keep me."

Maitland succeeds in defending his castle, and leaves upon the enemy a favourable impression of his daring and bravery. The English army, however, overruns a large tract of country. Suddenly the scene changes to France, whither Maitland's three sons, like the sons of the wife of "Usher's Well," have gone for their education. The three boys have some business near Edward's camp, and perceive that on the royal standard for the first time the arms of Scotland are quartered with those of England. From this they infer that their country has been subdued, and their father slain. They devise a stratagem to secure the standard, and approach the bearer, who, however, immediately recognises one of them by the likeness he presents to Auld Maitland, who had baffled the king and his soldiers. Then the ballad :—

> When Maitland heard his father's name,
> An angry man was he,
> Then lifting up a gilt dagger
> Hung low down by his knee,
> He stabb'd the knight the standard bore,
> He stabb'd him cruellie ;
> Then caught the standard by the neuk,
> And fast awa' rode he.

The three brothers, however, soon felt that they had not acted in accordance with the laws of chivalry. They repair to King Edward, make themselves known, and asked for three champions on the side of England to fight for the standard. The three are chosen, and the sons of Maitland are victorious. Upon this the nephew of the king again comes forward and desires to fight the eldest of the three in single combat. The king thinks he has already lost enough ; but the royal nephew rushes upon the Maitland.

> The first stroke that young Edward gae,
> He strack wi' might and main ;
> He clove the Maitland's helmet stout,
> And hit right nigh the brain.

The Maitland, maddened by the sight of his own blood, a sight which they say always maddens a Scot, threw aside his weapons and closed with his opponent in one of those wrestling matches, which even to this day, I believe, have their charm for the men of the border,—a kind of trial of skill and strength, however, for which young Edward would certainly be unprepared :—

And thrice about him he did swing,
Till on the ground he light.
Where he has halden young Edward,
Tho' he was great in might.
" Now let him up," King Edward cried,
" And let him come to me,
And for this deed that thou hast done,
Thou shalt have earldoms three."

But the reply is defiant and merciless :—

" It's ne'er be said in France, nor e'er
In Scotland when I'm hame,
That Edward once lay under me,
And e'er got up again!"

The period of the Border feuds came after this and the Scottish muse was for being silent then. Whether the Governments of England and Scotland were at peace or war, those who lived on the border had quarrels of their own. On either side of the dividing line lived powerful families in a perpetual state of strife ; and the astonishing thing to us is, that this chronic state of warfare, instead of being looked upon as one of the curses of the country, was encouraged by its events being made the subject of ballads that were dear to the people. A feature of these feuds was that the members of the hostile clans were considered legitimate subjects of plunder by each other. A Douglas, finding his supplies running short, and having many followers who must be fed, proposes a raid into the country occupied by his feudal enemy Percy. The southerner again resolves to return the compliment by proclaiming that he will overrun the hunting ground of the Douglas, whom he defies to obstruct the chase at his peril. In these times, and just as we see sometimes not a hundred miles away, the law of head has not supplanted the law of hand ; men believe in the

Good old rule
The simple plan
That they shall take who have the might,
And they shall keep who can.

The bold spirits that live in such a region much prefer individual independence ; each will rather live as he likes, settle his disputes and redress his wrongs in his own way ; he neither appreciates nor knows the comforts and satisfaction of civilised life, which sinks the individual in the state and the officer in the institution, but which is too levelling, too regardless of personal bravery, and too protective of

effeminacy to please the adventurous borderer. In the light of these conditions must the history of the border feuds be read. A fight in the course of one of these border family feuds forms the subject of a ballad called the "Battle of Otterburn." Critics say that the fine old English ballad, "Chevy Chase," has reference to the same event. Mr. Addison* tells us that in his time "Chevy Chase" was the favourite ballad of the common people, and that Ben Jonson used to say that he would rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Mr. Addison further quotes Sir Philip Sydney :—"I never heard the old song of 'Percy and Douglas' that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet, and yet it is sung by some blind Crowder with no rougher voice than rude style."

The "Battle of Otterburn" seems to have been equally popular in Scotland. Douglas and his followers ride southwards for plunder, and arrive at the castle of Percy. The two chiefs meet in single combat, and Percy is worsted. The softer manners of the times, however, make Douglas' conduct different from the Maitland's ; Percy cannot be slain under his own castle walls, and with Lady Percy as an eye-witness. Douglas takes Percy's sword, challenging him to come within three days, and with his followers, to Otterburn, to fight for it.

"Thither will I come," Earl Percy cried,
"By the might of our Ladye ;"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"My troth I plight to thee !"

Douglas dreams that the English come after him, that a battle ensues, and that a dead man wins the fight. He feels inwardly assured that this dead man is to be himself. The English come up, the two chiefs again meet in single combat, and Douglas receives a mortal wound. The English ballad gives Percy's words over his dying enemy ; the Scottish one omits them. In the latter, after receiving his death-wound, Douglas sends for his nephew, Montgomery, who is on the field, and thus addresses him in language that is as fine as any within the whole range of ballad literature :—

"My nephew gude," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death o' ane ?
Last night I dreamt a weary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep, I feign would sleep,
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And bury me by the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lily lea,

"O bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blumin' brier,
Let never living mortal ken
That a living Scot lies here."

* *Spectator*, 70,

Seldom do the minstrels interrupt the current of their story in these ballads with any such pathetic interlude as this. He must have been a daring minstrel who, in the midst of his description of warlike deeds, could venture upon such a course; either this, or he must have well understood human nature as it was to be met with in a Scot's audience a few centuries ago. And yet in the ballad itself the change from battle scene and embittered death struggle to tenderness, though sudden, does not seem forced. The two concluding stanzas are worth noticing as showing how the same skilful minstrel makes Montgomery invoke the shade of the departed Douglas to break the spell of invincibility with which Percy is supposed to be protected.

> "Now, yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he cried,
> "Or else I will lay thee low."
> "To whom maun I yield," Earl Percy said,
> "Since I see that it must be so."
>
> "Thou shall not yield to lord or loune,
> Nor yet shall thou yield to me;
> But yield thee to the bracken bush
> That grows on yonder lily lea."

When these family feuds died out, and long after the forays of the borderers ceased to be ennobled by deeds of valour such as those of Percy and Douglas, there were freebooters on the border who lived purely by vulgar plundering. Yet the deeds and the memories of these freebooters and mosstroopers were celebrated by minstrels in song that was treasured by the people. Time would fail me were I to refer to them at length; but I shall read as a specimen the short ballad "The Lament of the Border Widow," one which is interesting not only in this connection, and as being the dirge of a man who was hanged before his own door as a robber and outlaw, but also from this point of view, that it is a first-rate example of that admittedly difficult kind of poetry which combines simplicity of thought with dramatic power, which neither draws a moral nor attempts any analysis of feeling, but which leaves the pathetic implication to be suggested by the presentment of the situation. The widow's utter unconsciousness of the majesty of the law her husband had outraged, her simple faith that the man whom she loved and who loved her could not have been guilty of anything wrong, are left to be inferred with the "eloquence of silence," and with an artlessness that is charming. Again, when the border districts were freed from their peculiar residents, the Highlanders became notorious for their love of levying black mail upon their Lowland neighbours. The deeds of these Highland robbers were also sung in ballads that were very popular. We have a good specimen of them in "Gilderoy," composed in memory of a man who, says Mr. Maidment, was one of the greatest ruffians that ever lifted cattle, and who was finally taken by an armed band and hanged in Edinburgh. It is worthy of note that this man so filled the popular imagination that even a

poet like Thomas Campbell immortalises him in verse, and that in England he should have been so much thought of that a courtier like Sir Charles Sedley, who figures as one of the dramatists of the Restoration, wrote a song or songs to his honour. Gilderoy is a monologue by the widow, like that which I have just referred to, and, like it too, was sung to an air which is preserved, and which is very beautiful and full of melody. The following stanza from "Gilderoy" will show the difference of sentiment pervading this ballad :—

"Wae worth the loune that made the laws
To hang a man for gear,
To reave of life for sic a cause
As stealin' horse or mare.

"Had not these laws been made sae strick,
I ne'er had lost my joy;
Nae sorrow then had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy." *

Two distinct classes of poetical compositions, those belonging to the period of the Reformation and the Jacobite relics, I here propose to leave unnoticed, not from any want of interest about them, but because I regard them as in some degree alien to the true national genius; and because, on reflection, I find them to be so extensive and so epoch-marking that nothing like justice could be done to them in an attempt such as that with which I am now concerned.

I have lingered a long time over these early Scottish ballads, but I must confess that my interest in them has grown with every page I have written. To those accustomed only to modern writers, the literary merits of these ballads may not appear striking. They may seem barren in fancy, monotonous in structure, slow and tedious in movement; but a closer study reveals that a deep imaginative vein, a gentle grace, a natural and tender pathos exist in them, along with much fire and spirit. They have a character of their own, scarcely describable, but which soon manifests itself to the careful reader. If you think, on the one hand, that I have tried to give an interest to the ballads which is extravagant—for the worthlessness of an old song is proverbial—reflect, on the other hand, that for centuries these ballads were all that the *people* of Scotland had in the shape of literature; that during these centuries few of the people could read, and fewer still had books, that there was nothing in the place of the magazine or the newspaper, that firesides were rendered enjoyable

* The implied unfairness of the hanging is hardly supported by facts; for there is abundant evidence that Gilderoy not only robbed, but fired and murdered, in fact, went through the whole gamut of crime. Maidment in his introduction to "Gilderoy," says that the atrocities of this robber were the origin of a law, promoted by one Jennet, a lawyer, always to hang a highwayman first and try him afterwards, which inverted form of procedure seems to have been adopted in the case of Gilderoy. I have read somewhere that Jennet hailed from Jedburgh, and that the phrase "Jeddart," or "Jedburgh justice"—*i.e.*, condemning a man first and trying him afterwards—thence originated. Similarly, Judge Lynch gave our American cousins a much-used phrase.

during the long nights of half a thousand northern winters by the harping and carping of those ballads; reflect thus, and you must feel, as I do, that the ballads had great influence on the minds of our forefathers, and therefore upon our own. Surely the Scottish character is but little understood, or is maligned. We are said to be a douce, unimaginative race; and yet, not to mention our lyric poetry proper, we have preserved in tradition, or subjectively, a ballad literature more extensive, more romantic, and more imaginative than any other nation can show. His Bible and his bundle of ballads formed the library of the Scottish peasant during the many years that the fight was being fought for civil and religious liberty, of which we now reap the benefits; and before the printing press gave either the one or the other in its present form, ballad carping was the one intellectual pleasure. By some singular destiny, each in its turn, and then both together, impressed upon the Scottish mind the belief that a divinity shaped the ends of man, a belief which has so swayed the course of Scottish thought in politics, religion, and philosophy, that the measure of its effect is incalculable. The light which the advance of physical science has thrown upon the operations of nature, has not been an unmixed gain. We have become more cynical, and too often attitudinise as if there was nothing in Nature after all worthy of our sympathy. With the loss of the freshness of Nature, man has lost the freshness of his interest in his fellows; our faith and hope have been chilled or even frozen. What Mr. Carlyle calls the "rexus of cash payment" is the only one that keeps us together. When, like a blight upon the soul, there comes the depressing thought that there hath passed away a glory from this earth, and that it is not now as it hath been of yore, we may remember that in our own youth

> "There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth and every common sight
> To us did seem
> Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream,"

and that comfort may be found in communion with those to whom the glory and the freshness are still real. And as with the individual, so with the race; a study of ballad literature may comfort by recalling to us the freshness of man's thoughts when the world was still wondrous in his eyes; a source of joy that appears to be equally available for him who believes that a personal Providence guides the motion of the stars and orders the beauty of "every flower that blows," as for him whose supposed colder belief it is that all things proceed in the eternal evolution of the Unknowable.

I proceed to say a few words now concerning those compositions more commonly spoken of as the "Songs of Scotland." You will remember that I said some time ago that the separation of the ballads from the songs was not so much in accordance with the requirements

of logic as it proceeded from the necessities of our occasion. The working definition which I selected gave prominence to the element of narrative amongst the features of the ballad. A song is here meant to be understood as an expression or utterance of emotion or feeling in words arranged rhythmically or in verse. Now, when a man, who has not made poetry the serious business of his life, contemplates the profusion with which the Scottish muse has scattered her productions over our mother-country, if he has in view to write some short, intelligible, and appropriate descriptive account, I think he will be a dull person if he does not feel himself in a difficulty. When I take up the "Book of Scottish Song," and glance at its contents with such an intention as I have named, I feel as if I had been taken to some enormous fold into which all the inmates of some vast zoological collection had been turned loose, and, being ignorant of natural history, had been told to write a description of what I saw. I should be bewildered for a while; but dwelling with these interesting creatures and watching them for a few days or weeks, I should soon begin to find that it was possible to group lots of them together, and to make a single description hit off a great many of the units in the motley multitude. It seems possible also to group together large numbers of our national lyrics; and two genera appear to be so numerous and so well represented by species and varieties that I shall confine myself to a notice of them, calling them "love-songs" and "domestic or home songs." It would be useless to attempt any classification on the basis of authorship; for of the well-nigh three hundred Scottish song-writers, nearly all belong to that class which it is usual to speak of as *the people*. One remark, however, is applicable to these songs quite as much as to the ballads, and that is, that whether written *by* individuals among the people or not, they have all been written *for* the people collectively; they were neither composed for, nor were at any one time the property of, a class, cultured or uncultured; they have almost invariably at once *found* and dwelt with the occupants of the cottage in the loneliest glens and on the remotest hill-sides; they touch feelings that are as wide as human nature, at least as human nature is met with in Scotland.

It would be an interesting inquiry how it is that a country so small, bleak, and barren, and with so poor a population as Scotland, should have produced such a vast body of lyrical poetry; and not only that it should have been produced, but that her people, as we have already seen was noticed by Goethe, should have taken to that poetry so enthusiastically and persistently, that they treasured it in their memories when other means of preserving it were not forthcoming. While it would be impossible to enter upon this inquiry, I may venture upon remark in passing. Until very recent times, agricultural and pastoral pursuits occupied in the main the attention of the people. Such pursuits, as we know to our sorrow, seldom permit of the rapid accumulation of wealth, more particularly where, as in Scotland, the laird and his factor have to be provided for with

scrupulous care. Again, it has ever been a cardinal doctrine with the religious teachers of Scots, that the pursuit of pleasure, for its own sake was a misapplication of the powers and opportunities of men and women for which they would be held to account. Add to these conditions an inclemency and severity of climate rendering out-door play always difficult and often impossible; and we seem to have agencies near at hand driving men and women alike in doors, compelling them to make their hearths the centres of recreative activity, and tending to foster that self-reliant spirit, contentedness with little, and willingness to be easily pleased or amused, which are, when they do not lead to laziness and indifference, desirable national characteristics. Hence, why so many of our national lyrics give utterance to the pleasant emotions associated with quiet domestic enjoyment; hence, why, though it would assuredly be too much to say that no man can be fond of his home who is not fond of Scottish song, it is not too much to say that no man will care for Scottish song whose best sympathies and affections are removed from the domestic sphere.

In these conditions evidently are to be traced the reasons why Scottish song so seldom loses the quality of naturalness so essential to good poetry, and why it so seldom exhibits that character of artificiality which, in the estimation of so many critics, mars English poetry from the time of Milton to the beginning of this century. During this period the English poets almost all lived in towns and wrote for the people of towns; poetry ceased to draw its inspiration from country life, and was made to affect that vice of towns called fashion. We have already found that Allan Ramsay laid himself open to the criticism that he tried to alter the ballads of Scotland to suit the fashion of his time, and that his songs are tainted with the same heresy. But he, almost alone amongst Scottish poets, loses sight of the "one human heart, which is the proper haunt and the main region of song." Those poets succeed the best, and most deserve to be called by the name who, when they give utterance to their own human feelings, put aside restraint and conventional laws either of time or place, and throw themselves open to the healthy influence of nature unreservedly. Burns did this, but unconsciously (for he had scant opportunity of being influenced by any coterie),—not consciously like Wordsworth, for instance, who owns that he learned from Burns the power of poetry associated with humble and simple truth.

In the extensive collection of Scottish love songs, appropriate utterance of feeling will be found by every Jamie and Jeannie, Willie and Maggie, Rab and Mary who may be coming under the glamour of love's young dream. Sometimes we find our makers trying to interpret feeling in connection with love in the abstract; that vague longing for completeness, that universally owned insufficiency of the individual self, which underlies so much of what is spoken of as the tender passion, is attempted to be formulated, and

not always very successfully, for the Scottish muse seems to love the concrete. A good attempt is made in the lyric "O come with me," by John Finlay, a native of Glasgow, who died about the beginning of this century.

"O love, without thee what were life?
A bustling scene of care and strife,
A waste where no green flowery glade
Is found for shelter or for shade;
But cheer'd by thee, the griefs we share,
We can with calm compassion bear,
For the darkest night o' care and toil,
Is bright when blest by woman's smile."

The Ettrick shepherd also, in one of his characteristic lyrics, "The women fo'k," thus tries to formulate the results of his meditations on this confessedly difficult theme, the general influence of the gentler upon the rougher sex:—

"I hae thought an' thought, but daurna tell.
I've studied them wi a' my skill,
I've loved them better than mysel',
I've tried again to like them ill.
Wha sairest strives, will sairest rue,
To comprehend what nae man can,
When he has done what man can do,
He'll end at last where he began."

While as if verses like these were too far fetched and unreal, as if they beat about the bush too much, or were altogether too cold for the warm hearts that beat beneath the Scottish plaid, Burns himself leaps into the breach with a lyric that mounts to the lips of a Scot whenever he would speak the praises of women, just as naturally as his head begins to wag and his legs to dance when the pipes are heard in *Tullochgorum* or *Ghilli Callum*:—

"There's nought but care on every hand
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man
An 'twere nae for the lasses, O."

The melancholy Jacques in his "Seven Ages," speaks of the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrows.

I suppose Scottish lovers have not escaped the ordinary weaknesses of human nature; heaps of ballads have been written north of the Tweed "to his mistress' eyebrows." But Scots are never more Scottish than they when they make the woeful ballad. They sing as if they themselves not only had loved deeply, but believed, and expected every one to believe the reality and truth of the most impassioned lays. On the whole, however, the love-songs in praise

of particular charmers that are in general repute, are manly and healthly in sentiment. Assuredly when the ordinary love-sick mortal ettles a poem in praise of his mistress' personal attractions, the chances are, not only that he will fail, but that from, say a tolerably handsome young person, he will contrive to draw for us a portrait that will be shocking. But genius can lift even so common a theme as this out of the region of the vulgar; it can impart a freshness when no such quality was to be looked for; it can achieve a success and a superiority that will be owned as universally as the love or the passion which inspires it:—

"Her brow is like the snow drift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet."

The restlessness and "fidgetiness" of lovers have often been expressed in song. Two or three lines of doggrel, to be fathered upon whom I know not, will express the condition of the person whose mind and heart are occupied by the passion;

"Love maketh such a dizziness,
It winna lat a puir man
Gang aboot his bizziness."

If anyone should ever find himself in such a plight, I would recommend him to learn by heart the Scottish song "Aye waukin O," which will help him to find such utterance for his feelings as must warm the blood and engage the affections of a Pygmalion's wife. This song is known to be very old, as may be seen at once from its manner; its author is unknown, and it was long handed down traditionally.

But the love-makings and courtships of men and women have ever had a humorous, or even a comical side to them; and though it has been said that a surgical operation must be performed upon the average Scotchman before he can be made to see the point of a joke that to all other mortals is as plain as a pikestaff, still the humorous or comical side of the love-making part of life's business, has been hit off by many of our national song-writers in a manner which, if we are to judge by the popular appreciation of the performances, shows that a Scot loves his fun only a little less than he loves his toddy. Who has not enjoyed the "Laird o' Cockpen," for instance? a song whose sphere of usefulness was recently so widely extended by being felicitously rendered into South African vernacular by one whom a Scot would reasonably imagine never to have seen, far less have felt the influence of it; or again, "Last May a braw wooer," in which a

woman's true delight in the mischievous poking of fun at the man who desires to incorporate her with his ox and his ass, or his horse and his dog, is so enjoyably recounted : —

" Out ower my left shouther I g'ied him a blink,
Lest neebors micht say I was saucy,
My wooer he capered as he'd been in drink
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie."

Where could the swain, who is in doleful dumps because of his impecuniosity, and who would fain better his position by marrying a "lass w' a tocher," but who has tried and failed ; or could the maid, whose personal charms, her sole fortune, are not convincing, find more appropriate utterance than in the words of " Tibbie Fowler."

Ten cam east and ten cam west,
Ten cam rowin o'er the water,
Twa cam' down the lang dyke-side,
There's twa-and-thirty woo'in at her ;
There's seven but and seven ben,
Seven in the pantry wi' her,
Twenty head aboot the door,
There's ane and forty woo'in at her.
Be a lassie e'er so black,
Gin she hae the penny siller,
Set her up on Tintock Tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.

While further, as if there was danger of this large body of warm and enthusiastic love-song utterly ruining the nation's reputation for " cannyness " by alluring men and women into all sorts of imprudent marriages, Allan Ramsay uses his art to bring back the youth of the country to sobriety of judgment—to Scottish "common sense"—by his well-known " Wap at the Widow," in which he sees fit to proffer advice, such as Mr. Weller, Senior, would have spurned as unsuitable for a gentleman's gentleman : —

" The widow she's youthfu' and never ae hair'
The waur o' the wearing, and has a good skair
Of everything lovely ; she's witty and fair
And has a rich jointure, my laddie ;
What could ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
With,—naething but,—draw in your stool and sit down,
And sport with the widow, my laddie."

Of all the numerous lyrics in the Scottish, or perhaps in any language devoted to the emotion of lovers whose course of true-love has not run smooth, " Auld Robin Gray " is perhaps the most touching, simple, and natural. By such a high authority as Lord Byron, Wolfe's Ode, " The Burial of Sir John Moore " was regarded as the most perfect in the English language ; yet Wolfe never wrote

anything else worth noticing. And, strange to say too, the woman who wrote "Auld Robin Gray," the most perfect of Scottish lyrics, on this occasion rose to the sublimest height of poetic diction, and either never tried again or never succeeded in any other effort. As the words and music of this song are no doubt well known to all here, there is less need to lament its non-appearance in our musical programme. Some particulars of its history, however, may not be so generally known, and may prove interesting. A letter has been preserved in which Lady Anne Lindsay thus writes to Sir Walter Scott:—

"My sister Margaret had married and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scottish melody of which I was fond, but I objected to the words as improper. I longed to sing it to different words, and while attempting this in my closet, called to my little sister,—'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with misfortune; I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing. Help me to one.' 'Steal the cow, sister Ann,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me and the song completed."

This history, however, was not published until after the death of Lady Lindsay, a fact which I suppose accounts for the story which we have concerning a Scottish laird, who was one of that by no means limited class that believed in the reality of every tale that was told in the Scots' ballads or songs, to the effect that on an occasion of his hearing the song sung, he gave vent to his indignation thus:—"I see the hale thing noo; it was that auld sinner Robin Gray himsel' that stealt the coo, jist to garr the bit lassie marry him, the auld rascal." Again we are told, in that charming book "The Songstresses of Scotland," that this song on its first publication was enthusiastically received in England and even on the Continent, and that in the fashion of the time the "Robin Gray Hat" quite superseded one that had been all the rage, and that was named after Goethe's "Werther."

As an expression or utterance of love emotion for one who "loved not wisely but too well," the lyric "Ae fond Kiss and then we sever," is worthy of being placed in the first rank. The lines are addressed by Burns to his well-known Clarinda, a lady in real life for whom the poet had conceived a deep though transient regard. It is in this poem that the following exquisitely affecting stanza occurs, which, Sir Walter Scott says, contains the essence of a thousand love stories:—

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

The melancholy and almost tragic tale seems concentrated into a single spasm of burning eloquence and poetic fire; the single verse seems the double-distillation of an experience of human pleasure and pain. The poet's biography reveals how deeply his passion for Clarinda swayed him, more deeply, perhaps, than any passion of the kind whose influence he ever came under. Burns' correspondence with Clarinda shows this unmistakably; and yet, alas! for the frailty of human nature, though in the month of June he calls his Clarinda "my ever-dearest," and at parting addresses her as we have seen above, in December of the same year he writes about her to a friend and calls her "a *ci devant* goddess of mine."

> "Me nunc Thressa chloë regit,
> Dulces docta modos, et cithara sciens."*

In Scottish poetry, so far as I am acquainted with it, there are no pieces analogous to the "Astrophel," the "Lycidas," "Adonais," or "In Memoriam" of the English maker. There is but one ballad that I know whose subject is a man's friendship for a man, and that is the ballad of "Greme and Bewick." If this shows a defect, however, it is atoned for by our riches in lyrics expressive of emotion associated with the death of a lover. Every one is sure to be acquainted with the ode "To Mary in Heaven?" so that I need do no more than mention it to recall what has, no doubt, often proved and will prove again a source of enjoyment.

The following short account of the circumstances under which this poem was composed may not have met the eye of some, and may enable those who believe that poetry is easy of performance, or that the poetic soul is a nonentity, to comprehend the reality of the isolation and of the self-communing in solitude that are necessary even to the first-rate poet, before his imaginings can be faithfully formulated and represented in language that secure for him a niche in the temple of fame:—

"Towards the end of the harvest, three years after Mary Campbell died, a day came when the date of Mary's death was recalled to Burns. Though labouring under the effect of cold, the poet spent the day in the usual work of the harvest field and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to 'grow very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in and to return to his fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet that shone like another moon, and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately,

* Horace—"Odes," iii, 9.

on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory those sublime and pathetic verses."*

Interesting as the ode is in itself, surely the knowledge of these details as to the occasion of it cannot but enhance the interest attached to it. In pathos and impassionedness, however, I think this ode is excelled by another and earlier lyric, "Fair Helen of Kirkconnel," which is devoted to the utterance of kindred emotion. This gem is of unknown authorship, but the language and the melody to which they are still sung are quite in the old manner, and have had a reputation for at least three hundred years. The history also has been verified. Fair Helen had two lovers, one of whom, vowing to sacrifice the other to his resentment, watched his opportunity while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of the Kirtle, which flowed by the burial ground of Kirkconnel near the border. Helen, seeing the desperate man on the opposite bank raise a carbine, and fondly thinking to save her favoured lover, threw herself between him and the bullet which she received, and then fell expiring in his arms. Her death was instantly avenged. The song is the supposed utterance of the disconsolate survivor on his subsequent return to the scene of the disaster. The changes of emotion ascribed to the supposed speaker, from that of a misery almost unspeakable, to what one critic calls "savage exultation," may be seen in these two stanzas:

"Oh think na ye my heart was sair
To see her lie and speak na mair,
There did she swoon wi' mickle care
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I loutil down, my sword did draw,
I cuttit him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma'
For her sake that died for me."

Side by side with these two poems, I place a third, written from internal evidence, perhaps by a woman, but unclaimed,—"Willie drowned in Yarrow," on which Francis Turner Palgrave makes the remark that in his judgment—and where shall we find a better?—it is superior to any other of its class in melody and pathos.† The conception of this poem is a very pretty one. The poet is occupied with detailing the sighings of a "fair maid," whose thoughts and wishes are with "Sweet Willie," her lover, whose absence she cannot explain:—

"O gentle wind that bloweth south
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth
And tell me how he fareth."

* "Life and Works of Robert Burns." Chambers' Library Edition. Vol. iii, 63.

† In the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics."

Though Willy "hecht" (promised) to marry her, she is all unconscious of her own charms to draw her lover to her. Willy should return to hear the mavis sing, to see the birds on ilka bush, and the leaves around them hanging; while, as if doubtful that the beauties of nature, enough for her, may be sufficient for the other, she adds:

> "There's sport eneuch for gentlemen
> On Leader haughs and Yarrow."

And after some more sighings, told very naturally, their comes in the short and simple narrative. Four lines suffice for the poet to discover Willie's fate to the reader:—

> "She sought him up, she sought him down,
> She sought him braid ahd narrow;
> Syne in the cleaving of a craig,
> She found him drowned in Yarrow."*

To give undue prominence to one's own thoughts on such matters, where special study cannot be pleaded in justification, savours of impertinence and bad taste; still I venture to say that these three poems, "To Mary in Heaven," "Fair Helen," and "Willie drowned in Yarrow," occupied as they are with a common subject, improve by being associated together by the reader as a kind of lyrical trilogy; a point of view from which they may be profitably considered, albeit each of the parts has its own composer. By poetical licence, which surely a reader as well as a maker of poems may be sometimes allowed, the human heart may stand as the common father.

Notice, in conclusion, the profusion with which in these love lyrics the praises of natural scenery are sung. Reminding you of what Wordsworth says of poetry, that her appropriate business, her privilege and her *duty*, is to treat of things not as they *are* but as they *appear*, not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the *senses* and to the *passions*,† I would just remark that Scottish bards, like Scottish peasants, have a way of their own in handling natural objects. We find no elaborate descriptions of mountain or flood, no rhapsodies on gorgeous sunsets or sunrises; no intricate picture of the beauties of flowers, of clouds, of the stars. The ever-changing face of our beautiful earth has its charms for our poets; but a few touches suffice for emotional effect. The images are more suggested than completed; they are never far-fetched or deeply studied; they seem to lie at the feet, and the more homely and simple they are the better:

> "I see her in the dewy flowers,
> I see her sweet and fair;
> I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
> I hear her charm the air.

* The classic reader will perhaps admit the analogous construction in Horace's Epode II.—*Beatus ille*, &c.

† "Prose Works," vol. II., 106. (A. B. Grossart, 1876.)

There's not a bonny flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonny bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean."

The scenes and places that have been the subject of mention in the lyrics almost invariably are associated with, often owe their whole interest to, the human emotions, that have been experienced near them. To the lover of Scottish poetry, I need but mention such places as Roslin Castle, Kelvin Grove, Craigie Lee, Traquair, Glenffer, Invermay, Montgomery, Afton Water, or Bonnie Doon, to make myself understood in this connection. Song has given to these places, and to others, something like a classical fame that has endured, though the localities themselves have lost every attention they could ever have had for the lover or the poet. Of the "Bush aboon Traquair," for instance, Mr. Robert Chambers, writing some years ago, tells us that only a few spectral-looking remains denote the spot so long celebrated in the popular poetry of Scotland. Others, again, as, for instance, Invermay or Afton Water, remain very much as they were when they were first made the theme of the amatory verses that have rendered their names familiar as household words

Such are some of the features of the love-lyrics of Scotland. A very cursory acquaintance with them soon convinces the reader that these lyrics are not written by poets who took up the love theme merely as one which, being human, was not to be disowned. These poets do not write as spectators, they write as if they had received the best possible education in their subject—the education of personal experience. Not only are these poems full of genuine feeling, but the views of life set forth in them are large and genial; their ring is a sound one; there is a kindness in them of which even the strong man may own the sway. A people accustomed to and brought up with such song, on such a favourite theme as love-making, could not, if it would be, a soulless one. And though poetry is said to be occupied with dreamings and delusions only, yet the people have not been demoralised, for the Scot is a type of hard-headedness wherever he is known.

I claim for these poems, therefore, a beneficial influence upon the mind, and more especially upon the mind of the young of both sexes. And I am not less disposed to claim a very high utility for that equally large body of song expressive of emotion associated with the domestic circle, with the fireside and the family. Taken as a class of song, perhaps this is the only one about which nothing of an objectionable kind can be urged. There may be no single lyric in the class so popular or of such first-rate excellence as are some individual specimens of the love poems; but as a whole the domestic poems cannot fail to be contemplated and studied with the greatest delight and satisfaction. I have already said that the Scot requires a happy home more than most men; it is therefore pleasing to find that our song-makers seem untiring in their enthusiasm for domestic bliss,

and that their praiseworthy efforts have taken a firm hold upon the popular imagination. For so many people, indeed, the sentiment of that plaintive old lyric is true :—

> " O Waly, Waly, an love be bonny
> A little time while it is new,
> But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
> And fades away like morning dew ; "

that the persistence of love and affection between married people, the continuance of the triple bond of friend, companion, and lover, has come to be looked upon as a condition unattainable except in the dreams of poets. With a wider knowledge of mankind, I have no doubt but that we should have to admit that this bond exists much more often than is generally believed ; but, be this as it may, genuine sympathy with domestic comfort and happiness must be considered as a thing to be encouraged by all who have a kindly interest in the well-being of nations. I believe that nothing is more likely to create such a sympathy when it has not already been evoked, or to nourish it and support it when already existing, than familiarity with a body of simple, natural, and beautiful poetry expressive of the pleasurable emotions associated with such sources of happiness; and I am sure that so long as " sweet home " is worth the having and worth the keeping, our Scottish home songs will always be considered valuable exponents of its cherished blessings. The Scottish people have long been familiar with many of them, full as they are with glowing pictures of the bliss of mutual trust, of the beauty of ripe affection, and of the grandeur of unwearying devotion to duty, and of earnest determination to strive faithfully to the end, in the discharge of it.

" Nae Luck aboot the House " has been so long and so deservedly a favourite, that its refrain has become a proverb amongst nations.* " I cuist my line in Largo Bay," is replete with sentiments that are honourable to every heart, and that float on every tongue ; while " John Anderson, my Jo " is almost instinctively associated with every *couthy* old couple that still gladden the world with their presence and their smiles.

But time would fail me were I to attempt even to name all those lyrics that Scots and others are familiar with in this connection. One only of the series I select for a reading, and it is a short one—one in which there is difficulty in saying whether the tenderness of the woman or the genius of the true poet shows to the better advantage. It is written by Caroline Oliphant, better known as Lady Nairn, who in her youth and from

* " The Songstresses of Scotland " claims this song for Jean Adams, some time schoolmistress in Greenock. To the present writer the claim seems substantiated. Jean, however, had small personal experience of that simple domestic bliss and content which " Nae Luck " so vividly pourtrays ; and her almost tragic end in an almshouse furnishes us with another example of the *liceat perire poëtes*.

her personal loveliness was generally spoken of as the "Flower of Strathearn;" a lady whose mind must have been as remarkable for its culture as her person was for its attractiveness. At the advanced age of seventy-six she composed "Aileen Aroon," beginning

"Would you be young again?
So would not I;
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore;
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?"

Lady Nairn's better known pieces are such as "Caller Herrin," "The Laird o' Cockpen," and the inimitable "Land o' the Leal," for the sake of which I took the liberty of introducing her name here:—

"I'm wearing awa, Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean;
She was baith good and fair, Jean,
O we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.

Now fare thee well, my ain Jean,
The world's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fain, Jean,
In the land o' the leal."

It was my intention to try to show you by suitable examples that the spirit which animated the old bards of Scotland has not died out, but that there are poets even to this hour writing beautiful songs for the people of Scotland; that this people is still as succeptible to the influence of these songs; and that it is steadily enlarging its already extensive collection of approved favourites. For, although the ancient language of Scotland, as a spoken language, may be said to have ceased to exist, yet, as I have more than once said, for the uses

and purposes of poetry it has an inexpressible charm that has given to it a niche in the affections of the people from which it cannot be easily dislodged. Something I intended to add also on the functions of poetry in general as a means of culture, and something on what the poetry of our fatherland in particular can do for us Scots and others in this land, whose poets unfortunately for it and for us have yet to appear.* But these points and many others pertaining to Scottish Ballad literature must stand over for some other occasion.

Of course in what I have had an opportunity of saying to you, it would be unfair to expect any learned criticism on any works of literary ability; you must be content to take on their merits the remarks of one who, like the rest of you, dips into literature by way of diversion and for instruction. My object shall have been attained if I have succeeded in proving that "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut" is not the only ode of which Scots can boast, nor the bagpipes the sole dispenser of "sweet sounds" in which they find joy. Scotland has a literature—one that may seem harsh and Gothic to some tastes; for the charm of lyric poetry in which doubtless its strength lies, as has been well said, is in a great degree dependant on subtle niceties of suggestion or even of tone, which can never be thoroughly reflected in another language. Still it is a literature, and we may well be proud of it; and after all it is the literature of a country that makes it. What were Greece without Plato and the dramatists; Rome without Horace, the orators and jurists? To generations yet unborn will England be better known by anything than as the land of Shakspeare and Milton? Scotland may not boast names like these. It may not have the "stately halls," the noble palaces, the green swards, the rich orchards of the sunny south; but it has Tannahill,† and Lady Nairn and Burns; it has mountain and flood, heath, and imperishable granite. With God's grace we hope to carry the memory of these with us till we die; for

> "There's a hope for every woe, and a balm for every pain,
> But the first joys of the heart come never back again;
> There's a track upon the deep, and a path across the sea,
> But the weary ne'er return to their ain country."

* While I am revising these pages for the *Monthly*, Delta writes and mentions a publication, "Poetry of South Africa," with which I for one am unacquainted. No one is better able than that gifted writer to undertake the re-editing and revisal of such an important collection.

† A memorial tablet has just been placed on the wall of the thatched cottage in Queen Street, Paisley, where the poet Tannahill lived, worked, and wrote his sweet lyrics. It bears—"The home of Robert Tannahill from early infancy till his death in 1819.

> He sang amid the shuttle's din
> The music of the woods."

—*Weekly Scotsman*, July 27, 1876.

The Grey Collection in the South African Public Library.

By Dr. Dale.

Public attention has been recently directed to the question of appointing a qualified successor to the late custodian of the Grey Collection; and considerable interest is manifested by Professor Max Müller and other philologists, not only in the due care of this unique collection of literary treasures, but specially in adding to them such contributions of native folk-lore as are still within reach, and in carrying on the systematic research into the South African languages.

The references to Dr. Bleek's researches, and to their important bearing on the great philological questions of the day, by Professors Max Müller, Whitney, Haeckel, and other writers, show how much was expected from his comparative studies of the native languages; and both in England and Germany there is a strong desire to see a competent philologist employed to gather up the threads of an inquiry hitherto successfully prosecuted, which were so suddenly interrupted by Dr. Bleek's early death.

Any brief remarks, therefore, which I can put forth to show the exact relation of the Grey Collection to the South African Public Library, Cape Town, to make clear what are the conditions attached by Sir George Grey to his munificent gift, and what are the functions of the committee of the South African Public Library and of the Grey trustees, respectively, in regard to the collection, may be presumed to have some interest among very many besides colonial readers.

I propose, writes Sir George Grey, 21st October, 1861, to send my whole library to the South African Public Library, at Cape Town, there to be deposited, subject to the following conditions:—

(1). That I may at any time remove from the library, as long as I require them, any books or manuscripts for my own use.

(2). That I may give the like privilege to the occupants of any institution I may hereafter found in South Africa.

(3). That during my lifetime all other persons shall be admitted, under the rules and regulations of the library, to use the books and manuscripts in the library; but that no person shall, without my consent, be permitted to remove any of them from the building.

(4). After my death, the trustees of my collection shall make such regulations on this last subject as they think proper, as I do not wish to attempt to bind posterity by any unalterable rule.

At the time when this gift was made to the Colony, Dr. Bleek's office of Kafir interpreter to the High Commissioner was about to be abolished, and from his intimate connection with Sir George Grey in editing, collating, and publishing the volumes which had special reference to the native languages, Dr. Bleek was regarded by

the Grey trustees as the proper person to prepare the catalogue *raisonné*, and to further an object which Sir George Grey mentioned in his letter of October, 1861, viz., the publication of new editions of works from the ancient manuscripts in the collection. (Reply of Mr. E. B. Watermeyer to Sir George's letter, referred to.) Arrangements were ultimately made with the committee of the Public Library to appoint Dr. Bleek custodian, at a salary of £250 per annum, from 1st February, 1862, the Parliament having made a grant of £600 per annum in aid of the general funds of the library, and also with the view of enabling the committee to make due provision for the care of the Grey Collection.

The appointment was not made by the Grey trustees, nor did Sir George Grey stipulate that there should be a special custodian; nor is the committee of the library bound by any pledge or any condition attached to the Government grant to maintain such a custodian for ever. At the same time, it is fair to state that so large a grant as £600 per annum would not have been proposed by Sir Philip Wodehouse to Parliament, if it had not been understood that a portion of it was absolutely required for the salary of the custodian.

It is but reasonable to expect that the Library Committee will acknowledge the necessity of having a special custodian, so long, at least, as the descriptive catalogue remains unfinished; but it can scarcely be considered their duty to pay a comparative philologist to complete those researches which Dr. Bleek carried on in connection with his own private studies of the native languages, and which, so far as they have not yet been completed, are presumed to be in the hands of Mrs. Bleek, as papers belonging to the family and not to the Library Committee or the Grey trustees.

The functions of the Grey trustees appear to be nominal; that body has no funds and no control beyond seeing that the committee carry out the condition 3, as already quoted.

Everything, therefore, depends on the mutual action of the Library Committee and the Government; if the former desire to have a scholar to complete the catalogue and to undertake the care of the collection, and to gather in from all sources contributions to the stock of South African manuscripts, &c.; and if the latter think it desirable that the higher work of continuing researches into the native languages, with the view of completing the comparative grammar, should be simultaneously prosecuted, it is thought that the two objects can be best attained by an equitable adjustment—viz., the committee paying (say) £150 to £200 per annum to the custodian, and the Government supplementing the salary by at least an equivalent sum.

As far as I am able to ascertain the present position of the publications in which Dr. Bleek was engaged, it appears that of the Comparative Grammar of South African Languages, Part I., Phonology, was published by him in 1862; and Part II., Section 1., The Concord (the Noun) in 1869. The other forms of concord

were supposed to have occupied him up to his death, and are still incomplete.

In regard to the catalogue, Volumes I. and II., printed books and manuscripts having reference to the native languages of Africa, Australia, and Polynesia were published through Sir George Grey in 1858, 1859. But large accessions, especially in the South African Department, have since been made, and a new edition is wanted. There is an accumulating mass of materials in the hands of various missionaries. The members of the Finnish Mission in Ovampoland are busy in collecting whatever may illustrate the language, manners, and traditions of the people. The Rhenish missionaries in Damaraland are similarly engaged in prosecuting their researches into the Herero language.

Volume III. is in progresss—a descriptive catalogue of the old MSS, about 120 in number.

Volume IV., Part 1—Early English Printed Books—was published by Dr. Bleek in 1867.

Volume IV., Part 2—Early Printed Books, Continental—is in progress.

It will thus be seen clearly what Dr. Bleek's successor will have to do, viz., to carry on the comparative grammar, to complete the various parts of the catalogue *raisonné*, and to gather contributions of MSS relating to South African languages, folk-lore, &c.

I have made no reference to the Dictionary of the Bushman language, nor to the Researches into Bushman folk-lore, because Miss L. Lloyd has been from the first intimately connected with the prosecution of these works, and is probably as competent as anyone to carry them on to completion, so far as it is practicable.

In justice to Professor Dr. Jolly, of Würtzburg, and to the distinguished philologist who first introduced him to my notice, as eminently qualified for such an office as that held by Dr. Bleek, I give in full the letter which, on 20th September, I laid before the Library Committee :—

Munich, August 9, 1876.

To Langham Dale, Esq., &c., &c., &c., Superintendent-General Education, Cape Town.

My Dear Sir,—I have to thank you for your letter of 12th June, in which you state the precise amount of the annual salary of the late Dr. Bleek, the duties of the office held by him, and the position of the Grey trustees in this matter. I quite understand the peculiar difficulties in which the Grey trustees are placed, and I should not revert to the subject of my former letter if my circumstances had not undergone a material change in the meantime, which affects my position in this matter also. The eventuality to which I alluded in my letter to Professor Max Müller has been realised, the Bavarian Parliament having shortly ago voted the funds required in order to found a Chair of Comparative Philology in the University of Würzburg. I have been chosen to fill this new office, and shall soon be formally appointed. Now my chair is secure, I shall be

enabled to accept the office of custodian to the Grey Library for a far lower salary than I had been compelled to ask for before, when my prospects for the future were quite uncertain. The object of my present letter, then, is to declare that I am perfectly ready and willing now to accept the office of custodian under such conditions as the funds of the library may admit of offering to me, in case the salary may not be short of £300 or so, *i.e.*, half the salary which I had asked for before. I must add that my altered condition will not allow me to bind myself for so long a period as five years, but I am sure that I shall have no difficulty in obtaining a leave of absence of several years from the University of Würzburg, if I give up my salary for that period. Let me add, further, that I shall probably not be able to leave Germany till next year—say Easter next—but this will apparently cause no difficulty, as I hear from you that Miss Lloyd's engagement will not terminate till November. My motive in again reverting to the subject is, I need not explain, the hope of coutinuing the researches of my lamented countryman with the aid of the rich materials collected in the Grey Library, and I should enter upon my new duties there on the same understanding on which, as I am told, he discharged them, viz., that these researches were to form part of my official duties. On the other hand, I have quite a sufficient knowledge of the duties of a custodian to enable me to say that such an office as this would be perfectly congenial to my tastes and former pursuits, and to promise a scrupulously conscientious discharge of my duties as a custodian. The business habits which I have long since contracted enable me to speak here with some confidence. I have, likewise, been occasionally concerned with the management of the University Library of Würzburg. Begging you to confer on the above propositions with the rest of the Grey trustees,

I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,

(Signed) J. JOLLY.

I content myself with placing this brief statement before the public, without going into the abstract question of the importance of the endowment of research as a *productive* form of expenditure, or of the special need of thus furthering investigations in the department of the historical sciences, of which the science of language is claimed by competent authorities to be the most typical and representative. We have an opportunity of assisting to fill a gap in philological researches ; until Dr. Bleek's time, the domain of South African languages had been untraversed by the scholar ; or, at all events, the results of a comparative study of them had not been methodized and rendered available for the generalizations of philologists. The universities of Germany and Oxford look for the completion of the South African department through the co-operation of the colonial public. Such researches may have no marketable value, but there are higher considerations ; and it will be a lasting honour to the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope to have contributed its quota to the cause of disinterested study, and to have filled one section of the vacant South African niche in the Temple of Knowledge.

Origin and Antiquity of Man.

Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace—who divides with Mr. Darwin the honour of being the apostle of the doctrine of natural selection—has recently, at the meeting of the British Association, given an interesting sketch of the rise and progress of modern views as to the Antiquity and Origin of man.

Many, he says, remember the time (for it is little more than twenty years ago) when the antiquity of man, as now understood, was universally discredited. Not only theologians, but even geologists, then taught us that man belonged altogether to the existing state of things; that the extinct animals of the Tertiary period had finally disappeared, and that the earth's surface had assumed its present condition, before the human race first came into existence. So prepossessed were even scientific men with this idea—which yet rested on purely negative evidence, and could not be supported by any arguments of scientific value—that numerous facts which had been presented at intervals for half a century, all tending to prove the existence of man at very remote epochs, were silently ignored; and, more than this, the detailed statements of three distinct and careful observers were rejected by a great scientific Society as too improbable for publication, only because they proved (if they were true) the co-existence of man with extinct animals![*]

But this state of belief in opposition to facts could not long continue. In 1859 a few of our most eminent geologists examined for themselves into the alleged occurrence of flint implements in the gravels of the North of France, which had been made public fourteen years before, and found them strictly correct. The caverns of Devonshire were about the same time carefully examined by equally eminent observers, and were found fully to bear out the statements of those who had published their results eighteen years before. Flint implements began to be found in all suitable localities in the South of England, when carefully searched for, often in gravels of equal antiquity with those of France. Caverns, giving evidence of human occupation at various remote periods, were explored in Belgium and the South of France,—lake dwellings were examined in Switzerland —refuse heaps in Denmark—and thus a whole series of remains have been discovered carrying back the history of mankind from the earliest historic periods to a long distant past. The antiquity of the races thus discovered can only be generally determined by the successively earlier and earlier stages through which we can trace them. As we go back, metals soon disappear and we find only tools and weapons of stone and of bone. The stone weapons get ruder and ruder; pottery, and then the bone implements, cease to occur; and in the earliest stage we find only chipped flints, of rude design though still of unmistakably human workmanship. In like manner domestic animals disappear as we go backward, and though the dog seems to have been the earliest, it is doubtful whether the makers of the ruder flint implements of the gravels possessed even this. Still more important as a measure of time are the changes of the

* In 1854 (?) a communication from the Torquay Natural History Society confirming previous accounts by Mr. Godwin-Austen, Mr. Vivian, and the Rev. Mr. McEnery, that worked flints occurred in Kent's Hole with remains of extinct species, was rejected as too improbable for publication

earth's surface—of the distribution of animals—and of climate—which have occurred during the human period. At a comparatively recent epoch in the record of prehistoric times we find that the Baltic was far salter than it is now, and produced abundance of oysters; and that Denmark was covered with pine forests inhabited by Capercailzies, such as now only occur further north in Norway. A little earlier we find that reindeer were common even in the South of France, and still earlier this animal was accompanied by the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros, by the arctic glutton, and by huge bears and lions of extinct species. The presence of such animals implies a change of climate, and both in the caves and gravels we find proofs of a much colder climate than now prevails in Western Europe. Still more remarkable are the changes of the earth's surface which have been effected during man's occupation of it. Many extensive valleys in England and France are believed by the best observers to have been deepened at least a hundred feet; caverns now far out of the reach of any stream must for a long succession of years have had streams flowing through them, at least in times of floods, and this often implies that vast masses of solid rock have since been worn away. In Sardinia land has risen at least 300 feet since men lived there who made pottery and probably used fishing-nets;* while in Kent's Cavern remains of man are found buried beneath two separate beds of stalagmite, each having a distinct texture, and each covering a deposit of cave-earth, having well-marked differential characters, while each contains a distinct assemblage of extinct animals.

Such, briefly, are the results of the evidence that has been rapidly accumulating for about fifteen years as to the antiquity of man; and it has been confirmed by so many discoveries of a like nature in all parts of the globe, and especially by the comparison of the tools and weapons of prehistoric man with those of modern savages, so that the use of even the rudest flint implements has become quite intelligible, that we can hardly wonder at the vast revolution effected in public opinion. Not only is the belief in man's vast and still unknown antiquity universal among men of science, but it is hardly disputed by any well-informed theologian; and the present generation of science-students must, we should think, be somewhat puzzled to understand what there was in the earliest discoveries that should have aroused such general opposition and been met with such universal incredulity.

But the question of the mere "Antiquity of Man" almost sank into insignificance at a very early period of the inquiry, in comparison with the far more momentous and more exciting problem of the development of man from some lower animal form, which the theories of Mr. Darwin and of Mr. Herbert Spencer soon showed to be inseparably bound up with it. This has been, and to some extent still is, the subject of fierce conflict; but the controversy as to the fact of such development is now almost at an end, since one of the most talented representatives of Catholic theology, and an anatomist of high standing—Professor Mivart—fully adopts it as regards physical structure, reserving his opposition for those parts of the theory, which would deduce man's whole intellectual and moral nature from the same source, and by a similar mode of development.

Never, perhaps, in the whole history of science or philosophy has so

* "Lyell's Antiquity of Man," fourth edition, p. 115.

great a revolution in thought and opinion been effected as in the twelve years from 1859 to 1871, the respective dates of publication of Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man." Up to the commencement of this period the belief in the dependent creation or origin of the species of animals and plants, and the very recent appearance of man upon the earth, were, practically, universal. Long before the end of it these two beliefs had utterly disappeared, not only in the scientific world, but almost equally so among the literary and educated classes generally. The belief in the independent origin of man held its ground somewhat longer, but the publication of Mr. Darwin's great work gave even that its death-blow, for hardly anyone capable of judging of the evidence now doubts the derivative nature of man's bodily structure as a whole, although many believe that his mind and even some of his physical characteristics may be due to the action of other forces than have acted in the case of the lower animals.

We need hardly be surprised, under these circumstances, if there has been a tendency among men of science to pass from one extreme to the other, from a profession (so few years ago) of total ignorance as to the mode of origin of all living things, to a claim to almost complete knowledge, of the whole progress of the universe, from the first speck of living protoplasm up to the highest development of the human intellect. Yet this is really what we have seen in the last sixteen years. Formerly difficulties were exaggerated, and it was asserted that we had not sufficient knowledge to venture on any generalizations on the subject. Now difficulties are set aside, and it is held that our theories are so well established and so far-reaching, that they explain and comprehend all nature. It is not long ago (as I have already reminded you) since *facts* were contemptuously ignored, because they favoured our now popular views; at the present day it seems to me that facts which oppose them hardly receive due consideration. And as opposition is the best incentive to progress, and it is not well even for the best theories to have it all their own way, I propose to direct your attention to a few such facts, and to the conclusions that seem fairly deducible from them.

It is a curious circumstance, that notwithstanding the attention that has been directed to the subject in every part of the world, and the numerous excavations connected with railways and mines which have offered such facilities for geological discovery, no advance whatever has been made for a considerable number of years, in detecting the time or mode of man's origin. The Palæolithic flint weapons first discovered in the North of France more than thirty years ago are still the oldest undisputed proofs of man's existence; and amid the countless relics of a former world that have been brought to light, no evidence of any one of the links that must have connected man with the lower animals has yet appeared.

It is, indeed, well known that negative evidence in geology is of very slender value, and this is, no doubt, generally the case. The circumstances here are, however, peculiar, for many converging lines of evidence show that on the theory of development by the same laws which have determined the development of the lower animals, man must be immensely older than any traces of him yet discovered. As this is a point of great interest we must devote a few moments to its consideration.

1. The most important difference between man and such of the lower animals as most nearly approach him, is undoubtedly in the bulk and

development of his brain, as indicated by the form and capacity of the cranium. We should therefore anticipate that these earliest races, who were contemporary with the extinct animals and used rude stone weapons, would show a marked deficiency in this respect. Yet the oldest known crania—those of the Engis and Cro-Magnon caves—show no marks of degradation. The former does not present so low a type as that of most existing savages, but is—to use the words of Prof. Huxley—"a fair average human skull, which might have belonged to a philosopher, or might have contained the thoughtless brains of a savage." The latter are still more remarkable, being unusually large and well formed. Dr. Pruner-Bey states that they surpass the average of modern European skulls in capacity, while their symmetrical forms, without any trace of prognathism, compares favourably not only with the foremost savage races, but with many civilised nations of modern times.

One or two other crania of much lower type, but of less antiquity than this, have been discovered; but they in no way invalidate the conclusion which so highly developed a form at so early a period implies, viz., that we have as yet made a hardly perceptible step towards the discovery of any earlier stage in the development of man.

2. This conclusion is supported and enforced by the nature of many of the works of art found even in the oldest cave-dwellings. The flints are of the old chipped type, but they are formed into a large variety of tools and weapons—such as scrapers, awls, hammers, saws, lances, &c., implying a variety of purposes for which these were used, and a corresponding degree of mental activity and civilisation. Numerous articles of bone have also been found, including well formed needles, implying that skins were sewn together, and perhaps even textile materials woven into cloth. Still more important are the numerous carvings and drawings representing a variety of animals, including horses, reindeer, and even a mammoth, executed with considerable skill on bone, reindeer-horns, and mammoth-tusks. These, taken together, indicate a state of civilisation much higher than that of the lowest of our modern savages, while it is quite compatible with a considerable degree of mental advancement, and leads us to believe that the crania of Engis and Cro-Magnon are not exceptional, but fairly represent the characters of the race. If we further remember that these people lived in Europe under the unfavourable conditions of a sub-Arctic climate, we shall be inclined to agree with Dr. Daniel Wilson, that it is far easier to produce evidences of deterioration than of progress in instituting a comparison between the contemporaries of the mammoth and later prehistoric races of Europe or savage nations of modern times.*

3. Yet another important line of evidence as to the extreme antiquity of the human type has been brought prominently forward by Prof. Mivart.† He shows by a careful comparison of all parts of the structure of the body, that man is not related to any one, but almost equally to many of the existing apes—to the orang, the chimpanzee, the gorilla, and even to the gibbons—in a variety of ways; and these relations and differences are so numerous and so diverse that on the theory of evolution the ancestral form which ultimately developed into man must have diverged from the common stock whence all these various forms and their

* "Prehistoric Man," 3rd ed. vol. i. p. 117.
† "Man and Apes," pp. 171—193.

extinct allies originated. But so far back as the Miocene deposits of Europe, we find the remains of apes allied to these various forms, and especially to the gibbons, so that in all probability the special line of variation which led up to man branched off at a still earlier period. And these earlier forms, being the initiation of a far higher type, and having to develop by natural selection into so specialised and altogether distinct a creature as man, must have risen at a very early period into the position of a dominant race, and spread in dense waves of population over all suitable portions of the great continent—for this, on Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, is essential to rapid developmental progress through the agency of natural selection.

Under these circumstances we might certainly expect to find some relics of these earlier forms of man along with those of animals which were presumably less abundant. Negative evidence of this kind is not very weighty, but still it has *some* value. It has been suggested that as apes are mostly tropical, and anthropoid apes are now confined almost exclusively to the vicinity of the equator, we should expect the ancestral forms also to have inhabited these same localities—West Africa and the Malay Islands. But this objection is hardly valid, because existing anthropoid apes are wholly dependent on a perennial supply of easily accessible fruits, which is only found near the equator, while not only had the south of Europe an almost tropical climate in Miocene times, but we must suppose even the earliest ancestors of man to have been terrestrial and omnivorous, since it must have taken ages of slow modification to have produced the perfectly erect form, the short arms, and the wholly non-prehensile foot, which so strongly differentiate man from the apes.

The conclusion which I think we must arrive at is, that if man has been developed from a common ancestor, with all existing apes, *and by no other agencies than such as have effected their development*, then he must have existed in something approaching his present form, during the Tertiary period—and not merely existed, but predominated in numbers, wherever suitable conditions prevailed. If then, continued researches in all parts of Europe and Asia fail to bring to light any proofs of his presence, it will be at least a presumption that he came into existence at a much later date, and by a much more rapid process of development. In that case it will be a fair argument, that, just as he is in his mental and moral nature, his capacities and aspirations, so infinitely raised above the brutes, so his origin is due to distinct and higher agencies than such as have affected their development.

At the conclusion of his paper, Mr. Wallace says :—"It will, perhaps, be thought by some that my remarks have tended to the depreciation of our science, by hinting at imperfections in our knowledge and errors in our theories, where more enthusiastic students see nothing but established truths. But I trust that I may have conveyed a different impression. . . . . If we are thus led to believe that our present knowledge of nature is somewhat less complete than we have been accustomed to consider it, this is only what we might expect ; for however great may have been the intellectual triumphs of the nineteenth century, we can hardly think so highly of its achievements as to imagine that, in somewhat less than twenty years, we have passed from complete ignorance to almost perfect knowledge on two such vast and complex subjects as the origin of species and the antiquity of man."

Notes of the Month.

Our readers will be happy to learn that the literary remains of the late Judge Watermeyer have been collected for publication, and are now in the press. The Judge's admirable lectures on our early Colonial History will form part of the volume. Mr. Juta will be the publisher.

The Colonial Archives Commission, of which His Honour Chief-Justice De Villiers is appropriately the president, announce that the ancient official records of the Colony are now open for inspection to anyone interested in historical or antiquarian research. All that is necessary is to make application to the secretary of the Commission,—who is the Chief-Justice's clerk, Mr. F. G. Watermeyer. The records are at present deposited in one of the fire-proof apartments of the Surveyor-General's office, Cape Town. It was high time that these valuable papers were rescued from the insecure and rapidly-decaying condition in which they had been allowed to remain after the death of the late Judge Watermeyer. Fortunately the attention of the Legislature was directed to the matter last Session by Advocate Maasdorp, M.L.A., and hence the nomination of the present Commission to collect, classify, index, and preserve the voluminous and rich materials we possess of the early history of European colonization in South Africa.

The Archives comprise the following official documents, all relating to the period from the first occupation of the Cape by the Dutch East India Company until it became a British posssession :—11 volumes Journals, from 1652 to 1806 ; 121 volumes Resolutions in vellum and 32 in paper cover, from 1673 to 1806 ; 123 volumes Exhibits, 1716—1795 ; 83 volumes Attestations, 1652—1791 ; 85 volumes Memorials, 1657—1807 ; 38 volumes Annexures, 1803—1806 ; 25 volumes Placaat Book ; 63 volumes Letters Received, 1660—1795 ; and 66 volumes Letters Dispatched, 1659—1795 ; 22 Day Registers, 1718—1784 ; 10 volumes Proclamations ; 12 volumes Notices ; 112 volumes Day Books ; 49 volumes Letters ; 16 volumes Opgaaf Rolls ; 19 decayed Journals, 1652—1778 ; 28 volumes Pacht, Civil Court, Petitions, &c., 1687—1808 ; 32 volumes Day Registers, 1672—1794 ; 2 piles of Petitions, Ship Books, Journals of Voyages, &c. ; 4 volumes Letters to Government from Stellenbosch, 1795—1802 ; 6 volumes Instructions ; 12 volumes Securities ; 24 volumes Naval and Military Letters, of different dates ; 6 volumes Schuld Registers ; 100 Rolls of Opgaaf ; 23 volumes Secret Letters ; and 48 volumes of Mixed MSS. of different dates.

For the work of classifying and indexing these documents, the Commission have been fortunate in securing the services of Dr. W. G. van Oordt,—a gentleman who, from his acquaintance with the Dutch language and history, and his general scholarly attainments, is pre-eminently qualified, not only for this special duty, but also for the higher and more laborious one of completing the early history of the Colony, of which Mr. Moodie's translations of the Records, and Judge Watermeyer's Lectures are only imperfect instalments.

In connection with this, we may take the liberty of mentioning that

the late Hon. John de Wet, LL.D,, has left an important collection of papers relating to the past History of South Africa, which will be of great use to the future historians of the country. Mr. de Wet, during many years of his long and useful life, occupied himself in the compilation and preparation of these materials. The original Journals, Despatches, and other papers in the Archives were examined by him with painstaking care. At considerable trouble and expense, he obtained all the rare old books and publications, either Continental or English, in which any mention of matters relating to the Colony are contained. And he himself possessed an extensive knowledge of the principal events, as well as lively reminiscences of many curious minor incidents familiar to the past generation—especially regarding the period before and after the transference of the Colony from the Batavian Republic to the British Government. The information so gathered was all methodically written down, covering a number of volumes of manuscript, whose contents cannot fail to be of immense interest and value. This is now in possession of Mr. de Wet's family, and, we believe, in course of time it will be placed before the public in an available and permanent shape.

The *Academy* for September again refers to the subject of the proposed Chair of Comparative Philology at Cape Town. It remarks that the great importance of having the late Dr. Bleek's labours continued and completed by a trained scholar, and the languages and folk-lore of the South African races examined and preserved before they perish, makes the proposal one of great interest to all European philologists. The Premier of the Colony, Mr. Molteno, and his private secretary, Mr. Trimen, are stated, while in England, to have been well known as personally favourably disposed towards the project; but the *Academy* is informed that the difficulty respecting the endowment of the Chair is in great measure due to the action of the Committee of the South African Public Library. Dr. Dale's paper, which appears in our pages this month, will correct the erroneous impression under which the *Academy* labours, and show the public in the Colony, as well as in Europe, the actual circumstances surrounding the matter.

It is not within the province of the Library Committee, whose duties are strictly limited and defined by statute, to provide for endowing a Philological Chair, or for prosecuting those researches carried on by the late Dr. Bleek in connection with his private studies of the native languages. The duties of the Committee are simply to see to the proper care and custody of the Grey Collection as a special department of the general Library, and also to the completion of the catalogue of the works forming it, which, ever since 1862, has been in preparation. After the lamented death of Dr. Bleek last year, the care of the collection devolved upon the excellent chief librarian, Mr. Maskew, as part of his general duties; and the work of the completion of the catalogue was placed in the hands of Miss Lloyd, a member of Dr. Bleek's family, who had for some time previously assisted the Doctor in his philological studies. The catalogue being still unfinished, we understand that the committee, considering it primarily necessary that it should be at once completed, have renewed the arrangement made with Miss Lloyd for another year, or until the work is brought to a conclusion, if within that time.

The communication received from Professor Dr. Jolly has, as Dr. Dale mentions, been officially submitted to the Library Committee. All the members, we are assured, highly appreciate the desirableness of securing the services of one in every way so well qualified for the higher work of philological research in South Africa, but, unfortunately, they are not in a position to make a suitable offer to a gentleman of Dr. Jolly's standing and character without further and special aid from Government.

To the Government, therefore, we must look for provision being made for the endowment of the proposed Chair of Comparative Philology. As a colony, we have been for a long time far behind other communities in the public encouragement of literary or scientific investigations. With our present advancing prosperity, we should free ourselves from this reproach. In the departments of comparative ethnology and philology, we possess rare opportunities for research, and it is proper we should take advantage of these, and furnish our contribution to the general stock of knowledge of the human kind. A vote of at least £500 per annum for three or four years ought to be given for such an object. This sum, together with the Parliamentary grant of £150 annually given, and still continued, for Dr. Bleek's Bushman researches, would obtain for the Colony, in a creditable manner, the services of a philologist of Dr. Jolly's high position,—who would have an extensive and valuable field of labour before him, not only in the study of the collection of the native languages in the Public Library, but also by personal communication with the various aboriginal races in the country, and the preservation of the traditionary lore which is still to be found amongst them. The prosecution of such researches in different parts of South Africa would, however, render it very undesirable that the occupant of the proposed chair or office should be an executive officer of the Library, bound to give his attendance daily from morning until evening, and liable to the continual interruptions and references of visitors to the institution.

Now that the Premier, Mr. Molteno, has returned to the Colony, no time should be lost in bringing these circumstances to his notice, and urging upon him to make suitable provision for the proposed endowment of research in connection with our South African languages. Whatever the amount may be, we have not the slightest doubt it will meet with the ready approval and sanction of the Cape Legislature.

The annual meeting of the South African Fine Arts Association was held on the 18th October in the Art Gallery. The Report shows that the collection of Art Treasures is being gradually enlarged by donations and purchase. The number of visitors to the exhibition of 1875, which was open for ten weeks, amounted to 1,415, the largest number on one day being 302. In accordance with the conditions of the Fisk gift, the gallery is to be opened to the public, free of charge, every Saturday afternoon. It appears that the estimated annual expenditure of the association is about £180, the greater part of which has to be raised by subscriptions. From the statement of the Building Fund, we learn that the total cost of the building, including fittings and alterations, was £2,249 11s., and of this amount £2,040 6s. 4d. either has been or can at once be paid off. The institution, therefore, appears to be firmly established, but its further progress must now depend entirely upon the liberality of the Cape public in

supporting it by annual subscriptions, as there is no Government grant in aid of its funds. At the close of the meeting the following committee of management were elected by ballot:—The Chief Justice; Mr. Speaker; Messrs. Steuart, de Smidt, Fairbairn, Goodban, Goodliffe, Piers, Dr. Dale, Dr. Ebden, Dr. Cameron, Dr. Ross, The Dean of Cape Town, Canon Oglivie, Captain Grenfell.

The accessions of books to the general collection of the South African Public Library have been both numerous and important during the last few months, and include many standard works of reference. Besides these, a valuable presentation has been made to the institution through S. Solomon, Esq., M.L.A., from Colonel Blagrave, now in India, of "Cautley's Report and Plans of the Ganges Canal," Baird Smith's Irrigation, and a number of Italian works on the same subject.

A series of manuals for the information of those engaged in engineering or building operations in India and the Colonies are now being issued by Messrs. Spon, publishers of Charing Cross, London. One of these little books relates to South Africa, including the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Dutch Republics. It is written by Henry Hall, Esq., late surveyor of the War Department, the well known author of the excellent "Manual of South African Geography."

This publication contains a general description of South Africa and its physical geography, with reference to engineering operations; some notes on rock formations, on labour and materials, on instruments in use, on the native words, and on the principal works carried on in the Colony. The sanitary condition of the colonial towns, Mr. Hall observes, offers a wide field for engineers, if once the inhabitants became alive to the importance of sanitary improvements. The metropolis, the variety of whose stenches in the native quarters would rival Cologne itself, is represented as being more mismanaged in municipal matters than any other known town, and yet it is admitted, that no place in the world affords a better site for excellent drainage, ample water supply, and good material for street paving. Local architecture receives but little praise. It is allowed, however, that many of the stores, and one or two public buildings, have a showy and handsome appearance, although the details may not be of the purest on a close inspection. What we are apt to consider our best building—the Library and Museum (which was erected partly under the supervision of Mr. Hall as a member of the building committee of the institution)—is even referred to as a pretentious erection, "the interior for the climate cool and comfortable, but of the external beauties the less we say the better." Regarding the Parliament Houses—alas! that were to be—it is remarked: "We are afraid the present generation will hardly see the realization of the splendid dream of the architect, and that the dome, equalling that of St. Peter's or St. Paul's, will not in our time raise its graceful curved outline in rivalry to the rugged, honest, old horizontal line of Table Mountain, which, according to Lady Barker, exercises such baneful influence on Cape architects." Of Graham's Town architecture there is not much higher commendation, but we have a bit of history regarding the cathedral of that city, altogether new to us: "The

old church of St. George, built after the arrival of the English settlers in 1820, by no less important a personage, as we are informed by old settlers, than the infamous spy Oliver, of Manchester massacre notoriety, as part of his reward for expatriating himself, was, without doubt, one of the ugliest churches, or rather barns in existence. We understand, however, that it is now undergoing a complete re-modelling. The old tub-headed windows pulled out and real florid Gothic substituted. The rotten old stumpy tower taken down, and the shaky part rebuilt and Gothicised, and a fine wooden spire, ever so many hundred feet high, erected at the top of it. Money and enthusiasm work wonders, and we would not be at all surprised if they convert Oliver's hideous old barn into a very decent Anglican Cathedral (for these High Church fellows have taste), that is, if the rotten mud-built walls will let them. Originally this church cost a lot of money, for in those days expenditure was on a lavish scale on colonial public works, but never was money worse laid out or an uglier building produced; but what did Oliver care? They had careless auditors in those days, and the scandalous chronicles of Graham's Town whisper that many a substantial fortune there had a foundation in the building of St. George's Cathedral." Perhaps some of our Graham's Town readers may give us accurate information upon this matter.

The second volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" is now being published.

Mr. Charles G. Leland, author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," and other works of humour and learning, has in the press an original fairy story, profusely illustrated from his own pen, and called "Johnnykin and the Goblins." This volume will be included in Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s list of Christmas books.

Lines

(ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE WEARING EARRINGS MADE OF TIGERS' CLAWS).

If I went near
That little ear
With tiger claw you'd greet me;
And should I try
T' attract that eye
With lightning glance you'd meet me.

If, travelling south,
I gained that mouth
Both claw and glance might miss me.
Unarmed, betrayed,
Ah! pretty maid,
What! would you—would you—kiss me?

C.

Charades.

ANSWERS TO FORMER CHARADES.

No. I.—Springbuck.
„ II.—Banknotes.
„ III.—Nightshade.

No. IV.—The Chieftain.

The day was declining, its course was run,
And the golden rays of the setting sun
Shone o'er the battlements, proud and high,
Of *my first*, that frowned 'neath the evening sky,
Where many a warrior and chieftain bold
Had fought and conquered in days of old.

Deep shadows of darkness had fallen o'er the land
When *my second* arrived with a gallant band;
He enter'd *my first*, but in haste again,
Rode off in *my second* with all his men,
And he said to his men, as they rode through the dell,
"We'll return in *my whole*, if all goes well."
So *my second* rode off, in *my second*, 'tis plain,
To return to *my first* in *my whole* again!

No. V.—The Forest.

When the sun is setting calm and bright
My first may be seen in his rays of light.
When summer is past again you will see
My first appear in the orange tree,
And at "Pilgrim's Rest," where the gold is found,
You will find it again in the cold damp ground.

My second is a delightful spot
When the sun's fierce rays are glaring and hot,
When the voice of the singing-fly fills the air
How gladly we linger to rest us there,
All hid from the world!—for have you not heard
That *my second* is always composed of *my third*,
With its "leafy banners," in wild array,
Lichens and mosses and flowrets gay.

Where the wild bee is toiling in sunshine and shade,
And the blauw-buck her dwelling in quiet hath made,
Where the scarlet-winged louries from tree to tree,
With their deep-toned notes at intervals flee,
There dwelleth *my whole* in the forest glen
With *my second*, afar from the haunts of men;
For man is my foe, with his ruthless face,
He seeketh to slay me in every place.

Kimberley. M. F Barber.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Poetry of Nature, from a Greek and a Modern Point of View.

In any attempt to compare the attitude of a Greek and a Modern Poet towards Nature, it must be borne in mind that they started from principles differing widely in their essential features. True it is, that the same panorama of earth and sky, mountains and woods, has been presented to men in all ages, and nearly the same in their outlines and details. Streams murmured, pine-woods sighed, birds sang, and flowers blossomed then as now; but the sermons to be read therein have altered from age to age. Nature, with her everlasting hills and perennial rivers, is unaltered; but the thoughts and aspirations of men have changed. Upon the sides of Patmos may be still "outspread a mighty forest," where are "gloomy shades sequestered deep;" but now it would be vain to seek there for "some unfooted plain where fed the herds of Pan," for his altar, for the wreaths of eglantine around it. The ideas that peopled these woods have perished and gone.

True it is that, amid this change of thought and idea, there is a permanent factor in man's appreciation of the natural world, which gives us common ground whereon we can stand,—and this is his love of the picturesque. We all, both ancient and modern, can meet here and sympathise with mutual sympathies, although it is only upon the threshold of the main question after all. It is the judgment of the eye that we are agreed upon, not that of the reflecting mind. The similes of Homer come to us with a force and natural vigour as great as they possessed for the hearers standing around the poet himself. The bending and waving of the full crop of corn before the south-west wind, the falling of the soft, heavy snow-flakes, the busy working of the clustering bees, the happy scene of an abundant vintage, or of a harvest-field, were described with a circumstantiality that showed a master genius. Equally in Homer, Lucretius, and Chaucer, there is the artistic eye and vivid imagination grouping

together images and comparisons, and appealing to the inborn fellowship of man with the grave or gay, bright or sombre in Nature. But whilst admitting the power of the direct appeal of the beauty of earth and sky to mankind generally, also their first blush of delight in contemplating a beautiful scene, it is notwithstanding an obvious fact to us that their reasons for a further appreciation have varied at different times. New developments of thought, new views, new passions have arisen from generation to generation, and left lasting impressions and influences.

Mr. J. R. Sowell says:—"Human nature remains always the same, but the displays of it change. The habits which are a second nature modify it inwardly as well as outwardly, and what moves it to passionate action in one age may leave it indifferent in the next. Between us and the Greeks lies the grave of their murdered Paganism, making our minds and theirs irreconcilable. Christianity as steadily intensifies the self-consciousness of man as the religion of the Greeks must have turned their thoughts away from themselves to the events of this life and the phenomena of Nature. We cannot even conceive of their conception of Phoibos with any plausible assurance of coming near the truth."

Here we get the key which aids us in the interpretation of the difference before us—the self-consciousness of modern life and thought as contrasted with the unthinking enjoyment of the Greek. The Greek courted Nature freely and unrestrainedly, with the utmost abandon; later generations have done so with pain and difficulty, sighs and doubts. To enjoy the picturesque thoroughly, it seemed to be a necessary condition to the Greek that there should be no *arrière pensée*, no pain from the intrusion of different and external considerations. There is a wide gulf that separates a poet of the nineteenth century from one who lived about a thousand years before Christ. During the long interval that comes between them the world has been growing old, the purely objective view has given place to a less child-like and more philosophical and subjective one. The deeper and more reflective joy which a poet like Wordsworth possessed during the twilight of a summer's evening may doubtless be—nay, assuredly is—higher and more elevated in its character than that of a poet like Homer, in the days when earth was young; but it is more complex and less simply apprehended. It is refreshing at least to study in the earliest Greek poems the simple and spontaneous appreciation of a beautiful sight, when the mind had not yet begun to reason and philosophise about it. There is a child-like wonder and naïve admiration for the workings of Nature in her various times and seasons, and an unquestioning belief in the efficacy of their objective beauty, a vision of a rapture that springs up spontaneously, and has no after-mate of repentance. Upon us, heirs of a more complicated manhood, rests *la maladie de la pensée*. The care of too much thought broods over all our imaginings. "We look before and after," until the mere contemplation of the

object is lost in conjecture as to what it all means, whence it came, and whither it is going.

> "The visions all are fled—the car is fled
> Into the light of heaven, and in their stead
> A sense of real things comes doubly strong."

The Greeks, in the infancy of their understanding, when they looked forth upon the world, did not rise to the height of general conceptions. They loved to people the world they lived in, not with abstract forms, but with acting and living beings.

> "In that fair clime the lonely herdsman stretched
> On the soft grass, through half a summer's day,
> With music lulled his indolent repose ;
> And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
> When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
> A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
> Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,
> Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
> A beardless youth who touched a golden lute,
> And filled the illumined groves with ravishment."

Again :

> "The traveller slaked
> His thirst from rill, a gushing fount, and thanked
> The Naiad. Sunbeams upon distant hills,
> Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
> Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
> Into fleet oreads sporting visibly."

And to one who had gone out of his way in the trackless forest might come an apparition of Bacchus and his jolly crew of fauns and satyrs, "coming with noise of revelling over the light-blue hills."

The ocean had its Tritons, its Oceanides, and Nereids. To quote from Virgil, who borrows from the Greeks,

> "Tunc variae comitum facies immania cete
> Et senior Glauci chorus, Inousque Palaemon
> Tritonesque citi, Phorcique exercitus omnis :
> Laeva tenet Thetis, et Melite, Panopeaque virgo,
> Nesaee, Spioque, Thaliaque, Cymodoceque.

Their gods and goddesses had likewise their more especially favoured abodes. From the heights of Olympus thundered mighty Zeus, who was nurtured formerly in the nooks and dells of Mount Dicte in Crete. From fabled Cyllene winged-footed Hermes went upon his divine errands ; and Apollo loved his temple at Delos, and Venus the myrtle groves of Idalia. And so the Greeks went through all visible nature carrying with them intensely anthropomorphic views. They,

> "Under a cope of sky more variable
> Could find commodious place for every god."

To their minds there was a clear chain leading up from man through heroes and demigods, to the very throne of Zeus, and to the ancestry

of old Chronos himself. They accounted for man's divine origin by means of this link, and placed in a calm apotheosis above the best and highest and most heroic of men upon earth. Men like Theseus and Heracles, probably great and noble reformers and wise kings and administrators in their age, were placed in the courts of Heaven amid a cloud of eulogistic myths, and given kinship with supreme Zeus.

But to the imaginative Greek the bare name of a god or hero was not enough. In his Nature-worship he wished to call up an actual living and moving creation,—in fact, surround him with a strong personality. Just as a child seizes upon the most prominent feature of an object before it, and pertinaciously adheres to it, and distinguishes by it, so it was with these early mythologists in the infancy of their intellect. No nomenclature sufficed unless it was a vivid one; hence their perpetual epithets, whether of particular force in the context or not. Zeus is generally "cloud-collecting," best known by his mighty display of power in the heavens above, by his power to wield the thunder-clouds and direct the lightning. Poseidon is the "earth-shaker," the god whose waves break heavily upon the strand, and thus makes himself especially known by this exhibition of his strength. Hermes is "the guide, the slayer of Argus." Apollo is "god of the silver bow;" and Athena the goddess "with the bright eyes." So with the Homeric heroes. Achilles is swift of foot, Hector is usually "Hector of the glancing helm," and Agamemnon is elevated above all others by his kingly prerogative, and styled "King of Men." With places the same distinguishing trait is apparent. Pylos is "sandy," Troy "divine," and Ithaca "rocky."

It was not owing to a want of imagination, or to any poverty of ideas, that they so named things; but it was to be expected naturally from an early stage of the intellect, which had committed itself so unreservedly to anthropomorphic views, and had, if anything, too much imagination. The Greek clung to the concrete, and the abstract idea seemed scarcely to have any attraction for him, unless embodied in a human, and grandly human, form. Love was represented by Aphrodite rising out of the foam of a curling wave, coy and thrilling with a new-born life There could be no divorce from the common natural life, and the Greek felt keenly the quivering chord of existence that passed down the whole creation, and included man more especially under its wondrous power. It was not a deep or reflective mood that was inspired by this study of Nature. It was an off-hand appreciation of the beauties of external form, a love of form and symmetry for form and symmetry's sake. Their gods, their abstract ideas, must have faultless embodiments Here they stopped, and did not look beyond. Imagine how widely different is the attitude of a modern reflective poet like Wordsworth, who says:

> "For I would walk alone
> Under the quiet stars, and at that time

Have felt whate'er there is of power or sound,
To breathe an élevated mood by form
Or image unprofaned."

And again :

"I was left alone,
Seeking the visible world, not knowing why ;
The props of my affection were removed,
And yet the building stood, as if sustained
By its own spirit. All that I beheld
Was dear, and hence finer influxes ;
The mind lay open to a more exact
And close communion."

With the Greek it is rarely that the feelings of the spectator are urged to deep reflection by the "unprofaned images of the world." The visible world was strong enough to sustain Wordsworth, and give him a clue to other and better thoughts. The visible world was the only sphere where the Greek could indulge his fancy and meditation. If it once failed him, the Greek would have been in the position of a shipwrecked mariner like Ulysses, without the wimple of Leucothea, or the timely assistance of any other *deus ex machinâ*. In the Homeric description of the Trojan watch-fires, where to the shepherd a modern poet would probably have given a sober reverie beneath the quiet starlight night, not a hint of such a thing is given.

"So they, with high thoughts upon the bridge of war,
Sat through the night, the watch-fire blazing nigh.
As when the moon and every shining star
Beam loveliest, when the winds in slumber lie,
And in clear outline stand revealed thereby,
Deep upon deep unutterable, the sky
Breaks open, and the night spreads calm and still
All the stars shine, and joy the shepherd's heart doth fill."

The shepherd's heart rejoices. This is the result of the peace of the winds and the fathomless repose of the sky above. He feels the inspiration of the moment, but the character of the inspiration is rather a material one. The stars are not "wildly spiritually bright," as in Lord Byron's description of night, in "The Siege of Corinth," for the word "spiritual" would recal us to other and later associations. Nor did the shepherd "gaze on them, and turn to earth with repining." They are simply bright revellers in a kind of anthropomorphic world above, where beings who have lived on the tangible world below look down from a calm apotheosis. They shone, moreover, kindly and genially upon the shepherd as he was keeping his watch, it may be, on the heights of deity-haunted Taygetus.

So too with the sea. The ocean is in Homer the realm, as we have seen, of mighty Poseidon, who wields his trident, and sends his billows with heavy thunder on the rocky beach. Certainly, he is a

powerful god, and terrible to mariners when fairly aroused ; but his depths are inhabited by a kind-hearted Leucothea, and Poseidon himself has done good offices to men. He has aided in the building of Troy, and has given an impulse to a labouring ship with his strong arm, and generally his face is a smiling one, as the very word Thalassa implies.

The moan of the sea, though awe-inspiring, did not recal to the Greek the painful recollection of a lost friend, nor did he hear in its monotone and breaking on the "cold grey stones" the echo of a well-remembered voice. Nor did he

> "Consider the sea's listless chime,
> Time's self it is made audible ;
> The murmur of the earth's own shell,
> Secret continuance sublime."

To carry illustration still further. As it was with inanimate, so was it with the animate creation. It is the tendency of a modern poet to invest a bird or an animal with the colouring of his own mind, and by a wistful brooding and sentimentality destroy the first blush of a beautiful object. To quote from a well-known passage, the poet Shelley, in his "Ode to the Skylark," says—after envying the "keen, clear joyaunce" of the bird—

> "We look behind and after,
> And pine for what is not ;
> Our sincerest laughter
> With some pain is fraught :
> Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

And the poet Keats, in his "Ode to the Nightingale," says of its song :

> "Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
> Through the sad heart of Ruth, when far from home
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn,
> The same that oft-times hath
> Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn.
> Forlorn ! the very word is like a knell
> To toll me back from thee to my sole self."

What did the Greeks say about the birds ? Did they go to them for lessons of thought, for self-conscious soliloquy ? Aristophanes, in his "Ode to the Nightingale," says (rendered roughly to illustrate the point) :—"Clear through the thick-leaved yew goes thy echo to the seat of Zeus, where golden-haired Apollo, hearing thee attune back to thy elegies with his ivory-bound lute, and marshals the choir of heaven." And in a Greek ode to the Swallow there is an equally joyous welcome :—"The swallows come ! The swallows come ! bringing the beautiful hours and beautiful seasons. Hand

forth the cakes from the well-stored house, a goblet of wine and a basket of cheese. . . . Ope, ope the door to the swallow, for we are not old, but young."

The light-hearted Greek was thoroughly glad to see the swallow the harbinger of the hours and seasons, and never dreamt that his flight might suggest the flight of time, and a nearer approach to the realms of Dis. He makes its advent the occasion for a feast of wine and cheese, and he and the bird are happy together in a spontaneous welcome. Neither does the echo of the song of the nightingale toll him back to his sole self. The echo of the bird's song mounts upwards to the golden-haired Apollo, fair, immortal: sitting by the throne of Zeus, and making answer to his humble worshipper below, actually inaugurating a heavenly choir at his suggestion.

The whole social life and habits of the Greek was redolent with an outdoor and healthy religion. Under the genial light of their favoured sky, their youth exercised in the palaestra, and developed a full activity. They sang, acted and played "*sub dio*," and their orchestra without an awning faced the open countenance of their sun-god Apollo. Ariphron of Sicyon invokes Health as the greatest of blessings, and the glory of the wreath of parsley was the highest attainable. In a form not well proportioned they thought no excellence could be found. Deformity was deemed a curse, and in the rugged exterior of even a Socrates the Greek could not imagine that a perfect mind could be found. To them the ugly was positively wrong, the beautiful alone good. But the picture of this ideal manhood, linked so closely as it was with an imaginative religion, was not a lasting one. The axe was laid to the root of the tree when philosophy and inquiry began to exercise their dissecting influence upon this brilliant Nature-worship. The childhood of the world was necessarily bound to develop into a reflective manhood. An æsthetic perception gave way to a more intellectual one, and reasoning showed not a living personification, but an abstract idea. Soon

> "Thou wilt find
> Many a fallen old divinity,
> Wandering in vain about bewilder'd shores."

The early myths and the living romance of pre-historic times fell victims first. Herodotus is only half-hearted in his beliefs, and Thucydides sceptical. The Eleatic school, which was represented by Xenophanes and Parmenides, developed this critical tendency still further, and Xenophanes does not scruple to style the battles of the Centaurs as fictions of men of old times. Plato uses the myths in his ideal State as tales of strong heroic tendency, to aid in the formation of character. The beauty of the nearer was lost in a contemplation of its existence in a higher sphere, where the knowledge of the prototype was the highest knowledge. The open-air creed of the Greeks, and their attitude towards Nature, changed; and we listen in vain for the piping of Pan's flute in Arcadian vales, and the

songs of the shepherd to his gods. The best idyll became that which was the best copy of an original.

Poets have striven from time to time to revive Hellenism, and make it real again ; but they forget that it was the outcome of a particular age and people. It was wholly out of place, either amidst the early metaphysical theology of the eastern world, or amidst the rigid monasticism of the western. Abnegation and the crushing of the natural life became a virtue, instead of the fullest development of the faculties of both mind and body. The nearest approach to the Hellenistic life was during the revival which shortly preceded Shakspeare. Mons. Taine remarks with regard to this period :— "Man has not become rigid as he will be under Puritanism. After the hollowness and weariness of the fifteenth century, he rose as by a second birth, as before in Greece man had risen by a first birth ; and now as then the temptation of the outer world came combined to raise his faculties from their sloth and torpor, and a sort of generous warmth spread over them to ripen and make them flourish." But the mantle of a too gloomy religion and the deadening influences of euphuism combined to repress the spontaneous outburst, and there was no lasting revival. One of the poets of that time has said :

> "The rose withers ; the blossom blasteth,
> The flower fades ; the morning wasteth,
> The sun sets ; the shadow flies,
> The gourd consumes, and man dies."

Thus it can be seen how the purely objective view of Nature had ceased to exist, and had been changed for other views, more or less subjective in character. The poetry of Nature is to be sought in the pathos of life and its deeper meanings, prompted by a close study of Nature ; and it is perhaps in Wordsworth and his school that this subjective attitude may find its highest expression and may be best illustrated. The poetry of Nature was with Wordsworth suggested by a calm, philosophic appreciation of the thing seen, with which was connected most intimately the doctrine of a revealed God. Man in early ages loved Nature unreasonably, in the middle ages hated her unreasonably, but now in more recent times he seems to have tried to love her, and give a strong reason for his love, a real belief in the created world as a world created by a personal Father, who cares for all, even the sparrow that falls. When once possessed with this idea, it is easy to see how with Wordsworth a moral and religious tone was given to his intercourse with Nature. All the sights and sounds of Nature were to him full of suggestions. The Greek could scarcely have understood this moral influence. A sympathy with Nature became sympathy with high rectitude and a noble life, culminating in a religious belief. Mr. Coleridge says :— "The Greeks idolise the finite, and therefore were the masters of all grace, elegance, proportion, fancy, dignity, majesty—of whatever, in

short, is capable of being definitely conveyed by defined forms or thoughts. The moderns revere the infinite; hence their passions, their obscure hopes and fears, their wandering through the unknown, their grander moral feelings, their more august conception of man as man, their future rather than their past—in a word, their sublimity."

No one felt this "sublimity" and "the grander moral feelings" more than Wordsworth, peculiarly susceptible as he was to finer influxes and close communion.

> "Such minds are truly from the Deity,
> For they are powers: and hence the highest bliss
> That flesh can know is theirs—the consciousness
> Of whom they are, habitually infused
> Through every *image*, and through every thought,
> And all affections by communion raised
> From earth to heaven."

It is not here that we find a morbid self-consciousness that broods too much, and loses itself in sentimentality and cravings; it is rather a chastened belief. What was beautiful was not excessively sad from its very beauty, like the nightingale in Keate; but it became a friend to him, and a guide to purity of life. In the end it strengthened his faith.

> "We have traced the stream
> From the blind cavern whence is faintly heard
> Its natal murmur: followed it to light
> And open day: accompanied its course
> Among the ways of Nature: for a time
> Lost sight of it, bewilder'd and engulphed,
> Then given it greeting as it rose once more
> In strength, reflecting from its placid breast
> The works of man and face of human life;
> And lastly, from its progress have we drawn
> Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought
> Of Human Being, Eternity, and God."

William Greswell, M.A., Oxon.

Gill College, Nov. 6.

The Two Brothers.

A Northern Christmas Carol.

O brother, my brother!
O think of our mother!
Cold, naked and hungry, your help I implore;
You revel in pleasure
And boast of your treasure;
O let me not perish of want at your door!

At midnight's drear and silent hour,
Beneath a wintry sky,
Uprose before the rich man's gate
A beggar's piteous cry.

The piercing wind blew from the north
And wildly swept around,
And piled the snow-drifts white and high
Upon the frozen ground.

One only sound the silence broke
And mingled with the gale;
The neighbours heard, but heeded not,
A wretched beggar's wail.

The moon alone, whose lustrous beams
In mullioned windows glowed,
And varied curves and lines and peaks
Of antique gables showed;

That moon alone looked pitying down,
And lighted every tear
Wrung from the beggar's weary eye
By hunger, cold and fear.

The tear ran down his wasted cheek,
And in his unkempt beard
The drop congealed, and as a gem
Of rarest worth appeared.

And still the beggar wept and wailed,
And cold blasts o'er him swept,
Whilst he whose pity he implored
On downy pillows slept.

O brother, my brother!
O think of our mother!
Cold, naked and hungry, your help I implore;
You revel in pleasure
And boast of your treasure;
O let me not perish of want at your door!

The cry has reached the rich man's ear ;
He listens in dismay,
That mournful wail at midnight heard
Scares all his sleep away.

He starts and quits his downy couch,
All fringed with lace and gold,
On which, through latticed windows, shine
The moonbeams clear and cold.

The snow-flakes, driven by the wind,
Upon the casement beat,
And tell what yonder wretch endures
Out in the stony street.

There, shivering, shelterless he stands,
Seen by no pitying eye ;
And still, as louder howls the storm,
The louder is his cry.

Again the rich man hears the sound,
Nor fails to recognize
The voice that through the wintry night
To him for pity cries :

O brother, my brother !
O think of our mother !
Cold, naked and hungry, your help I implore ;
You revel in pleasure
And boast of your treasure ;
O let me not perish of want at your door !

The dark frown gathered on his brow,
And anger fired his eye ;
Upon his bed he flung himself
And muttered : " Let him die !

" What brings him here at dead of night,
The thriftless wretch, and bold ?
Let him find shelter where he can,
Or perish in the cold.

" He brought dishonour on himself,
Disgrace upon my name ;
And if he suffer pain and want—
And die—not mine the blame !"

The rich man closed his eyes again,
But spectres of the night,
Grim, ghastly shapes, they haunted him
And filled him with affright.

And ever as he sought to sleep,
He heard the night-wind sigh,
And louder, and yet louder still,
The beggar's piteous cry:

O brother, my brother!
O think of our mother!
Cold, naked and hungry, your help I implore;
You revel in pleasure
And boast of your treasure;
Cold, naked and hungry, I die at your door!

Upstarting from his restless couch,
Long ere the cock did crow,
With fevered brow and trembling limbs,
He pacèd to and fro.

And red and haggard was his eye,
Erect each frighted hair,
As if the furies at his heart
Would never cease to tear.

Ere long the woeful tidings came
That, at the dawn of day,
A beggar's corpse, cold, cold as ice,
Upon the threshold lay.

An icy chill shot through his frame,
When thus the tale was told,
The warm blood left his cheeks, his lips,
His very heart grew cold.

Where'er he went, whate'er he did,
That icy chill remained;
Cold every limb, while in his soul
A shuddering horror reigned.

Cold, cold as ice; within, without;
Cold, cold from top to toe;
No fire could warm him and no skill
Could mitigate his woe.

And worst of all, the beggar's voice
Was ever in his ear;
By day and night, that dying cry
He never ceased to hear:—

Cold, naked and hungry, your help I implore;
Cold, naked and hungry, I die at your door!

Where'er he went, that voice he heard,
Before him and behind;
Alone, or with his fellow men,
No respite could he find.

He heard it in the lofty hall,
He heard it on the stair;
He heard it by the blazing hearth,
He heard it everywhere.

He heard it in the dead of night,
And in the twilight gray;
He heard it when the sun was high,
He heard that voice alway.

The very howling of the dog
Recalled his brother's cry,
As at his gate, that fearful night,
He laid him down to die.

The rich man knew God too had heard
And thus avenged the poor.
Inhuman wretch! remorse and pain
Shall leave thee nevermore.

He lingered on, a living corpse,
Cold, cold as in the tomb;
No warmth could cheer him, and within
Was misery and gloom.

Death came ere long, and they who stood
Around the rich man's bed
Saw his lips move, and, stooping, caught
The faltering words he said:—

O brother, my brother!
O think of our mother!
Cold, naked and hungry, you died at my door,
—Cease, cease that sore cry,
Heart-broken I die;
O brother, my brother! reproach me no more!

R.

From the Flemish of Van Rijswijck.

A Reminiscence of Christmas-time in 1834.

"I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," is the salutation heard in every homestead on the twenty-fifth of December, and if there be a time when people are inclined to keep holiday and make merry, it is on the festival just mentioned. Such was not the case with the Frontier farmers on Christmas-day, 1834, as many yet remember to their cost.

I am getting an old settler now, but I have a very distinct recollection of seeing on the morning of Christmas-day, 1834, a person coming quickly down the road somewhat early, and thinking he had come to wish us the compliments of the season we stood outside to welcome him. On coming near enough for us to see him plainly, his horse seemed to have been overriden, and the rider himself looked so scared and wild that the usual good wishes were forgotten, and we wondered what was the matter.

Alighting from his horse he handed to one of my brothers an open letter from the field-cornet of Bathurst, in which it was stated that the Kafirs in large numbers had entered the Colony and were killing every one they could find, either in the fields or at their homesteads, and that all the men that could possibly be spared were to meet him (the field-cornet) that day on the Waaiplaats, near the Round Hill, near which place the Kafirs had already killed Alexander Forbes and others, and burnt their houses and carried off all the cattle. The messenger had to ride to other farms and give them all a similar notice, and those who could not muster on the Waaiplaats were to keep a sharp look out and take care of themselves.

On receipt of this notice, some of us at once got ready, and went off to the place of muster, leaving the rest of the family, as stated in the Field-cornet's letter "to take care of themselves."

On our arrival at Waaiplaats, we could see the burning homesteads but everything living was gone; the women and children had fled to Bathurst, and the cattle had all been driven away the previous day. Kafirs we could not see, as they had either gone off with the cattle or moved on towards Bushman's River, and Oliphant's Hook, a country rich in cattle. We met here the field-cornet, with a small body of mounted men, who had come out from Bathurst to meet us. He informed us that an express had come from Graham's Town to say that all were at once to leave their homes with such things as they required for immediate use; cattle and stock of every kind were to be left, as the Government were not able or prepared to protect them, the protection of life being the first consideration, and the cattle could be retaken from the Kafirs, and people compensated for their losses with what was taken from the enemy. The field-cornet kept my brothers with him, as we were all well armed, and ordered me to return home and tell all I saw the order from the military authorities in Graham's Town, to remove their families to Bathurst. It was a lonely ride back, but I saw nothing worse than myself on the way, and got home in the evening safe and sound.

We at once began to get ready for a move on the following day, and packed all we could into a wagon in the shape of clothing and food, and early next morning the wagon was started with the family for Bathurst; as the other brothers also got back we were able to spare a couple of hands to ride towards the Kowie, to render what assistance we could. We found all in a dreadful state of alarm, and not one in ten had a gun worth looking at. Christmas fare of all

kinds was in abundance, but no one could eat. The people with such vehicles as they could muster, all got safe to Bathurst. Such distress and trouble as I then saw I will not attempt to describe, though I shall never forget it as long as I live.

On our arrival at Bathurst in the evening, there was a sight to have made the strongest-minded shed tears. Hundreds of people who only two days before were living in peace and plenty, and had passed through all the difficulties, as they thought, of settling in a strange land, were at a days' notice obliged to fly and leave their homes and property, and had no where to place their houseless wives and families. As many as possibly could took refuge in the church, principally women and children, others stayed outside in the buildings nearest the church, while some stayed in their wagons. In this way the first night—after posting sentries round for safety—was passed without anyone being either killed or frightened to death. The next day towards the afternoon, while everyone was wondering what must be done next, some party on the look out sent word to say, "The Kafirs were coming!" Orders were then given to ring the church bell to give warning to all. This was at once done, but the man either had never rang a bell before or pulled away at such a rate that he upset it, and the ringing ceased. Some one called out, "ring away," the man pulled at the rope, but no response came from the bell, so he gave over pulling and called out, "She won't ring no more, sir." The man went aloft to see what was the matter with the bell, and in the mean time a fresh report came that the supposed Kafirs were an express from Graham's Town. The express from town brought word that Bathurst was to be abandoned, and that all the people at Bathurst were to move to Graham's Town without delay. Some of the brothers "Bowker" volunteered to stay and take care of the place, and my eldest brother got upon the front of a wagon and told them so, and called out for those who were ready and willing to stay and defend the place to say so, but the officer who came from Graham's Town, said the orders were positive that none were to remain at Bathurst. It was well for the Lower Albany settlers that the great body of Kafirs that had entered the Colony went on from Waaiplaats, through the Kowie Bush to the Bushman's River, and Oliphant's Hook, or a very considerable number of those who have since died in peace would not have done so.

The next day an early start was made for Graham's Town, and all parties arrived safely there in the evening. No Kafirs were seen, though a few aloes that were growing on the hill-sides looked very like Kafirs in the distance, and were carefully watched by many who were anxious about the safety of their families.

A few days after the arrival of the Lower Albany settlers in Graham's Town, a large patrol under the command of Major Gregory was organized to proceed to Kafirdrift post, to see what had become of Major Lowen and the Cape Corp stationed there, as nothing had

been heard of them. Starting before daylight, the patrol proceeded as far as Waaiplaats, where they halted to refresh themselves and horses. Shortly after leaving the halting place they came upon a most extraordinary cattle track, which could be seen for miles. All the thousands of cattle captured by the Kafirs in Bushman's River and Oliphants Hook had been driven across the Waaiplaats flat, all over the same ground, and so many had been driven over it that for near a hundred yards wide the grass was worn off or trodden into the ground. A few cattle driven by two or three Kafirs were seen and followed; the cattle were taken, but the Kafirs escaped into the Kap River bush.

On arriving at the military post of Kafirdrift, we could see no sign of the military, not even a stray dog to bark at us, nor could we see any sign of Kafirs about. On entering the place we found almost everything of value was taken away, but no indication of Kaffrs having been inside. Looking around the fort, we found the fresh traces of the military party going down the wagon road as if intending to go in the direction of Bathurst, and we afterwards heard this was what Major Lowen intended doing, but having sent out some scouts he found Bathurst deserted and turned off in the direction of Graham's Town as his services were not required in Lower Albany, as far as he could then see, though, had he and his men gone by "Klein Monden" and the Kowie, they might have saved some thousands of cattle, or had they remained at their post they might have done good service a few days afterwards. We passed a very quiet night in the deserted fort, though some of the men were rather inclined to be merry, as some "Cape smoke" had been brought from town. I had the honour to be one of the officers of the watch for the night, and had a most hearty laugh and so had everyone with one exception. During the night this unfortunate individual was called to relieve one of the men who had finished his two hours' watch. Upon telling him he was to relieve the other man he replied "Please, Sir, call Mr. ———, as I have sold my sentry to him." So I went to call the substitute but found the other party had sold himself. He had given the other the better part of a bottle of brandy to perform his share of duty, and the fellow had drunk the brandy and was unfit for any kind of duty, so I had to go back and send the other to stand four hours instead of two; the man grumbled a good deal, but could not help himself, so I left him standing at his post, but heard him say as I was moving off, that he would take precious good care not to "sell his sentry" again in that way.

Next morning we made an early start, crossing the country in the direction of Bathurst, where we arrived during the afternoon. We found that some Kafirs had been in the village and had burned a house or two, and had been amusing themselves by slaying all the pigs in the place though they did not eat them. It is only since the Kafirs have become (shall I say) more civilised that they eat pork. Having seen no "spoor" of cattle as we came from Kafirdrift, we

thought the cattle down by the sea-side had not been taken by the Kafirs. So we applied to Major Gregory for permission to take part of the patrol to see if any cattle were left. The Major told us he could not permit us to collect cattle or divide the patrol without permission from Colonel Smith, but he would send at once and ask leave, which he did during the night, and the next day permission arrived. Early the next morning a lot of us started, and when a long way from the sea-side we saw a number of cattle being driven off at a great rate. We were also soon aware that the Kafirs could see us coming, for the cattle were presently on the run. We lost no time in following them and came within long range of the Kafirs just as they got the cattle to the bush, but the cattle would not enter the bush, so the Kafirs themselves ran through the herd of cattle into the bush and escaped. The cattle we at once secured, and we had the satisfaction of finding they were our own, about three-hundred and fifty, half of what we had left on the farm nearly a fortnight before, and never expected to see any of them again. A few of the party took charge of these cattle while others went off to see if they could recover any more. Two or three troops were retaken and four Kafirs shot, and one of our party, a young man of the name of Long was badly wounded. Long and two others came upon two Kafirs driving off a small herd of cattle, and Long fired and killed one of the Kafirs, and his companions fired at the other and missed him, although quite close to him; the Kafir then turned round and threw an assegai at one of the men, who pointed his empty gun to try and frighten the Kafir, when, strange to say, the assegai entered the muzzle of the gun, which in all probability saved the man's life. The Kafir who was then within a few yards of them, threw another assegai at Long, who was reloading his gun, and it went through the flesh of the thigh. By this time Long's gun was reloaded, and before the Kafir closed with him, he shot the Kafir through the head. Long, though severely wounded, was able to ride, so his companions brought the cattle and wounded man back. By this time all the rest of the party had returned, and we went back to Bathurst, which we reached in the evening with about six hundred head of cattle.

Thus Bathurst, after being deserted about a fortnight, was again occupied, and though the Kafirs attempted once or twice to retake the cattle they were not successful, and several of the Kafirs were shot down by the cattle-guard.

B.

Toleration.

The world has learnt many lessons in its time, but despite its venerable age some elementary truths are still beyond its comprehension. The charity that thinketh no evil has been adequately preached, for instance, in no religion but our own, and even in our own it is more preached than practised. On the kindred subject of toleration, again, the world is deplorably ignorant. From generation to generation, and from age to age, intolerance under a variety of more or less specious disguises, has disgraced even the most civilized nations. Judaism has ever been fiercely intolerant, and Mohammedanism commenced its victorious career with offering conquered nations the option of the Koran or death.

Even the mild and gentle creed proclaimed by the Founder of Christianity in His sublime sermon from the Mount, became intolerant fanaticism in the hands of His very disciples, and led by slow but sure degrees to those shameful centuries during which the recognized head of Christendom, while for ever declaring himself with mock humility "Servus servorum Dei," was studiously engaged in stamping out all divergence from his infallible utterances. It is beyond question that the same spirit still exists. The tendency to persecute slumbers but is not dead, and many earnest men of our time would experience a melancholy satisfaction in delivering one over to the secular arm, and in burning one's body to save one's soul; would dragoon us into outward uniformity, crush free thought, create an intellectual solitude and call it peace.

The progress of truth, the "disestablishment and disendowment" of error, are processes so incalculably gradual that it may be centuries before the virtues of charity and toleration rank at their proper value. To the ordinary run of mankind it never seems to occur that what they deem error is truth to immense numbers of their fellows, many of whom are as capable of judging as themselves.

It requires great freedom from prejudice to say with J. S. Mill, "If all mankind, minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of a contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind." And again—"To refuse a hearing to an opinion because we are sure it is false, is to assume that *our* certainty is the same thing as absolute certainty. All silencing of discussion is an assumption of infallibility."

Words of wisdom such as these fall on hardened hearts and ears that will not hear. In the press and in the pulpit dogmatism is alike rampant. Heterodoxy is every whit as intolerant as Orthodoxy, and bigoted scientists vie with militant divines in hurling *anathema maranatha* at one another. The "major excommunication" is ever a convenient weapon wherewith to smite an obstinate opponent, and so long as the subtle prejudices of human nature prevail, so long will it be our favourite policy to silence with a high hand

argument that we cannot answer. A Popedom in miniature exists in every heart, and with many of us the most steadfast article of our creed is a belief in our being right and everybody else wrong —in other words, a belief in our infallibility. This tendency of our nature is shown in unnumbered ways, and in small things as well as in great. The world will not tolerate a man who does things "not usually done," and it is a heinous crime not to do what "everybody does." Eccentricity is the mildest name flung at all real originality, and to quote Mill once more, "The despotism of custom is every where the hindrance to human advancement."

It seldom strikes us that we gain more in the long run by allowing others to think as they like than by our laborious efforts to make them think as *we* like. And yet such efforts are, and always have been, impotent. Brute force alone can produce outward uniformity, hollow in its nature, barren of results and generally limited in duration. Despotic monarchs and infallible popes have for centuries been hard at work to crush political and religious dissent, and make all mankind think and speak alike. The oppressed, however, have everywhere defeated the oppressor. The persecuted have so often been the intellectual superiors of the persecutors that priestcraft and kingcraft have at last gone down before them, and freedom of thought is gradually becoming the precious heritage, the inalienable possession of all the civilized nations of the earth. In truth permanently to suppress individual opinion would be to reverse the primary laws of our being, and to denaturalize nature.

While the minds of men are so variously constituted—nay, even the mind of the same man at different stages of his existence—uniformity of thought is a simple impossibility. The Spanish King, who, while on his throne delivered thousands of his subjects to the tender mercies of the Inquisition, because they would not think exactly as he thought, discovered in the retirement of a cloister that he could not make two watches beat time together. If mere machinery, without admixture of human passion or prejudice, cannot be made to work with undeviating regularity, it is unlikely that millions of human beings will ever be brought to a dead level of uniformity. Nor would such uniformity be desirable were it possible. Its existence would destroy all originality, and crush scientific discovery in every department. In religious matters it would be demonstrably fatal to rational piety. If there is one subject more than another admitting of no dogmatic teachings, no precise definitions, no positive assertions, it is that of religion. And yet nowhere is intolerant dogma so conspicuous and hateful. The history of religion is one long record of intolerance. The penalties of excommunication; the terrors of the Interdict, the Inquisition and the stake; the Dragonnades; the massacre of St. Bartholomew; the Sicilian Vespers; the Conventicle Act; the Seven-mile Act; the Acts of Uniformity and Statutes against Heresy, Schism, and Dissent; Papal Bulls and Encyclicals; Vatican Decrees; these and such as these are all attempts to limit freedom of thought and cramp

the human intellect which God has not cramped. But rival creeds, even with damnatory clauses, appeals to "authority," primitive usage, the "fathers" and the church are one and all equally ineffectual to stay the rising tide of inquiry and impose a barren unity on mankind. Indeed the poet's golden age when all was purity and peace, is no greater myth than is our belief in the unity of the church in primitive times. There never—we say it advisedly—was any unity in the church. Dissension raged while the Apostles lived, and after their decease the church grew to maturity and flourished in spite, nay, because of a hundred schisms. "Fathers" anathematized "Fathers;" Ecumenical and Provincial Councils warred against one another. But amid, and in consequence of this eternal conflict of opinion, the great verities of the Christian faith were spread abroad in all lands.

Men have happily never been drilled into a dull uniformity of religious thought,—the fond and foolish dream of ecclesiastical theorists in all ages—and hence our possession of some few cardinal truths evolved out of the ceaseless struggle carried on since time began. Heat and pressure are the motive powers, the Archimedean levers of the world. Stagnation is but the prelude to death. As the Laureate well says :—

> "There is more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds,"

And it is from the clash and conflict of free discussion, and not from the silence and deadly languor of uniformity, that we must look for all real advancement in the path of truth.

The leopard will change his spots, black be identical with white, and two and two together make five, before there is a general *consensus* of mankind on any one great topic, human or divine.

Intolerance, one of the worst traits in our common nature, may delay the progress of the intellect by limiting the area of discussion, but earnest men in all lands are searching after truth lest haply they may find her; and it behoves each of us while joining in the pursuit to tolerate the differing beliefs of others. The highest virtue of our faith—Charity, includes toleration, on the principle of the greater including the less. We are told that though we give our bodies to be burned, and have not charity, it is nothing worth. Of how little worth therefore was the charity of Holy Church which for so many generations made free with the bodies of other people!

Pure religion and undefiled is not a matter of dogma or ritual, but consists in keeping one's self unspotted from the world. Our adhesion to this or that particular shade of belief is entirely a matter between the individual conscience and its God, and we cannot do better than exclaim with the poet,

> "For jarring creeds let angry bigots fight,
> *His* can't be wrong, whose life is in the right."

Port Elizabeth. L.

A Song of the Approaching Holidays.

FOR THE BOYS.

Cheer, boys, Cheer! the days of toil are ending!
Cheer, boys, Cheer! Another "Half" is past;
Home joys are near, where smiles and tears are blending,
Slowly but surely Christmas comes at last.
True, all our toils have been for precious treasure,
Wealth for the mind, the purest and the best;
Wealth that endures, and brings uncloying pleasure;—
Still, weary toilers welcome days of rest.
Chorus:—Then Cheer, boys, Cheer, the days of toil are ending,
Cheer, boys, Cheer! Another "Half" is past,
Home joys are near, where smiles and tears are blending,
Cheer with a *will*, boys! Christmas comes at last.

Cheer, boys, Cheer! Life's spring-time lies before us!
Now sow we seed for future years to yield;
Cheer, boys, Cheer! bright skies are arching o'er us;
Time wasted now will thin the harvest field.
Then while we rest let memory's eye unsleeping,
Watch every seedling, guard it as it grows;
Bar every trespass, ceaseless vigil keeping,
While sister powers gain vigour from repose.
Chorus:—Cheer, boys, Cheer! the days of toil are ending;
Cheer, boys, Cheer! Another "Half" is past;
Home joys are near, where smiles and tears are blending;
Cheer with a *will*, boys! Christmas comes at last.

Cheer, boys, Cheer! Intruction's light is beaming;
Cheer, boys, Cheer! It shines on every hand;
Rays strong and clear, from many a centre streaming,
Drive back the darkness that brooded o'er the land.
Sadly our fathers through the gloom were toiling;
Gladly their sons should hail the brighter days,
Grateful to God, whose Providence is smiling,
Firm in resolve each parent's joy to raise.
Chorus:—Cheer, boys, Cheer! The days of toil are ending,
Cheer, boys, Cheer! Another "Half" is past,
Home joys are near, where smiles and tears are blending;
Cheer with a *will*, boys! Christmas comes at last.

H.

The Birds of South Africa.*

SECOND NOTICE.

In a former number of this Magazine † we introduced to the notice of our readers the new issue of Layard's "Birds of South Africa," enlarged and re-edited by Mr. Bowdler Sharpe; and we alluded to the boon conferred upon our local ornithologists by the publication of so much new and interesting information, as well as the advantage to science from the high authority under whose auspices the new work appears. The second and third numbers of this edition have since reached us, together containing precise descriptions of one hundred and two species, embraced in fifteen families of the order *Picariæ*, besides forty-seven species of the family *Turdidæ*, in the order *Passeres*.

Of these, fifty-one species are absolutely new to South African ornithology since the publication of the first edition; the king-fishers, hornbills, woodpeckers, and parrots having received large development, not less in new species than in additional facts regarding their habits and distribution.

In his classification, Mr. Layard followed the system laid down by the late Mr. G. R. Gray, in his "Genera of Birds," with its innumerable divisions into families, sub-families, and genera; and though we have not yet the editor's explananation of the classification adopted in the new edition, there is meanwhile internal evidence that he has been largely influenced by observations made by the distinguished naturalist, A. R. Wallace, who has propounded a system of classification based upon natural affinities, agreeing with his proposition that species have become modified in accordance with changes in their external conditions, geological and geographical; and further, that "this series of affinities will also represent the order in which the several species came into existence—each one having had for its immediate antitype a closely allied species existing at the time of its origin." ("Essays on Natural Selection").

In Mr. Sharpe's arrangement, the two numbers of the new series we have now to consider, are chiefly occupied by the numerous groups which according to present systematists constitute a very large order—the *Picariæ*, embracing both the fissirostral or wide-mouthed birds, and the scansorial or climbers. Thus the *Alcedinidæ* —king-fishers, or king-hunters, as many of the species are termed, from their habit of haunting forests and feeding on locusts, &c.,—may be taken as typical of the *fissirostres* or wide-mouthed and flat-footed division; whilst the *Picidæ* or woodpeckers are good examples of

* "The Birds of South Africa," by E. L. Layard, F.Z.S., &c, new edition, thoroughly revised and augmented, by R. Bowdler Sharpe, F.L.S., &c., Senior Assistant, Zoological Department, British Museum, published by Bernard Quaritch, London.

† For November, 1875.

the scansorial or climbing birds. An examination of the skeleton of individuals of these two groups will show a closer alliance than would appear from a mere acquaintance with the habits of the species and their appearance in a state of nature.

It is here that the physiologist and comparative anatomist, or closet-naturalists as the American ornithologist, Wilson, rather bitterly terms them, come into collision with the field-naturalist, the observer of the instincts and habits of animals in their native haunts. How the deductions of scientific men anticipate and outstrip the labours of the practical worker in the field, may be instanced by the chagrin with which Livingstone found that Sir R. Murchison whilst comfortably seated in his study, had enunciated the true theory of the central valley formation of the African continent, and thus forestalled by three years the great traveller who "had been working hard through jungle, marsh, and fever, and had been cherishing the pleasing delusion that he would be the first to suggest the idea that the interior of Africa was a watery plateau of less elevation than the flanking hill ranges." But to return to our subject.

Among the new species described are three *Caprimulgidæ*, the most notable of which is *Cosmetornis Vexillarius* distinguished for a wonderful development of two of its primary quill-feathers, one on each side, which in flight stream out far behind the bird's body. This peculiarity of plumage seems to be the nuptial livery of the species, as it is only possessed by the males between the months of October and January, the breeding season of other species of *Caprimulgus* in S. W. Africa. It has been obtained by Mr. Andersson on the Okovango, by Dr. Kirk, above Tette on the Zambesi, and by Signor Anchieta in Angola. There must be an allied species which is as yet only imperfectly known. It was described to the writer by the Rev. W. Sykes of the Inyati Mission Station in Matibili-land, who saw it in the hands of the well-known hunter, Hartley, by whom it had been shot. This specimen had a long-trailing, racket-shaped feather dependent from each shoulder, as in *C: longipennis* of Western Africa, or the Cosmetornis discovered by Captain Speke near to the Nyanza Lakes.

Subsequently the specimen alluded to was described by Hartley to the writer personally, and he stated the streamers were two and a half feet in length. At the time, a liberal allowance was made for unconscious exaggeration, but as *C: longipennis* is described as having these plumes twenty-eight inches long, there is no reason to doubt the veracity of the hunter. The Rev. W. Sykes also mentioned that he had seen a bird in flight which he took to be the same species as the one shown him by Hartley. We commend this to the attention of other observers in that little frequented region.

Among the Cypselidæ or Swifts, are two new forms, one of which is due to the acute observation of Mr. H. Jackson, of Nel's Poort,

who has contributed so largely to the extension of ornitholgy in South Africa. He wrote that he "found an apparently new species of Swift, differing from *C: caffer* in their breeding habits, making their own nests in clusters fixed to the rocks, and *composed of feathers agglutinised together*." The editor adds, "of course a proceeding so different to the ordinary habits of *C: caffer* convinced us it could not be that species, and the receipt of specimens proved it to be *C: affinis*." This peculiarity of nesting is a singular divergence from the habit of other Swifts, which as a rule bring together a few straws and feathers, a mere apology for a nest placed under the eaves of houses, or in the crevices of rocks, or save themselves all trouble by taking possession of deserted nests of swallows. Mr. Gurney in Andersson's "Birds of Damaraland," distinguishes the South African Swift from the European bird, but Mr. Sharpe does not suppose it constitutes a species different from the ordinary Swift of Europe, and states his belief that when *C: apus* leaves Europe, it makes South Africa its temporary home.

The migration of this group of birds deserves closer attention than has hitherto been given to the subject, and as the various species may be readily distinguished on the wing, field-naturalists and others whose pursuits are much in the open air, might collect useful data concerning the time of their appearance with the opening spring, and their departure, when insect food becomes less plentiful, on the approach of winter.

The family of the "Rollers" receives one addition in *Eurystomus afer*, observed by Dr. Kirk on the Zambezi. *Coracias Abyssinica* of the first edition now gives place to *C: garrula*, which is exactly similar to the Abyssinian bird, without its elongated tail-feathers. Mr. Layard admits that after comparing his specimens with a true *Abyssinnica*, he has little doubt they really were *C: garrula*. (Ibis, 1871, p. 201.)

The beautiful blue feathers of C: *candata* were formerly claimed by the chief Mozilikatze solely for royal adornment. The only animal towards which he was known to exhibit any attachment so as to make a pet of it, was a cross-grained, hard-fighting terrier dog, owned by a trader in the country, and it is supposed by association of ideas, that the liveliness and pugnacity of *C: candata* gave rise to the old warrior's interest in it. They are voracious feeders, as the stomach of one specimen, secured by the writer, contained a half-grown scorpion, an immense centipede, several large spiders (Mygalæ) besides a number of beetles; and Mr. Andersson adds to such a list —small snakes and lizards.

The native (Matabili) name for *C: candata* is Fe-Fe-, or more correctly, Ive-ve, with the slightest possible accent on the initial letter. It is derived from the Zulu word *veva*, to flutter, to undulate, and is thus a precise metaphrase of the term "Roller," which we give to the group of these birds from their peculiarity of flight, so that we find the untutored native and the civilized European observing

the same characteristic, and each in his own language fixing it in the name of the bird.

Mr. Sharpe is thoroughly at home amidst the brilliant hues and beauties of the group of Kingfishers, the descriptions being taken from his admirable monograph of the *Alcedinidæ*. The nomenclature of this division has undergone great changes, but only three new species are recorded, and these are not found in South Africa proper, one having been discovered by Andersson on the River Cunene, and the others on the Zambesi by different observers. It is singular the widely-spread *Ceryle rudis* should be said not to be found in the interior of Natal, though plentiful on the lakes and rivers near the sea-coast, and as it is by no means uncommon throughout the Transvaal and Orange Free State. Mr. T. E. Buckley is certainly in error in supposing it absent from the Matabili country, since two examples obtained there were included in a collection presented by the writer to the South African Museum.

One of the most extraordinary families included among the *fissirostres* is that of the Hornbills, of which three new species are described, and greater precision is given to the definition of all the others. The South African species exhibit the same curious instinct possessed by their congeners, and proved to belong to the family in whatever part of the world they have been found. Among the many wonderful facts collected by naturalists, none appears more strange and unaccountable than that of the male hornbill plastering up the female along with her eggs within the nest—keeping her prisoner and feeding her during the period of incubation. Mrs. Barber has given a graphic description of this extraordinary habit from personal observation: whilst Dr. Livingstone relates "that the female is said sometimes to hatch two eggs, and when the young of these are fully fledged, there are two others just out of the shells. She then leaves the nest with the two elder, the orifice is again closed, and both male and female attend to the wants of the young that are left." ("Missionary Travels.") In the new edition the large Ground Hornbill is distinguished from the Abyssinian species, and takes the name of *Bucorax cafer*. This bird is regarded by the Kafirs with superstitious awe, and in times of severe drought one of them is captured and is sacrificed by being thrown into a pool of water with a stone tied about it. From such treatment the water is supposed to become sick and offensive, the only cure for which is by heavy floods washing it away to the sea; consequently copious rains are expected to follow the rite. Mr. Andersson also relates a superstition regarding its eggs. On his asking an Ovampo to procure them, he was answered, "it was not to be done, as the eggs were soft to the touch, and would fall to pieces on the least handling." Some similar hindrance to getting possession of them must prevail in the Free State, as we have tried again and again to obtain them from a known breeding place on a high krantz within easy distance of Bloemfontein; but neither love nor money has

yet proved a sufficient inducement, and personally the risk of broken bones has counterbalanced the per-feroid enthusiasm of the naturalist.

Two new species are added to the family of *Musophagidæ* or plantain-eaters, and one of these *Corythaix Livingstonii* is perhaps the most beautiful of our recent acquisitions. Handsome amongst a handsome group, its exquisite coloration of crimson, and various shades of green having a rich metallic lustre, with its crest of white-tipped feathers, present a most attractive appearance. It was first seen by Drs. Livingstone and Kirk when travelling south of Lake Nyanza (by the way this must be a misprint for Lake Nyassa), and Mr. Monteiro says that in Benguela, where it has also been found, it is sometimes captured by the negroes and brought to the coast for sale. Most of the species are remarkable for the rich red colour of the primary wing-feathers, with which we are familiar in the Cape Loury. Some time ago several living specimens were sent to England, where being placed in an aviary, and freely supplied with water, it was seen to their owner's surprise that the crimson of the wings gradually faded into white, whilst the water they used for their bath became stained with red. Experiments were tried upon some feathers of these birds, when the hitherto unparalleled fact was discovered that the red colour could be washed out of the plume, leaving it quite white. Chemical analysis subsequently showed the colouring matter to be a new substance, nearly allied to copper, and named by Prof. Church—turacine—from the family of birds exhibiting this peculiarity. An interesting question arises—whether the Turacoes possess the ability to renew the colour of their plumage if it be accidentally washed out by a storm? The capacity to do so would pre-suppose a more perfect circulation in the structure of a mature feather, than its minute anatomy has yet shown to exist. On the other hand, if damaged plumes are retained bleached and colourless till the next moult, naturalists could not have failed to have met with examples in this debased condition. The beauty and harmony of Nature do not allow us to admit such defeat of the purpose which the brilliant coloration of the Turacoes has for its end—whether this be successful rivalry in contending for the appreciation of the females, or otherwise. Either we must believe these birds to be endowed with extreme susceptibility to atmospheric changes, which leads them to seek a refuge from approaching rain, (and we must not forget that in our summer a steady down-pour is sometimes continuous for days together), or what is more improbable, we must accredit them with an aptitude to restore the colour to washed-out plumes. By keeping these questions in mind, our local ornithologists may acquire such information as will dispel their obscurity.

Proceeding to the Cuckoos—we note that Mr. Sharpe has thrown new light on the migration of the common *Cuculus canorus*. There can now be no doubt that when it retires before the northern winter,

it travels down the African continent, where it remains during the southern summer. Undoubted specimens have been obtained in Damaraland, the Orange Free State, and Natal. It may be distinguished from its South African ally, *C. Gularis*, by the upper mandible and nostrils being black, and by not having white bars across the tip of the outer tail feathers. There are few birds about which so many misapprehensions have arisen as the European cuckoo. Le Valliant's capture of a female carrying her egg in her beak was the first hint of the true mode by which the cuckoos place their eggs in the nest of a bird chosen to be the foster parent of their young; and this method of transporting its egg has doubtless given rise to the popular idea, that the cuckoo "sucks little birds eggs, to make its voice clear." It is now known not to be wanting in maternal anxiety for the welfare of its offspring, as the female has been seen to hover about the neighbourhood of the nest where her egg has been surreptitiously placed, apparently keeping watch over the little waif and the conduct of its nurses. A theory has been advanced that the eggs of the cuckoo vary in colour, so as not to be distinguishable from the egg of the species selected for the duty of foster-parent. Mr. Darwin says ("Origin of Species, p. 268,") that the European species manifests a preference for nests containing eggs similar in colour to its own—but also that she "not rarely departs from it, as is shown by her laying her dull and pale-coloured eggs in the nest of the hedge-warbler with bright, greenish-blue eggs." In a lecture on the "Birds of the World" recently delivered in Manchester by Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, he also states that the common hedge-sparrow is the generally accredited foster-parent of the cuckoo.

As the cuckoo lays eggs of various shades of greyish-brown, he says it is very remarkable if this bird should place such eggs along with the blue ones of the hedge-sparrow, and if true, seems to him to dispose of the theory of assimilative colouring. We know that the metallic plumaged cuckoos of South Africa also possess the instinct of depositing their eggs in the nests of other birds,—but according to Mrs. Barber, they place their pure white eggs in the nests of *Gringillaria vittata*, which has eggs spotted with rufous and purple markings. Mr. Jackson has also found pure white eggs of the Golden cuckoo in nests of *Hyphantornis capitalis*, which has eggs spotted and heavily blotched with reddish-brown and purple, the ground colour being sometimes greenish and sometimes white. The study of such points will add a new zest to the investigation of naturalists in South Africa.

The Indicators have one new species added to the family. In the first edition of "Birds of South Africa," Mr. Layard expresses doubts as to the correctness of the oft-repeated story of the honey-guide attracting the notice of persons by its cries, and leading him to the nest of the honey-bee. The fact, however, is established on authentic testimony, and we have ourselves followed the stridulous, excited call of this bird, and become aware of our proximity to the

nest by its sudden change of note to a pleased *churr-churr* at the prospect it seemed to enjoy of a feast on the larvæ of the bees. In the "Ibis," 1869, p. 373, there is an interesting account from the pen of Mrs. Barber, of this habit peculiar to the Indicators, and Mr. Layard has thereupon gallantly recanted his heretical opinions.

In the new issue, the *Capitonidæ* or Barbets are raised to a separate family, instead of forming a sub-family of the *Picidæ* or Woodpeckers, from which they are chiefly distinguished by their strongly-toothed bill. The genus *Barbatula*, however, wants this feature, but has the culmen arched, and the beak sharp and pointed. This difference in the form of the bill from that of the true Woodpeckers, is consonant with the difference in their food, and correlated to the shape of the tongue, the length of the horns of the lingual bones, and the structure of the gizzard. In the Picidæ we find the beak long, straight, and chisel-shaped—adapted to the work of chipping away decayed wood in search of the grubs on which they feed. The tongue is of extreme length and can be jerked forwards to seize their prey (whence the term *Sagithlingues*, Van der Hoeren,) in which they are assisted by barbs placed at its extremity, and a tenacious saliva that conduces to adhesion. The tongue of the Woodpecker is unique in this respect, that it is too long for the bird's mouth. Consequently the horns of the hyoid bone mount backwards over the cranium, and run in two grooves upon the skull as far as the base of the nostril. They are furnished with proper muscles by which the tongue is darted out; whilst their tips are attached to a highly elastic ligament, which on the muscles ceasing to act, withdraws the tongue to its former position. We thus see a beautifully harmonious arrangement of organs for the provision of food, which consisting principally of soft grubs, is received into a thin muscular stomach with a soft lining membrane. The *Capitonidæ*, on the other hand, feeding on fruits, berries, and seeds have the bill arched and toothed, the tongue is not furnished with barbs, nor is it jactatorial, and the cornua of the hyoid bone only reach as far as the occiput, whilst the stomach is a strong fibro-muscular gizzard with a hard epithelial lining adapted to grind the harder food they ingest.

There is also a greater similarity between the male and female Barbets than exists between the sexes of the Woodpeckers. From personal observation we may mention that in *Pogonorynchus torquatus (Laimodon nigri-thorax*, 1st ed.) the male has the head and gorget, a brilliant scarlet; whilst in the female these parts are a dull red. Mr. Ayres writes of *Barbatula pusilla*—"The note of this curious little bird so much resembles the tapping of a hammer on an anvil, having that peculiar metallic ring that it is called in Natal—the tinker-bird." The note of the new species *B. Extoni* is a similar metallic clang, that rings out clear on the morning air, and in Bechuana-land we have often looked round for signs of a native smithy among the "kopjes," till careful search traced the sound to

this pretty little species, whose size seems so inadequate to the production of such a hard metallic clang.

Four new species are added to the *Picidæ*, and the recently acquired information on the habits and geographical distribution of the family, as well as the more precise definition of the various species, constitute this one of the most interesting divisions of the new edition.

The *Psittacidæ* or parrots gain five new species—two others being excluded as not being reliably South African. *P. meyeri* is often brought from the Marico for sale in Bloemfontein, where many examples are kept as tame pets. In captivity it acquires the faculty of imitating sounds, such as the mewing of a cat, or the cluck of fowls, and also to a limited extent of repeating human speech. Some specimens have a band of yellow across the forehead, and this we believe to be a sign of age, as tame birds under our notice have only acquired this feature after the second year, when the yellow shoulder patch also becomes larger and brighter. We may call attention to an evident error in the length of Le Vaillant's parrot—*P. robustus*—which is given as five inches. In Anderson's "Birds of Damaraland" the length is stated to be twelve and three quarter inches.

Having thus run through the order—*Picariæ*—our limits will not allow us to go on to the *Passeres*, of which the family *Turdidæ* is given in the third number of the new series.

Mr. Sharpe evidently combines in the labour bestowed on the new edition, the warm interest in his work of a keen lover of nature, with the accuracy of a close observer and scientific naturalist. His book is at once the outcome of his devotion to this department of natural history, and a tribute to the zeal of the many who have contributed so much new and interesting information on the ornithology of South Africa; but which needed a master-hand to arrange and systematize in a reliable manner for more exended use.

It has been said of Mr. Layard's "Birds of South Africa," that with the exception of Jerdon's "Birds of India," no work has done more for the spread of ornithology. In his edition he gave the characters of each family, as well as a description of the individual species, thus affording great facility to beginners in identifying and classifying the specimens they secured. This feature is wanting in the new series, and we may express a hope that Mr. Sharpe will add to the usefulness of his work by supplying the information in an appendix to the completed edition.

H. Exton, M.D.

A Pietshow.

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* for October contains a contribution from Mr. T. B. Glanville, descriptive of the proceedings at the last annual gathering of the Basutos, as reported by the Governor's Agent, Mr. C. D. Griffith. The assembly known as the "Pitso," "Piatza," or "Pietshow," as it has been variously termed, is the General Council or Parliament of the tribes of the Bechuana race. The first account of one we have met with was given by the late Sir Andries Stockenstrom, who, in 1818-20, when landdrost of Graaff-Reinet, made a journey to the Griqua and Bechuana country. At Lattakoo he witnessed a "Piatza" which he thus refers to:—

"I could not help lamenting to find among the Bechuanas as among the Griquas, a horrible animosity towards the unfortunate Bosjesmen, rendered still more frightful by an ancient prejudice which considers the murder of a Bosjesman, woman or child, meritorious under any circumstances, and entitles the murderer to speak at the piatza or national assemblies. One of their commandos returned whilst I was there, after having annihilated a whole kraal. The honours paid to these blood-thirsty monsters indicated the spirit of the nation; they were saluted by the surrounding shouts of hundreds of women, who danced round these cut-throats in disgusting but enthusiastic attitudes and contortions as the column moved into the square, followed by a guard paraded in their war attire to receive them at the entrance of the village. The chief and his principle men were assembled in the square, and the whole crowd having set down, Matabee declared that meeting a 'piatza,' which from the peculiarity of some of its features is not unworthy of notice. The captain of the commando stood up and began by abusing those who had stayed at home, and expressed his surprise that so many shields and arms as were then paraded was always found when an expedition was over, as at its commencement a general scarcity prevailed. The king was loudly censured for effiminacy in allowing this indifference for the public service; the women applauded the speech by a shout, and some of the warriors danced round the square. Some one of the offended party then addressed the captain, and told him that less boasting and more matter would be preferable; that women can talk of killing Bosjesmen, but that it was their business to prove that they had really done something. This was answered by a full and apparently exaggerated account of the exploits and hardships the commando had executed and suffered, interrupted only by the occasional shouts of the women, which seemed most vociferous at the description of the fears and shrieks of the women and children among the victims, and carried to the greatest height of enthusiasm when the death of a Bosjesman by the hand of Matabee's son and apparent successor, and the narrow escape of the prince himself, was related. The

liberty of speech enjoyed in these "piatzas" is quite surprising; the abuse lavished at the chief and all the principal men by the lowest of the populace, and the attention paid to their harangues, form a strange contrast with the despotic sway enjoyed by the ruler on other occasions."

The Rev Dr. Moffat, who was afterwards stationed as a missionary among these Bechuanas, also gave an account of a similar character of the proceedings at the native gatherings; and the address of their chief, Matabee, on the occasion of a threatened invasion of the Bechuana territory by the Mantatees, was thus rendered in rhyme:—

Bechuanas—Matclapees—
Dare you meet the Mantatees?
Bamacootas—Baralongs,—
Dare you front the hostile throngs?
Myrees, Matcloroos, and Briquas,
Dare ye mingle with the Griquas?
Dare ye face with noble Moffat
These savage hounds and sons of Tophet?

I know ye well—ye Matclapees!
Your bloodless hearts are soft as cheese;
Before the women always bragging,
Near the foe your courage flagging,
Ye scamper off like scar'd jackalls
To your coverts or your kraals,
Where with heads between your knees,
Ye skulk like dogs, and kill—the fleas!
Dastard dogs, that merit not
To eat—even from a broken pot!

Bechuanas,—Matclapees,—
Dare ye face the Mantatees?
Shall we muster in the battle?
Will ye fight or lose your cattle?
Lose your cattle, kraals, and wives
To cannibals with crooked knives!
But hark, ye women—hold your shrieking—
At least till we are done with speaking;
I say, abate your senseless squalling,
Or I will give your hides a galling!
Provoking pests of womankind!
With fear or fury always blind—
The secrets of our court revealing,—
Ever scolding,—often stealing
In some mischief, aye delighting,
And hindering the men from fighting;
Such milky-liver'd sneaking things,
Are men who make their wives their kings.
A husband who can't use the sjambok

Has less discretion than a ram, bok,
Baboon or jack-ass !—take for sample,
My recreant brother's late example ;
Which if *you younger ones* shall follow,
And I be left *solus cum sola ;*
I say no more—but wish that evil
May catch you—which the whites call Devil !

And tho' we sore might feel the want
Of females born to build and plant,
And dig, and do domestic duties—
(Not done so well by Cape Town beauties),
Yet, by the head of Mallahavlin
I swear I will not shake a javelin,
Nor draw an arrow from my quiver,
To save the carcase, limbs, or liver,
Of women that shall scold and squall,
From the ravenous maw of the cannibal !

Keep silence too—ye kidney-eaters,
Coward, cunning, canting cheaters !
Oft incog. upon my rambles,
I've found you near the royal shambles,
Hanging round like gaunt hyænas,
Of the guts and grease to drain us ;
Think if foes our cattle did seize,
Where would ye get tripe and kidneys ?

But listen to your king's command,
Ye chiefs and champions of the land !
To your wives no more be trucklers,
Sieze your kerries and your bucklers ;
Smear your limbs with melted lard,
Let your hearts be great and hard ;
Banish fear and faint demurrage,
Strike your shields and rouse your courage !
Rouse yourselves for feats uncommon,
Curse the Bushmen and the foeman !

Rouse up for shame, ye warriors, then !
Up and quit yourselves like men.
Like heroes now and Mallahowans,
Give to vengeance full allowance ;
Fight not as ye used to do—as
Children fight—but like Macooas ;
Make your bull-hide targets stronger,
Your battle-axes sharp as hunger !
In their faces howl defiance,
Gnash your teeth and roar like lions !
Point your arrows at their eyes,
Pin them with your assagais !
Drive them back from whence they came
And blast their nation and their name !

The Wagner Festival at Bayreuth.

Those readers of the Magazine who take an interest in music will be aware that in August last, an event long expected and long previously prepared for, took place at Bayreuth, Germany. It was a "festival" of an altogether exceptional character, standing alone in the history of the musical art, and important as affecting the practice as well as the theory of the music of the future. One man, Richard Wagner, was the sole originator and manager of the enterprise. He received the patronage and assistance of the Emperor of Germany, the King of Bavaria, and a host of wealthy lovers of art, and the aid of a great number of first-rate artists, who devoted themselves to him for months, labouring disinterestedly and zealously, and who triumphed over difficulties which elsewhere would have been deemed insuperable.*

It is only in a country like Germany, where a genuine and intense interest in art is felt, that such an enterprise could have been successfully carried out. In England it would have been impossible; for there is too little there of that pure art-love, which takes delight in art for art's sake. The drama, opera, and music are liked and patronised mainly on account of their fitness to serve as pleasant social pastimes.

Wagner began to work at the text of these "festival plays," the "Nibelungen Ring" as they are termed, about twenty-five years ago, and he considered the completion and realisation of this work as the sole task of his life. He has had the rare fortune of living to see his most daring wishes realised. To no musical composer was ever paid such homage during his life-time.

On the 22nd of March, 1872, the laying of the foundation-stone of the Wagner Theatre took place with due ceremonies and solemnities at the small town of Bayreuth, which was chosen on account of its sequestered situation and its beautiful rural scenery, conditions which were thought to be admirably adapted to keep off all external disturbances and to evoke a susceptible frame of mind. The theatre was constructed on a novel plan, altogether different from any other theatre in the world. There was a new arrangement of the seats for the auditory (with only one tariff of admission). The scenic contrivances were the most perfect imaginable, and the orchestra was placed out of sight (partly beneath the stage) for the purpose of not intercepting the scenic illusions. This latter proved to be a successful innovation in more than one respect. Firstly, it is certain that such invisibly sounding music works much more powerfully on the

* There were fifty-five rehearsals, and the vocalists had besides to be trained specially before these took place.

imagination, and is able to call forth stronger emotions ; secondly, it never, in the fullest and loudest passages, overpowers the voices.

Wagner's idea is, that in the modern opera, as it is, there is a defective adjustment of the three co-operating factors : music, libretto, and decoration. In his "opera-dramas" he intends that the scenic incidents should be made more intelligible by means of the music, and he demands from each of the three factors the highest possible performance. And not being satisfied with any common "libretto" which commonly are treated as of only secondary importance, resolved to write his own poetry. Thus he originated the theory of the "Kunstwerk der Zukunft" or artwork of the future. Since music, hitherto used to play the principal part in operatic performances, a subordination of it became of course necessary, and there are many who assert that this subordination of the hitherto dominating art is nothing but a weakening or degradation of it.

In order to bring about this "dramatic intelligibility" by means of the orchestra, he has often to make use of the strangest means. He strives to individualise his characters by peculiar phrases ; and, declaring the relation between word and tone to be permanent, these are repeated at every appearance of the person so individualised, and every allusion, even to a third person in a dialogue, finds its expression immediately in the orchestra.

Though this is very ingenious, most people find it wearisome in the extreme, especially if carried out, as it is, with an almost tyrannical consequence during the four evenings of the performance of this gigantic opera. Such a painting and explaining music, they find, requires an unceasing and strained attention, which would blunt the nerves entirely, if it was not for the wonderfully rich and unceasingly changing instrumentation, surpassing everything that has been heard before.

Having resolved on such a thorough reform of the opera, Wagner conceived the idea of erecting a model theatre, in which his ideal, the "Harmony of Arts," the "Bühnenfestspiel" (scenic festivals) could be performed. And, at the same time, searching for a national subject, he first thought of Barbarossa. His studies to this end carried him back to legendary times, and here he found a subject better suited to his purpose.

The trilogy, the "Nibelungen Ring," performed at Bayreuth, consists of three opera-dramas—"Die Walküren," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung," with the prelude "Rhinegold," and is founded on the Scandinavian Edda Legend and the Nibelungenlied. "Rhinegold," the introductory opera, is divided into four scenes, not interrupted, however, by the falling of the curtain ; the changes of the scenes being made under cover of watery vapours forming mists, fog, and clouds. The first scene opens at the bottom of the Rhine, in the waters of which three nymphs, the Rhine daughters, are gracefully swimming about. The scenic effects here produced are described as having been the most poetic and startling that have

ever been seen on the stage. We appear to be looking in the depths of the Rhine, whose rocky bed and its fathoms deep of water fill up the entire stage. The rocks rise to a height of about a third of the stage; all the rest above is apparently water. Around a high rock in the middle of the stream we see three female figures, the Rhine daughters, swimming in most graceful movements. The scene is at first gloomy; afterwards, the sun rises over the river, and we see its golden beams descending slowly into the waters, until they finally light up with a brilliant glow the treasure of gold, which is secured in a cleft on the summit of the rock. This gold, which possesses great virtues, giving to its possessor unlimited power, has been entrusted to the guardianship of the Rhine daughters. Alberich, the ruler of the gnomes who dwell in Nebelheim (Mistland) appears on the scene, amorously chasing and playing with the nymphs. When he sees the gold glittering in the sun, and wonderingly asks about it, the nymphs reveal to him its wonderful properties: that whoever succeeded in forming a ring out of it, to him it would give immeasurable power, the world would be his; but he must for ever deny himself the felicity and pleasures of love. Without much consideration, Alberich seizes the gold, and disappears in the depths of the river-bed. The nymphs dive after him, and with their lamentations mingles his shrill and scornful laughter. Then the scene changes. The stage is enveloped in the blackest darkness, and filled from bottom to top with billowy water, which for some time appears to sink continually downwards, till by degrees the waves change into clouds; they clear up, dissolving into a fine mist, through which an open country comes into view with a castle on a mountain height, "Walhalla," which the giants Fasolt and Fafner have built during the night by command of Wotan the Teutonic god of war, who, with Frica his wife, is seen sleeping on the banks of the Rhine. For the building of Walhalla he has promised the giants to give them Freya, the goddess of love. But regretting his promise, he thinks already how he can manage to break his contract. He asks advice from Loge or Loki, a demigod, who tells the giants of Alberich's possession of the Rhine gold and his other great treasures, whereupon they agree to give up Freya for the sake of gold, and they combine to make themselves possessors of it. Wotan with Loge descends to the underground realm of the Nibelungen, which they reach by passing down through the earth's surface some hundreds of feet, and the approach to which is heralded in the orchestra by sounds as from a thousand forges and smithies. The scene is unique; the entire space of the vast stage represents a huge cavern, with Alberich the dwarf and his army of gnomes, who fashion the cunning weapons and treasures which go to make up his priceless hoard. "Mime," brother of Alberich, has made a ring from the gold, and also a "tarnhelm," which gives him the power to transform himself into any wished-for shape. To prove this, Alberich transforms himself into a dragon. The cunning Loge expresses a

doubt that he can also transform himself into a small animal. Alberich falls into the snare, and takes the shape of a toad. Then Loge puts his foot upon him, Wotan wrenches the tarnhelm from him, and they bind him. To ransom himself he is forced to give up his treasures, ring and all. The scene changes again in reversed order, and Walhalla appears again ; the gnomes busy carrying up the treasures. When the ring is given up, Alberich pronounces a fearful curse, which is to be the consequence of its possession in future. "May its magic power engender death to him who wears it, happiness and gladness shall never be known to him, &c."

This curse and the power of the ring, symbolising the power and the curse of gold, the possession of which is not compatible with love, is the idea on which the following three dramas are built. As a ransom for Freya, the giants come already and ask so much of the gold as will cover her frame, for which only the whole of the treasure suffices, leaving yet a small space which the tarnhelm and the ring must eventually fill up. The giants are hardly in possession when they begin to quarrel about it, and Fasolt is slain by his brother Fafner.

"Rhinegold" represents the world of the old Teutonic gods, of giants and dwarfs. "Walküre" and "Siegfried" represent a considerable advance in time ; there are already heroes and men, each striving for mastery and possession of the world. Man subjugates all in the end, forcing even the powers of nature (which the giants and gnomes are meant to symbolise) to do his will, and thus brings about the ruin of the old gods themselves. This is represented in the last drama, the "Götterdämmerung," the last scene of which, the burning of Walhalla, signalises the loss of their power. It is generally acknowledged that Wagner has succeeded in creating a work of high poetical conception, and the treatment of which leaves little to wish for. Some of his enthusiastic admirers go so far as to compare him to Æschylus and Shakspeare. The scenic effects are described as to have been the most poetic and startling that have ever been seen ; the decorations as in the highest degree artistic, the illusions often being perfect. The sea of fire in the "Walküren" is said to have been a wondrous display, the almost impossible having been done.

With regard to the music, opinions are, of course, very much divided. Wagnerians find no fault with it, while others condemn it. Impartial Anti-Wagnerians have to some extent changed their opinions in his favour. With Wagner "dramatic music is not the end but the highest means of intensifying the expression of emotions" This must first of all be borne in mind. And to understand his music, it is also necessary to get some insight into its most essential characteristics. These are mainly his "leading *motivos*."

As stated above, his idea is that, in a musical drama, there ought do exist the most intimate connection between word and tone, hence he tries to characterise the actors as well as certain important situa-

tions each by a short melody (*motivo*), which is heard in the orchestra as often as the person characterised thereby appears, or when a situation shall be recalled. He makes use of the orchestra rather for illustrating, while until now it was used mostly for harmonic purposes. Weber has done something like it before in the "Freischütz." But Wagner has made a system of it. The voices he treats as subordinate parts, the singing being rather a musical declamation and dialogue. Melody, such as one has been accustomed to hear, and what was until now understood by it, there is none. In its place there is what Wagnerians call the "unending melody." In orchestration or instrumentation he has never been surpassed; this is admitted even by Anti-Wagnerians. Many of the scenes are described as really bewitching, and sometimes "rising to a height of sweetness, power, and harmony that has never been excelled;" others as eminently dramatic, as especially the ride of the "Walküren," when they come together one after another wildly shouting, "Hojotoho! Heiaha!" and join in a grand chorus-trill. This moment is described as having been really majestic and transporting, and eliciting rapturous and spontaneous applause. Some acts are considered to be marvels of musical composition.

In music, practice always precedes theory. The relationship between tones and chords were gradually discovered by practice. The homophonic music of the ancients knew only those of octaves. Later a feeling for the melodic relationship of the dominant and mediant (fifth and third) was developed. In the middle ages musicians began to make use of harmonic combinations, some of which theorists called consonances and others dissonances, and laid down those rules which constitute thorough bass, and which gave rise to our present harmonic system. The most important and renowned of those rules was the prohibition of consecutive fifths and octaves and hidden fifths, for so long a bugbear to musical students. Practice, however, at last began to disregard them since it was discovered that naturally such fifths are not disagreeable to the ear. There was a certain sense in them, however, when applied to the old ecclesiastical music, where a quiet, gentle, and well-adjusted stream of sound was aimed at; but many hidden fifths and octaves as well as false relations (also prohibited) are found already in the chorales of Sebastian Bach, and they do not lose anything thereby. At the present time those rules are considered to be altogether meaningless.

Before Beethoven's time there were prescribed certain fixed rules for the composition of instrumental music in the sonata form (which includes the symphony) regarding the succession of themes and keys. For example: the second part of the first movement was to be in the key of the dominant or sub-dominant. Altogether the sonata-orm was a ready-made one. Beethoven struck out a new path. He disregarded the restriction about keys and brought in his second themes in other related keys besides that of the fifth. He made use of the relative tonalities of the major or minor mediant, and sub-

mediant as well. He was the first to recognize the fact, and utilize it, that these tones are as good for the purpose of changing the tonality as the others. Now everybody acknowledges it and the simple rule in theory and practise now is that "quick harmonic progressions into the most remote keys can be produced by means of chromatic and enharmonic changes." This innovation, which is based on the tempered scale has opened the way to the bold transitions of Berlioz and Liszt, to the delicate and artful modulations of Chopin, and to the intricate, chromatic, and enharmonic combinations of Wagner. All old restrictive theories have been knocked on the head, and music has gained thereby far greater capacities for the expression of emotion. Thus it is that Genius strikes out new paths, which others follow and widen.

Art and beauty are, no doubt, subject to laws and rules, but neither the artist who creates the work nor the observer who contemplates it, need be conscious of them. A real work of art is never the product of mere intelligence, and though it has a design it must have the appearance of being undesigned, for "it is precisely from that part of its regular subjection to reason which escapes our conscious apprehension, that a work of art exalts and delights us, and that the chief effects of the artistically beautiful proceed *not* from the part which we are able fully to analyze." A work which is the product of mere intelligence is not a work of art, in the true sense of the meaning of the word, it can only be accepted as a craftman's handiwork.

It would be the height of presumption for anyone at the Cape to attempt to judge Wagner's music, but a doubt may be entertained and expressed if he is really a genius or only a very intelligent and clever craftsman—if he is a regenerator or only an innovator. And it may be asked if in his creations there is not apparent over much design. It is not for us here to try and prophesy what will be the fate of his style of music, we can only take our cue from what impartial and competent critics elsewhere say. And this is what E. Hanslick, Musical Professor at the Vienna University, whose judgment carries great weight with it, says :—"The probability is that the style of Wagner's Nibelungen will not be *the* music of the future, but at most, that of *one* of many. Perhaps it will only cause a fermenting process for the development of new styles reverting to the old. Wagner's latest reform does not look like an enrichment, expansion, or regeneration of art; it is an overthrowing of all fundamental musical laws, a distortion of all customary forms, a style contrary to the nature of human feeling and hearing. It may be said of this kind of tone-poetry that it *has* music but *is* not. There are three principal points of distinction between Wagner's Nibelungen and all other operas including his own former ones (Flying Dutchman, Tannhäuser); first, the absence of all definite melody, in place of which there is a sort of higher recitative, with the unending melody in the orchestra for a basis; secondly, the absence of

all duets, trios, choruses, and finales; thirdly, the abandonment of every customary form and symmetry. To banish the harmonic song, duets, trios, choruses, as 'undramatical' is nothing else but going back two centuries to the childhood of opera. Until now it was considered to be a great advantage, which music gave to the musical drama or opera, and which the simple drama did not possess, that two or more persons and even a collection of people could be made to express themselves simultaneously. This power of music was thought to constitute one of its most peculiar charms. But Wagner seems not to think so. In the Nibelungen there may be standing on the stage two or three, or more persons together, they hardly ever sing together, but always one after the other, like witnesses in a Court-room. There are no *arias*, but musical dialogues often unreasonably long drawn out." The wearisomeness of such a monodious style can easily be conceived, and it seems not likely that music as an independent art will gain anything by Wagner's method, or be much affected by it. But that some at least of his ideas regarding the modern opera will be adopted and carried out is very probable. C. J.

Barometric Measurement of Heights.

THE following list of heights of some places in the Eastern Province may be of interest as a supplement to the remarks on this subject in the number of this Magazine for August:—

	Above mean level Feet.
Hell's Poort, on the Graham's Town and Cradock Road	1,400
Fish River, at Carlisle Bridge	1,150
Fish River Randt, where the main road crosses it	2,680
*Dagga Boer's Nek	3,130
*Cradock	3,030
*Tarkastad	4,140
*Queen's Town	3,400
Hex's Hotel, Katberg	4,660
Top of Katberg, where the main road crosses ...	5,720
Balfour	2,160
Alice	1,440
Debe Nek...	2,200

These heights are only calculated from one or two observations by a single observer, and therefore, as pointed out in the number for August, are subject to a very considerable probable error. Those marked * are from observations taken with a mercurial barometer as well as with a large aneroid. The last five are from observations taken with a pocket aneroid, and therefore have a still greater probable error. JOHN G. GAMBLE.

Scenes of Other Days.

BY AN OLD COLONIST.

No. III.

Sir Harry Wakelyn Smith—or as the wags of the day used to read his name, Sir Harry Whackalong Smite—was the greatest fire-eater of a Governor the Cape has ever had since 1820. He was first known to the colonists as chief of the staff to Sir Benjamin D'Urban, who arrived as Governor just before the Kafir war of 1834. When the news of the outburst reached Cape Town, Sir Benjamin, who could not himself start at once for the frontier, sent Colonel Smith with plenary powers as his representative. Those were not the days of telegraph wires, nor had we ocean steamers that could run round in forty hours. Our coasters often took a fortnight or three weeks. The only way of ensuring a speedy arrival in Graham's Town (broken necks apart) was to gallop on horseback all the way from Government House. The gallant colonel's energy was equal to the occasion. On the sixth day after starting he astonished the despairing throng of fugitives in Graham's Town by his sudden appearance amongst them as if dropped from the skies. There can be little doubt that the horses he rode, the contractors who supplied them, and the escort that accompanied him, felt in unwonted fashion the effects of his energy, both of speed and action, for he was very much like a living galvanic battery, full charged.

When he arrived he found the people stupefied with despondency. Utterly unprepared for war, utterly thoughtless of danger, and destitute of the means of defence, the inhabitants of Lower Albany had been driven "like a rolling thing before the whirlwind," and were thronging together in the only place that afforded them a refuge, without any one of sufficient authority and force of character to head and direct any efforts for repelling their enemies, who were ravaging the whole country to the Sunday's River. Colonel Smith sent electric shocks right and left, infused new life, organized plans of action; and from the date of his arrival began the measures that rolled back again the wave of invasion from the Eastern Frontier.

I have no intention of following his footsteps. The "scene" I am about to describe dates more than ten years later, and what I have said is only for the purpose of introducing him who was the chief actor in it.

The war of "'46" had followed that of "'34," and, as usual with a very inauspicious beginning. The 7th Dragoon Guards had expected a pleasant military picnic. The long baggage train wound its way from Fort Beaufort along the skirts of the mountains. No force of hostile Kafirs disputed the passage of the Chumie. The

country was evacuated, and the colonial forces advanced through a solitude, and in the midst of a silent absence of opposition. That ought to have been felt as ominous. The Kieskama was crossed, and the army, encumbered with its supplies, entered the immense mimosa thickets which cover the broken country near Fort Cox, with mere cattle tracks for roads, along which wagons could scarcely make any way, and out of which retreat for a force so trammelled was scarcely possible. And *then* arose a yell such as only Kafirs can give from thicket and glen and wooded mountain side, and then opened a fire from thousands upon thousands of Kafirs before unseen, who started full armed from their ambush in deadlier array than Roderick Dhu's men,—a fire before which General Somerset said "No burgher force would have stood five minutes." And then began a confused fight, in which Dragoon Guards, Cape Mounted Rifles, infantry and artillery, baggage and supply wagons, were helplessly intermingled, outnumbered, and outgeneralled. The field of battle justified the dying words of Captain Bambrick of the Guards: "Get the men out while you can; this is no place for cavalry!" The troops were extricated with the greatest difficulty, the baggage and supplies sacrificed (some say the ammunition wagons as well), and the commander was reduced to the necessity of praising his own "generalship" in being able to get his army back to Block Drift without destruction.

Wild was the triumph of the Gaikas as they revelled in the spoil of the captured wagons, and many were the presents of portions of it which were sent in token of their victory to the chiefs of other and distant tribes, bundles of Dragoon Guards' swords figuring significantly amongst them. The war, of course, went on, and was signalized by many a conflict, which, for severity, threw those of the '34 war into the shade.

Colonel Smith meanwhile had been winning laurels in India. Superseded in his "chief commissionership" of Kaffraria when the "D'Urban system" of government gave way before the "Stockenstrom treaties," he had long left the country, and found ample scope for his fighting propensities in the battles of the Punjaub. Raised now to high rank, Sir Harry Smith, a Lieutenant-General and Colonel of the Rifle Brigade—the "Hero of Aliwal"—was deemed the only man to bring the exhausting Kafir war to a satisfactory conclusion. He was sent out as Governor of the Cape, to the great joy of the colonists, who expected great things from him.

When he landed at Port Elizabeth he began his new career by a characteristic act of a very theatrical order. The Gaika chief Maqoma, the great Kafir leader of the previous war, had fallen into the hands of the colonial authorities—I don't remember how—and was at Port Elizabeth. Sir Harry ordered him into his presence, made him lie down before him, and literally "set his foot upon the neck" of the prostrate warrior. This was intended as a symbolical intimation of the state of subjection to which he meant to

reduce all the chiefs of Kafirland. The act was praised or ridiculed according to the mental temperament of the spectators, and some years afterwards was very near being retaliated on the actor.

The war spirit of the colony was no doubt reanimated by Sir Harry's presence, and the contest was at last brought to a close by the submission of Pato, the chief whom he had openly slighted and despised as a "coward" for "sitting still" in the former war, and who had amply fulfilled his promise—"Smith shall not have to say *that* of me next time!" for he had proved one of the most daring of his enemies, and was the last to surrender. The despised savages of 1834 had become—so the "Hero of Aliwal" declared—"equal to the Circassians."

And now the Governor was resolved to distinguish the restoration of peace by a grand and imposing display. All the subjugated chiefs were summoned to attend, with their councillors, a great meeting to be held at King William's Town, that they might witness the abrogation of the "Stockenstrom treaties," and the inauguration of the new system of government. At the same time a notice of the meeting was published in the colony, with the Governor's earnest invitation to "all interested in the welfare" of the native tribes and of the frontier generally to be present on the occasion. A large number responded to the call, and both the clerical and the lay element of society were liberally represented.

King William's Town at that time was only in embryo, and had more the character of a camp than of a town. As the war had just closed, a formidable display of troops was available to give military impressiveness to the occasion. Cavalry and infantry, artillery and the rifle brigade, were all concentrated at these "head-quarters," and were ready to make a very awe-inspiring demonstration by their array, which it was intended they should do.

On the morning appointed for the meeting, the chiefs of the various tribes and their representative followers, estimated at from two to three thousand, were assembled on the sloping ground above where the Episcopal Church now stands. They were disposed so as to form three-fourths of a hollow circle, leaving an opening on the upper side for the Governor and his suite to occupy. At a short distance higher up, the troops, horse and foot, occupied a position which commanded the whole field. About half-a-mile off, not far from the site of the Grey Hospital, stood a solitary tented wagon; and some three hundred yards lower down there was a single soldier's tent pitched. What these had to do with the day's proceedings few were supposed to know. The fact was that the wagon contained a quantity of gunpowder, and the tent a galvanic battery communicating with it by wire. Sir Harry had resolved and arranged literally to "astonish the natives" by a display of what should seem to them superhuman power. It was a weakness of his (which only his narrow escape from capture at Fort Cox in the *next* war cured), to believe that he could make the Kafirs stand in awe of him as one

whose capacity was beyond that of the ordinary run of mortals; and this day's proceedings were to give them an unforgettable illustration of it.

All the preliminaries were thus arranged, awaiting the presence of the Master Spirit of the drama. Meanwhile Sir Harry (whose versatility embraced both strong expletives and devotional compositions), had written a prayer and a speech for the occasion. The prayer translated into Kafir was to be read by one of the ministers at the opening of the proceedings. The speech was of course to be delivered by himself. The speech contained a survey of the whole "situation," past, present, and to come. In the course of it there was a reference to the large captures of wagon trains made by the Kafirs during the war; and there was a passage framed to this effect,—"You take our *wagons*, Do you? Look yonder! and do it again,—*if you dare!!*" At this moment a secret signal was to be given by Sir Harry himself, and the wagon standing all solitary so far off, was to fly into fragments before their eyes. Unfortunately however the engineer officers in charge could not guarantee the full dramatic effect intended, as they were not certain the explosion would take place. In view therefore of this possible contingency, an alternative sentence was constructed, to be read in substitution if the other proved unsuitable.

And now the hour for "raising the curtain" had arrived. Sir Harry, surrounded by a brilliant staff, rode up to his position of command. The stars and medals of his orders and victories glittered on the breast of his dark rifle green uniform; and this again, contrasting so strongly with the white plumes and bright scarlet of the "Staff," made him a conspicuous figure as he led on his noble charger the really imposing array. The martial welcome rang out from the military bands as the cavalcade approached, and from the dark circle before him a deep-toned and universal "A! NKOSI" rolled like the sound of distant thunder.

"My children! God smiles on our meeting! Your gardens were burnt up by the sun; and see! He has sent us a gracious rain. Let us thank Him, and pray for His blessing!" Heads were bowed. A minister read the General's prayer,—and the meeting was opened.

After this impromptu introduction, Sir Harry proceeded with his written speech, which was translated sentence by sentence in the midst of a very large and miscellaneous gathering of auditors and spectators. All went well for some time, but as the moment for the *coup de Theatre* drew near, the speaker grew evidently anxious. Snatching with an impatient oath a little flag from an orderly, he waved the appointed signal. An explosion followed, and a cloud of smoke rose where the wagon had stood. But alas! he had not ventured to direct previous attention to the wagon, and not one in a hundred saw what had taken place. And then owing to either the insufficiency or the misplacement of the charge, the gunpowder,

instead of blowing the wagon to atoms, merely injured the hinder part, and did not even upset it! It had given a kick like a vicious horse when touched roughly by the spur; and when the smoke had cleared away then it stood still, as if mocking the substitution of military theatricals for common sense. The whole thing was a dead failure, and Sir Harry had to proceed with his speech, digesting his chagrin as he could.

Meanwhile the young officers were quietly laughing in their sleeves. "He would make an excellent *actor*," whispered Col. Maclean to some one standing by him. But others of sterner temperament, like Colonel Buller of the Rifles, evidently chafed indignantly at the undignified character of the exhibition.

Matters grew a little more exciting after the speech had ended. The chiefs were called on to say what *they* had "in their hearts," and Sir Harry made characteristic comments. At length Pato's turn came. Unfortunately (or *fortunately*), he made some allusion to Sandili as having been his "great chief." In a moment burst forth an explosion more violent than the gunpowder one. The General's sword leaped like lightning from its scabbard, and flashed in grave Pato's face, pointed at his breast as if about to pierce him to the heart! "How *dare* you!" exclaimed a voice of thunder,—"How *dare* you mention another 'Great Chief' while *I* am present? Back to your woods again! and I will hunt you out afresh, and teach you the consequences of thinking on any 'Great Chief' but ME!" This *coup* was evidently a greater success than the former one: it was level to a Kafir's capacity, and all eyes and ears were this time open to what was before them." "I will *never* go to the woods again!" screamed the electrified culprit. His brother chiefs evidently sympathised with the sentiment, and the general effect seemed to soothe Sir Henry's mind, and almost compensate for the failure of the galvanic-battery experiment.

The meeting now drew towards a close. Chiefs and councillors were called up in succession to take the oath of allegiance to the Queen. The Governor wound up a comprehensive peroration by tearing into fragments a paper he held in his hands, and scattering them to the winds.—"There go your treaties!" he exclaimed,—"From this day *I* am your Inkosi enkulu, and your sovereign is the Queen of England!" Three cheers for the Queen were called for from civil and military, white and black. The Lieut-Colonel of the Rifle Brigade was turning his horse leisurely towards his regiment. —"Ride! Buller, Ride!" thundered the impatient General. The charger bounded forward under an indignant dash of the spurs. A general cheer from all sides rent the air. The bands joined with the National Anthem, and the "Scene" was over.

Christmas Come Again.

Christmas come again! If you were in London you might see that by the shops, where the turkeys and game hang pendent, and the huge flitches and chines present their bronzed sides to the public gaze as if inviting them to step in and buy. Then the grocer's, with the window crammed as full as it can hold with raisins, citrons, and other delicacies suggestive of plum-pudding, mince-pies, and Christmas cheer generally and decked all over with holly and cut paper-ornaments; and Mr. Brisket's, the butcher, at whose door hangs the carcase of the prize sheep he has just purchased at Smithfield, and whose walls display such a wealth of legs, saddles, and sirloins that one is almost ashamed to go in and ask for such a trifle as a pound of steak, or a couple of chops off the loin. Apart from these indications of the season, there are the well-laden cabs full of happy youngsters coming home from school, to be met near London Bridge, Waterloo, and Paddington, and last, not least, the redoubled civility of waiters, servants, and all other menials in view of the early advent of Boxing-day and their anticipated *largesse*. I object in the first place to it being called "Merry" Christmas. Why "merry" or why more "merry" than at any other period? I have not found it so, nor do I expect that the present will prove any exception. I have no wish to be prosy, but *apropos* of the season of which, *selon la regle*, I wish my readers the compliments, I propose to relate as briefly as may be a few of my Christmas-day experiences, and then I think you will agree with me that Christmas is not always *merry* Christmas.

Up to the limit of my schoolboy days, I am free to admit that Christmas was all that the heart could desire or still less deserve—holidays, pantomimes, (I fell desperately in love with a fairy once at Drury Lane and was inconsolable for three days) and usually a tip either silver or golden on Christmas morning. What could schoolboy wish for more? And then the pudding! I was a connoisseur in pudding in those days. After that halcyon period came one Christmas-day when a well-known and dearly-loved face was missed, when we made spasmodic efforts to be cheerful, and the attempt was generally a failure; when, even as boys, we recognised that our involuntary effervesence of spirits would be out of place, even had we not thought fondly and regretfully of the erst occupant of the one vacant chair, that stood dumbly to reproach us for our temporary forgetfulness.

Thence to my green and salad days, when we joined with a group of girls in decorating the old church, and flirting considerably more than decorating the while, walking home over the crunching snow after dark, under the bare leafless trees that bordered the home lane amid bursts of joyous laughter and merriment, in which even the old curate used to join with unaffected glee. Still my memory

reverts to those days in the quiet English village; how we plucked the holly, kissed under the mistletoe, and walked to church on Christmas morning over the white fields in the crisp tingling air, while across mead and fallow hushed in their snowy robes, the distant bells rang out their clear, melodious peal.

Then came the time, as it comes with all, when we go forth into the world to earn our living, to plunge boldly into the stream of life and either fight our way successfully against the current or get entangled in the weeds and sink to rise no more. To a stranger in a big city, Christmas-day is the dullest in the whole calendar. I dined at my lodgings in Camden Town. The missis was going out herself, and would fain have given her servants a holiday, but I prevailed on Mary to stay and cook for me, which that handmaiden at much personal sacrifice did. I had a chop hissing from the gridiron, a potato done to a turn, and I washed that elegant refection down with a glass of old port which I begged of old Turveydrop who lived close by and who kept a bin of something particular, for I could not rely on "The Markis of Granby" for that sort of thing. This being accomplished I "sported my oak," or in other words, I had up the kettle, loaded my pipe and forbore to ring the bell or othewise disturb Mary in the not improbable contingency of her having her young man to spend the evening with her in the kitchen. Thence to bed and read Balzac till I fell asleep, while drunken voices roared "Peace on earth and good will towards men," from the tap-room of the public house at the corner.

Since that time I have spent many Christmas-days in out-of-the-way corners of the world. I spent one in Constantinople, before the sick man was very sick, when you might take a caique down the Bosphorus to Buyukdéré or Therapia, dine off a lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts and a pilau of fowl artfully concocted in a mess of rice and raisins, smoke a narghilé and fancy you were back in the days of Good Haroun Alraschid before the Harem was like the *atclie* of a French *modiste*, and from the Grand Vizier down to the humblest eunuch, black cloth pantaloons and patent leather boots had become *de rigueur*. The Christmas pudding was a mistake, I admit, and the call of the muezzin from the top of the minaret wholly unsuggestive of the village chime and far less musical than the waits—those drunken rascals with rich, round, rummy voices, so utterly unromantic in their personal appearance, with comforters round their chins and seedy battered hats, who sing the "Chough and Crow" and "Sylvia Sleeps," so sweetly, to the ineffable delight of Polly the parlourmaid who comes up, and says smilingly, as she holds the door on the swing, "Please sir, the waits has called."

Then I have spent Christmas doing a *dâk* journey from Agra to Cawnpore to the accompaniment of the monotonous chant of the *dhooliewallahs*, in which the ever recurring words *Sahib* and *baksheesh* were painfully apparent. I rested under a tope of mango

trees, drank a bottle of "Hodgson's India Pale," lighted my cheroot, and jogged on again through the dust, till through the rays of the setting sun, gleamed the white bungalows and flat *pucka* roofs of the barracks and the magistrate's cutcherry, and we made our entry into the place now, alas! associated with so many painful memories, in company with a string of bullock hackeries laden with paddy, and amid a Babel of voices that brought out half the cantonment into the compounds along the road to witness the "Lord Sahib's" triumphant arrival.

Another I passed on board a China clipper, in lat. 40° S. and long 31° E., under close reefed topsails, for it blew like the mischief, and we had the fiddles on the table for a whole week. The skipper, a quaint old Scotchman, Mr. Macpherson first mate, ditto, an army surgeon, a young man going out to join one of the great factories at Canton, and a few others sat under the swinging lamp, drank sweethearts and wives in hot toddy, sang songs and told stories, while the good ship ploughed on through the black water and broke all the crockery in the cuddy. Never shall I forget our crossing hands and steadying ourselves as well as we could on our legs while we shouted—

> "And here's a hand my trusty friend
> And gie's a hand o' thine,
> And we'll tak a richt good wally wacht
> For the days o' Auld lang syne."

"Eh! mon, but the toddy's pairfeckly supairb," ejaculates Mr. Macpherson, but the Army Surgeon has fallen asleep with his head on the table. "Eight bells, sir!" says the Quarter-master, putting his bronzed face in at the saloon door. "Thank ye! Sir, Here's long life to ye gentlemen all. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

"Make it eight, Quarter-master," says the skipper. A sweep or the back of the hand across the stubbly lips, a pull of the forelock, and the ruddy visage is withdrawn. Tang-tang! Tang-tang! we hear the sound of the ship's bell below the forecastle tossed wildly upward into the murky sky, and Christmas-day is over.

How long ago is it? It seems a long while ago, but yet it cannot be so, for my hair was already grey when I found myself on Christmas-day a waif and stray in a Spanish South American town. I had no plum-pudding or even roast beef. I went to my accustomed seat in the corner of the patio at the well-known *café* where I usually dined, and where I could get all the fresh air that was stirring, for the heat was choking. I had a modest cutlet, a bécassine, salad, and a pint of Rœderer, in which I silently toasted "absent friends."

Where were my schoolmates gone? Who cared for a battered old hulk like myself, albeit he did wear irreproachable boots and an immaculate white waistcoat. We all become cynical with age, and as I lit a ten dollar cigar, I thought of Horatio's adjuration when his servant asked leave to step out for half an hour to see a friend—

> " 'A friend!' Horatio cried and seemed to start,
> Ay marry shalt thou and with all my heart,
> And fetch my cloak for though the night be raw,
> I'll see him too, the first I ever saw."

But why should I rail about "friends." I suppose I was no worse off than other people. You can't travel from Birmingham to Buenos Ayres, or London to Lima, and expect everywhere to drop into a ready-made circle of agreeable acquaintances; so I was fain to ring for Alphonse to clear the table, place my cup of *Café noir* and *chasse* at my elbow, bring me the *Programa del Teatro*, and leave me to decide how I should spend the balance of the evening.

Among long past anniversaries looms out prominently from the mists of time and memory one Christmas-day, when my old chum, Bob H—— and myself, put on our rabbit-skin coats and fur gloves, and rode up from Balaklava to the 4th Division Camp to dine with some friends in the ——th. We dined early, for the relief had to go down to the trenches before Sebastopol before dark. How many of us, we thought, would see another Christmas-day, as the wind whistled round the tent and the snow drifted up in feathery wreaths against the weather-worn canvas. Ever and anon the air throbbed and palpitated with the roar of the guns from the Redan, and not unfrequently we heard the shrill scream of whistling Billy, as we used to call the cruel Shrapnell shells, as they fell into the camp. After a hurried meal, we made a group by the flagstaff on Cathcart's Hill, and our talk was of Todleben and Gortschakoff till the shades of evening began to fall, the bugles sounded on all sides, and parties of stern visaged, grey coated soldiers began to move off across the deep snow towards the Valley of the Shadow of Death, while we saddled up and slowly turned our horses' heads homewards past the challenging sentries, through the scattered wooden huts of Kadikoi to where the forest of masts marked the land-locked harbour of what but a few years before was a sequestered little fishing village and was then the base of operations of a great invading army.

Christmas by the pale glitter of the Aurora Borealis or under the glare of a tropical sun, the season has alike a peculiar significance for all. The wanderer thinks of home, of mother, sisters, or perhaps, of

> " A nearer one still and a dearer one
> Yet than all other."

While they in turn speak with hushed voices of the absent one, and pray, often how vainly, for his safe return—Home! There is a magic in those four letters. Surely no language ever owned so expressive a word, and to us here in South Africa surely not less fraught with meaning than in other distant lands.

Forty centuries looked down on Napoleon's veterans in Egypt,—How many look down on us from the hoary top of rugged old Table Mountain? Who can say? but

"Hence loathed Melancholy
Of blackest midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn."

Let me plan my day's enjoyment. Shall it be under the cool chequered shades of Newlands, or on the white sands and rocky slopes of Kalk Bay? Shall I get an appetite for my turkey and pudding by a long hot walk round the Kloof, or take a boat and go a fishing *more apostolicé* on the placid bosom of the Bay? I will e'en come to no rash decision. I will consult my barometer; beware the scorching South-Easter, and leave myself free to act according to circumstances. But one thing I will do. I will

"Wake, and hail the happy morn
When Jesus, Saviour of the World was born."

ALFRED A. GEARY.

Yes or No.

I DID not love him. Long ago,
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.
I did not love him; but to-day
I read his marriage notice. Pray,
Why was I sad, when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret
Over that whispered No? and why,
Reading the notice, did I sigh?
No analyst can guess the cause:
A woman's reason laughs at laws.
Sure I am glad to know the wound
I gave is healed, and he has found
Love's blessedness and peace; and yet
A woman never can forget
The man who once has loved her; and
To-day I seem to see him stand,
With every glance a mute caress,
Still pleading for the longed-for Yes.
His early love for me is dead—
Another lives in that love's stead;
And if he loves her well, as men
Should love their chosen ones, why, then,
He must be glad that long ago,
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.
Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.

Uitenhage. W. F.

The Work of H.M.S. "Challenger."

Ever since the *Challenger* staff returned to England, the public have been receiving at different times, through the learned bodies and scientific publications such as *Nature*, a good quota of the work and results of the expedition which excited so much interest at the Cape in 1874.

The most important contribution of this kind as yet published is an address lately given by Sir C. Wyville Thomson, the civilian chief of the expedition, who thus sketches the special work done during the late cruise of the *Challenger* :—

"Among the many points of interest which engaged our attention there were three more especially prominent. The first of these was the contour of the ocean bottom and the nature of the deposits now being formed upon it ; the second the more difficult question of the distribution of deep-sea climate ; and the third, and perhaps the most interesting and curious, is the nature and distribution of the peculiar races of animals which are now found at the bottom of the sea. I shall take up these three points in succession, and endeavour very briefly to give an idea of the condition of knowledge with regard to them when the *Challenger* started, and the light which her observations have been enabled to throw upon them.

"I need scarcely go into great detail with regard to the contour of the bottom, for the question is mainly a hydrographic one, and would involve use of numbers which would be scarcely suitable for a public lecture. As I have said already, the average depth of the ocean is somewhere about 2,000, or probably 2,500 fathoms. A very large portion of the ocean has a depth somewhat less than this, and a depth of 2,000 fathoms appears to be common. Where it is 2,500 or 3,000, we would appear to be going into submarine valleys, with the exception of the North Pacific, where there is an enormous extension of water of great depth, in many cases going beyond 3,000 fathoms. In the Atlantic, a great part of the northern portion has a depth of about 2,000 fathoms, with a middle ridge which passes down from Greenland, and includes the various groups of islands and single islands to Tristan d'Acunha, and probably beyond it. In the South Atlantic, on each side of this ridge, which is there called the "Dolphin Rise," in compliment to the American ship which first surveyed it, there is a trough which runs to a considerable depth, usually down to 3,000 fathoms, and these form marked depressions roughly parallel with the axes of the South American and African continents. I will frequently allude to the Atlantic, as I have no time to enter into detail with regard to the rest of the seas, and we had the best opportunity of working it. Now, the bottom of the sea is covered with certain deposits. The whole bottom of the sea, so far as we are aware, is gradually receiving certain accumulations, and these accumulations are giving rise to formations which we look upon as the rocks of the future. We know by our knowledge of the science of geology that the whole dry land, as we have it at present, is composed—with the exception of certain volcanic rocks, which may be, in many cases, metamorphosed sedimentary rocks—of stratified beds laid down at the bottom of the sea. We know that the material of these beds is to a certain extent derived from

the gradual disintegration of the land, and we look upon the sea as the great restorer of the solid material which is to form future island sand continents, as the bottom of the sea becomes raised up at some future time above the level of the ocean. Now, the whole of the sea-bottom is receiving these deposits, and it was one of our great objects in the cruise of the *Challenger* to determine what these deposits are, under what laws they are being laid down, and what the relation of these modern deposits may be to the ancient deposits, which form the solid crust of the earth. We were well aware that there was a perpetual disintegration of the land going on by rivers and by the action of the sea round its coasts, and that the material worn off the land was being carried away by the ocean and laid down at some distance from the land, and that the material was being selected and arranged according to some definite laws. Accordingly when we came to test this, we were not surprised to find that the *débris* of the land extended for some hundreds of miles from the land out to sea. We found clays being formed, and various deposits, differing according to the material from which they were derived, and mixed up with the *débris* of animals living in the places where these deposits were being laid down. Within a certain distance of the land we found the deposits formed to a great extent of this peculiar shore material.

Many years ago it was determined by observation, even previous to the soundings for the first Atlantic cable, that over a great part of the North Atlantic a very remarkable deposit was being laid down—a deposit now known as *Globigerina* ooze. This deposit consists of the shells of minute *Foraminifera*, principally belonging to one genus—the genus *Globigerina*. This, as we found it in these deposits, was a small chambered shell extremely minute, about a millimetre in diameter, and these shells were found in enormous quantity. When dry, the ooze was something like fine sago, with little round shells falling from one another, and showing that the deposit was formed almost entirely of such shells. Some other genera were mixed with them, but the great mass were *Globigerinæ*. When we took up by any means material a little below the surface of the sea-bottom we found the *Globigerina* shells were becoming broken and compacted together so as to form a close and nearly amorphous mud, in which there were very many complete *Globigerinæ* and many pieces of the same. The whole of this deposit was composed almost entirely of carbonate of lime, and the only rock which this could possibly form was a limestone. It therefore appeared that over a very large portion of the North Atlantic, and over many other parts of the world where these observations had been made, this limestone was being laid down. Further observations showed that the chalk was composed of very nearly the same material, and the analogy between these modern formations and the chalk became very apparent. During the voyage of the *Challenger* we had many opportunities of bringing up this modern chalk, and the question which was always before our minds was one which had been mooted before we started—Where did these creatures live—did they live upon the bottom of the sea? or did they live on the surface, their shells falling to the bottom after death? Until lately none of these animals, or very few, had been found alive upon the surface. It was our general impression that they lived on the bottom, where we found their dead shells. Mr. Murray, one of my companions in the *Challenger*, has paid particular attention to

the structure of the material brought up from the bottom—its composition, and the sources from which it was derived. He worked the tow-net and the sounding apparatus together during the voyage, and came to a decided conclusion, one to which we are absolutely forced to agree with him. The tow-net upon the surface, and particularly at a little below the surface—that is to say, to the depth of a few fathoms, or even to a hundred fathoms, takes enormous numbers of these *Foraminifera*, which make up the *Globigerina* ooze alive. The *Globigerina* themselves, in many seas, are most abundant, and they present characteristics totally different from the shells as we found them below ; so that I think there cannot be the slightest doubt that these shells live on the surface, and a little below the surface, and that the whole material at the bottom composed of these shells is derived from the surface, When we find these shells at the bottom they are little globules all united together, and forming a little compound mass of globules. These are rough on the surface, and perforated with minute pores. The cavity of the shell contains a little reddish material, which, at first, we were inclined to suppose was the remains of the body of the animal. When the *Globigerinæ* was found on the surface, the shell was of the same form, but instead of being white and opaque, it was perfectly clear and transparent. A raised frill on the shell forms a hexagon round each minute pore and runs into six points, and from each point a long spine projects—in fact the shell bristles with long spines running out in every direction, the axes of the spines on each chamber meeting in the centre of the chamber. The shell has a little animal in the interior of it, and that animal consists of a particle of gelatinous matter like the white of egg, and when alive this matter runs out of the holes on the surface of the shell to the end of each of the spines, where it absorbs minute particles of organic matter floating in the water. The *Globigerinæ* seem to be of the same specific gravity as the water, their weight being reduced by large oil-globules scattered in quantity through their substance ; they exist in myriads on the surface, while they are perpetually dying and sinking to the bottom. Finding them so abundant in a living condition on the surface or a little below, and finding none living at the bottom, there seems to be little room for doubt that the *Globigerina* ooze is due simply to the accumulation of the dead shells of the inhabitants of the surface and of moderate depths. We should therefore at once come to the conclusion, if this be true, that the formation which arises from their accumulation ought to be as universal as they are themselves. Singularly enough, this is not the case, and this is one of the most curious points which we have determined. When we go to a depth of about 2,000 fathoms we find that the shells at the bottom are becoming, as it were, rotten or yellow, they have not the same white clear appearance which they had in shallower water, and if we go to a depth of 2,500 fathoms or so, we find no shells whatever, but that the bottom consists of a homogeneous red mud, which, instead of consisting of carbonate of lime, is formed of the materials of ordinary clay. Now, as a very large portion of the sea is below 2,000 fathoms in depth, probably by far the greatest portion is being now covered by red clay, and not by calcareous formations. The question at once arises, How is it possible that these calcareous formations are stopped at a certain point and replaced by red clay ? There is no doubt that the calcareous

formation is arrested by the carbonate of lime being in some way or other removed from the shells of these creatures. When we come to a certain depth the carbonate of lime is dissolved, and we have a fine red clay instead. The cause of the removal of the carbonate of lime is as yet rather obscure. We were at first inclined to believe that it is removed by excess of carbonic acid in the water. If the water contained an excess of this acid it would dissolve these shells, and it is just possible that the excess of carbonic acid in these depths may remove the carbonate of lime. We also find a large quantity of sulphate of lime dissolved in the sea, and it is just conceivable that a considerable amount of sulphurous acid may be percolating through the crust of the earth at various places, and that it may be converted into sulphuric acid, which would dissolve the carbonate of lime. But whatever be the reason there cannot be the slightest doubt that on reaching 2,000 fathoms depth the lime is gradually removed, and we have the red clay. There is another important and curious question arising—namely, where does the red clay come from? The red clay consists of the silicate of alumina and iron. This compound does not exist in any quantity in the shells in that particular form, and there is no doubt that some complicated changes taking place in the sea at this moment are producing this silicate of allumnia and peroxide of iron. There is one very remarkable thing which has been observed by Mr. Murray and Mr. Buchanan, who have been watching this matter with great care, and that is that all over the sea there is a large quantity of pumice. Volcanoes—either sub-ærial or submarine—either exposed to the air or under the water—are perpetually throwing out material from the crust of the earth, and the pumice, which is the froth of the lava—lava divided minutely and containing bubbles either of steam or air—is very frequently so light as to float freely in water; and almost wherever we were, in all parts of the world, we found that particles of this pumice had been caught by the sea, and so moved about in currents slowly over the surface of the ocean. In almost all parts of the sea, the trawl or the dredge brought up bits of pumice which had been waterlogged and had fallen down to the bottom, probably after swimming or floating about for a very great length of time. This pumice was constantly in various stages of decomposition, and its decomposition like that of all felspathic minerals must result in the production of a clay. It is very certain now that these calcareous formations which are being produced by the animals floating upon the surface of the sea and falling to the bottom, and there accumulating, are by no means universal, but that besides these there are huge formations of clays which are capable of giving rise to important formations of schists being produced at the bottom of the sea at the present day. Over the whole bottom of the Pacific, or a very large part of it, we find red clay, and particularly in the North Pacific, where there is a great depth of water. The red clay has all through it nodules, which vary from the size of sago or a canary-seed to the size of a child's head or an orange, composed of nearly pure peroxide of manganese. These are found in enormous quantity. The trawl sent down to the bottom in those regions brings up masses of concretions, much resembling lumps of the mineral known as *wad*, almost all of which contain as a kernel in the interior a fish's tooth, or a little bit of sponge, or some fossil of some kind, which has formed the nucleus round which the manganese has accumu-

lated. This is altogether a most peculiar and novel observation. In the Atlantic and all over the bottom of the sea we find manganese in minute bits, but in the North Pacific particularly these pieces are in very great quantity and attain a large size. This is a phenomenon which we are as yet unable to explain, and I do not know that there is any analogous instance in any of the older formations.

Along with the *Foramnifera* we have living in the sea a great number of extremely beautiful little organisms, which are known under the name of *Radiolarians*. Instead of these having calcareous shells, they have silicious shells—sometimes external, sometimes internal, but very generally presenting extremely beautiful forms. The *Foramenifera* appear to live mainly upon the surface, or a little below it. In regard to the *Radiolarians*, it seems to be somewhat different, for when the tow-net is dragged along the sea even at the depth of 1,000 fathoms, we find that the number of *Radiolarians* increases, and that the size of the specimens of the species which are found on the surface is rather greater ; and many forms occur at those great depths which are not found on the surface at all. Therefore we are inclined to believe that the *Radiolarians* live all through the sea, and down to its greatest depths, which may be something like five miles. Now, you can easily understand that these things, living in this way, add considerably to the formations which are taking place at the bottom. We even found a formation which has been called by Mr. Murray *Radiolarian* ooze, on account of its consisting almost entirely of the remains of *Radiolaria*. The mode of formation of this ooze is peculiar ; it seems that the *Foraminifera*, living only near the surface, have their shells entirely dissolved before they reach the bottom ; the red clay is laid down as usual, whatever may be its source ; but the shells of the *Radiolarians*, living throughout the whole of the vast depth, are so numerous as entirely to overcome and mask all the other constituents of the bottom. This formation, however, only occurs at very extreme depths, and it is therefore apparently in patches at the bottom of the sea. In the Southern Sea, where the depth is not so great as the Pacific or Atlantic, we find that the surface, instead of being covered with *Radiolarians* is covered with a set of minute plants which have silicious coverings. Those plants are living on the surface in enormous quantity, and consequently dying on the surface. And when you drag the dredge or trawl over the bottom it comes up with a white matter, which looks at first extremely like chalk, though it is formed entirely of silica. There are many other points of great interest connected with these recent deposits, but my time will not allow me to refer to them. I will, therefore, now pass on to the second question of special prominence—the climates of the sea.

The temperature at the depth to which I alluded—namely, 2,500 fathoms—is very low. Over the whole bottom of the Pacific and the Atlantic, and those portions of the Southern Sea which we have examined, the temperature is usually a little above the freezing-point. Down in the valleys it sinks to perhaps pretty near the freezing-point in some places, and in some very few places it sinks a little below it, but it is only in one or two places in the Atlantic and Pacific we find such extremely cold water. Over the elevations the temperature is somewhat higher ; but in the Atlantic and the Pacific, as a rule, the rise of temperature on

the ordinary elevations of the bottom of the sea is not above two or three degrees. The temperature of the bottom of the sea is, therefore, as a rule, a little above the freezing-point. When we examine the temperature of such an ocean as the Atlantic, from the surface down to the bottom, we find that it gradually falls. On the surface its height is according to the season of the year, according to the latitude, and according to the heat of the sun at the locality observed, or at that from which the surface water is immediately derived. The temperature often rapidly falls for a certain distance and then it more gradually falls to a depth of about 500 fathoms, when it has a temperature of something like 45°. That is a very general temperature for a depth of about 500 fathoms. From that point downwards the temperature very slowly and gradually falls, and it falls till it reaches a temperature of 37° or 34°, or, as I have said before, sometimes below the freezing-point. Now, the consequence of this is that we have a very uniform as well as a very low temperature at the bottom of the sea, and we shall see shortly the result of this on the distribution of animal life. It is a uniform temperature, but it is a temperature which varies within certain limits. The question comes—Whence does the ocean derive this peculiar temperature? and this is a question of very great difficulty, and one which I have not to-night sufficient time to go into in detail, but I shall merely give you a general idea of the impression which is on our minds after the observations of the *Challenger* with regard to the sources of temperature in the Atlantic. The surface, as I have said, is affected by the heat of the sun, and by the conditions of the latitude down to perhaps about 500 fathoms. It is also very greatly affected by currents which are moving through the sea, and which are mixing water of different temperatures, and bringing water of different temperatures from different places. There is one set of currents which is particularly marked and which tends to spread warmth over the surface of the northern and southern seas, and modify the ocean temperatures. These are the great currents which are running from east to west driven by the trade winds blowing along the equatorial region and driving before them the equatorial water. They are met by the great continents—one is met by Cape San Roque in South America, in the Atlantic, and against Cape San Roque it divides: one portion going northward and another southward. In the Pacific the current is met by the coast of Asia, and in the same way one portion runs northwards and the other southwards. Thus warm water, being driven to the north and south, becomes mixed with cold water, and the temperature is modified and ameliorated by it. It is likewise affected by other currents which are produced by various reflections against coasts and other obstacles. In this way we have water moving about on the surface and conveying temperature from one place to another, and rendering the temperature of these upper 500 fathoms extremely irregular. In the Atlantic we find that from this point—about 500 fathoms—to the bottom the temperature steadily decreases until it comes down to near the freezing-point, no matter the surface temperature or the latitude. We have come to the conclusion that this great mass of water is moving from the Southern Sea, and there seems to me to be very little doubt—although this matter will require to be gone into carefully—that the reason why this water is moving from the Southern Sea in a body in this way is that there is a

greater amount of evaporation in the North Atlantic and over the Northern Hemisphere generally, than there is of precipitation, whereas it seems almost obvious that in the Southern Hemisphere, in the huge band of low barometic pressure round the South Pole, the precipitation is in excess of the evaporation. This is an extremely simple way of accounting for this mass of cold water which it has been hitherto found impossible to account for on any reasonable theory.

There is a minor phenomenon connected with this grand system of circulation which passes partly through the atmosphere and partly through the ocean, which is extremely pretty, and of this I will endeavour to give you a single illustration ; and in order to understand it fully I will ask you to imagine for a moment a terrestrial globe and the relations in volume and position which the oceans and the continents bear to one another. You remember the vast accumulation of water round the South Pole, and in the South Pacific ; and the "land hemisphere" almost in the centre of which we now stand, with the two great gulfs, the Pacific and the Atlantic running up into it, almost cut off by land and shallow water to the northern end, but opening widely to the Southern Sea. Now imagine the depth along a line joining Cape Horn with the Cape of Good Hope to be 3,000 fathoms, the bottom temperature being 30°, and the temperature at 2,500 fathoms 32°, and suppose a continuous barrier to extend between the two capes to the North of this line, rising 500 fathoms from the bottom ; it is clear that if the movement of the mass of cold bottom water be constantly from the south to the north, no water colder than 32° can ever enter the Atlantic, and however deep portions of that ocean may be, water under that temperature can never be found in it to the north of the 2,500 fathom barrier.

Although this is an imaginary case, at least one which is scarcely in nature so simple as I have represented it, we find the same law acting perpetually. In various parts of the world there are little isolated seas, and circumscribed basins of the great ocean, surrounded by such barriers, and we can tell at once the height of the lowest part of the barrier by the temperature of the bottom-water of the basin, for we know that it must correspond with the depth at which the like temperature occurs in the outer ocean from which the basin derives its supply.

I have now only a few minutes left to refer to the last of the three questions selected for consideration, the distribution and nature of the deep-sea fauna. The deep-sea is by no means barren, but on the contrary a fauna very remarkably constituted and comparatively rich, is universally distributed even to the greatest depths. It was our impression that when we examined this fauna we should find it very analogous to that of the ancient chalk, for we believed, and we believe still, that the deposition of chalk has been going on continuously in various parts of the ocean, from the chalk period to the present time. In this expectation we were to a certain extent disappointed, for the species found in the modern beds are certainly in very few instances identical with those of the chalk or even with those of the older tertiaries. But although the species, as we usually regard species, are not identical, the general character of the assemblage of animals is much more nearly allied to the cretaceous than to any recent fauna.

The fauna of the deep sea is wonderfully uniform throughout, no one who has once seen it can fail to recognise this general uniformity, whether

he examines it in the middle of the Pacific, in either trough of the Atlantic, or in the Southern Sea; and yet, although in different localities the species are evidently representatives, to a critical eye they are certainly not identical, and I believe that one of the most important lines of inquiry which have been opened up to us by these investigations is the range and amount of variation, or possibly the passage of one apparent species into another over this vast area, remoteness in space being, when we consider the conditions of migration with the accompanying change in surrounding circumstances, equivalent to lapse of time.

"Omega's" Criticism of Mr. Porter's Address to the Cape University.

Unlike the writer of the pamphlet, entitled "Some Remarks on Mr. Porter's Address to the University of the Cape of Good Hope," we have not the honour of being a member of the South African University; nevertheless we feel a sincere interest in its welfare, and we suppose that for this reason the document in question has been handed to us for review.

Our object in undertaking to make a few remarks is by no means to defend the intellectual opinions of Mr. William Porter, or to attack those of his adversary. If we felt so disposed we should not be equal to the task, for it seems to us that neither gentleman has made it very clear what his real opinions are on the very important questions to which they refer, but have both chiefly devoted their attention to the best methods of dealing with such topics.

We sincerely hope for the credit of the body to which he states that he belongs, as well as for his own as an individual, that the writer of the pamphlet is of very tender years. Upon no other hypothesis can we understand his entire failure in perceiving the main gist of that part of Mr. Porter's argument, to which he especially addresses himself. This, too, seems the most simple explanation of the elaborate confusions into which he falls in the course of the twenty-four pages of which his pamphlet consists. In the interests of free inquiry to which we claim entire devotion, and in support of which we contend that Mr. Porter's argument was in the main addressed, we cannot help expressing our regret that "Omega" was the one member of the University who was unable to receive in silence the remarks of its venerable Chancellor. If when speech is silvern, silence is golden, to what likeness should we have compared his silence whose speech lacks the ring of any true metal and the stamp of any genuine mint?

We will not pretend to say that "Omega" has not found some weak points in the address, or that he has not made some shrewd thrusts, but we must distinctly charge him with having entirely failed to grasp the real position taken up by the Chancellor, and to have been very careless in his representation of it.

Before proceeding further, we cannot forbear asking the question, whether "Omega," to whom we have already given the benefit of imaginary tender years, had no senior brethren in the University, which is his *Alma Mater*, to whom he

could have submitted his MSS. before rushing into print? Surely some one of them could have been found sufficiently self-denying to have perused them, and sufficiently kind to have drawn his pen through many such sentences as the following:—

"The ignorant and vulgar are ever characterised by temerity and a readiness to deal with questions *about* whose subject matter and the method of investigations which they are completely *unacquainted*." [Page 1.]

"As the line of field-works closes tightly around the showy forts of ignorance and prejudice, origioally erected to stamp out freedom, the besieged should be the last to libel and abuse an enemy they have failed unprovokedly to assault, and who has never used against them the gibbet, and the *auto-da-fe*, nor cut off the ears of its opponents."—[Pages 2 and 3.]

And here is a magnificently sustained metaphor:

"The fruit, however, will have to be thrown on good ground fertilised by scientific methods, not on the dry and barren wastes which conservative prejudices have encumbered with snags; for men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles." [Page 2.]

It reminds one of the well-known example—"I smell a rat; I seeing it brewing in the wind, and by heavens I'll nip it in the bud."

From the jumble of invective in which "Omega" indulges, we have endeavoured to gather what are the main accusations which he brings against Mr. Porter. On page 2, he says:—"It is a matter of profound regret that Mr. Porter should have taken the occasion of his inaugural address to repress such research," viz., "in all branches of Biology." On page 3 he says, "Let us examine somewhat critically an inaugural address so infelicitously composed as to appeal to the prejudices of the least progressive portion of the colonial public." On page 4 he charges the Chancellor with recklessly maligning the works of Mr. Darwin, and with an attempt to "squeeze" such men as he "into a theory in harmony with an *à priori* conception of his own, and instead of patiently discovering the laws of their existence and conditions, would make a law for them, even though it be not true, so long as it does not interfere with the prejudices that obscure his own powers of conception." We will reply to these statements *seriatim*:—

I. "That Mr. Porter has taken the occasion of his inaugural address to repress such research," viz., in "all branches of biology." It will scarcely be credited that in support of so grave a charge as this against the Chancellor of the University, not a single argument is brought forward or a single sentence quoted—unless it is that the writer (of the address) regards those who take a different view from himself as "belligerent and defiant." But these terms are applied to the one book of Professor Haeckel, and not to authors in general who take such views. We fail to see any objection to them. We believe that Professor Haeckel would readily admit them. All who know the history of the Professor's career know well that such is a fair description of it, and that he himself glories in such being the case. We believe that his friends fully admit that even in free-thinking Germany, Jena is one of the very few places where such a career would have been possible.

But to return to the general question. We say that no arguments or quotations are used to support such a statement as the above. We challenge the

pamphleteer to produce a single quotation from the address which shall even appear to support his accusation. He seems not to know the difference between research and certain doctrines which in the minds of some have arisen from research. Mr. Porter's argument in that part of the address attacked by "Omega" is nowhere directed against physical science itself. We take upon ourselves to assert that Mr. Porter would be the last man in the world to check such research. We know that he rejoices in it. He is arguing in support of a sound metaphysical training, and his argument is, that if men were trained in the science of mental phenomena, they would be better able to cope with the mass of external phenomena which come under their observation. He objects for this reason to an exclusive study of external phenomena, and considers that mental phenomena require to be studied side by side with them, and seems further to be of opinion that if this were done we should have different deductions on the part of our scientific men.

If "Omega" wished to criticise Mr. Porter, here might have been the *point d'appuis*. And for any one competent to do so, here is certainly a fitting subject for an essay. Will our author address himself to it?

II. "Omega" also says that "the inaugural address is so infelicitously composed as to appeal to the prejudices of the least progressive portion of the Colonial public."

In support of this statement there is something more like a show of argument. We will endeavour to state it briefly and succinctly. We would quote our author's words, but they are poured out in such confusion that we forbear. We are by no means sure that we have rightly followed the argument, but this is the best that we can make of it. The author quotes a passage full of amiable sentiment about the Glory of God in the everlasting damnation of the wicked, and asks Mr. Porter if it would be fair to make him, with his more liberal views, responsible for such statements, and whether Christianity as a system could be argued against from such extravagances, and, further, whether, if such a course were adopted by the opponents of Christianity, Mr. Porter would not think it very unfair, and an appeal to the vulgar prejudices of the people. To this he draws the parallel that Mr. Porter has tacked on to Mr. Darwin the deductions made by Herr Haeckel, and then used it as an argument against Mr. Darwin. If the parallel was complete the argument would be fair, but it is by no means so. One phrase of Mr. Porter's seems to justify it,—he says that we may call Professor Haeckel's views "Darwinism developed." We admit at once that in dealing with such subjects we think the form of expression "infelicitous," but too much is made of it, inasmuch as Mr. Porter confines all his strong objections to Herr Haeckel's deductions, and does not at all charge upon Mr. Darwin what he deems the extravagance in Herr Haeckel's works. And here we may remark upon the entirely unfounded statement that Mr. Porter maligns the writings of Mr. Darwin. He scarcely makes a single reference to them except in the phrase alluded to, in which he says that Herr Haeckel's works are "Darwinism developed." If we mistake not, Mr. Darwin would

endorse the statement, though we doubt if he follows the Professor in all his deductions. As to the terms made use of by the Chancellor, "Atheistic," &c., they are nowhere applied to Mr. Darwin's opinions, but certainly are to those of many scientific writers, and we doubt if they themselves would object. Certainly we think Professor Clifford rather glories in his resemblance to the "wide-eyed hero" of old, who with his club in his hand would have none of the Gods. So far from charging these things as being necessary characteristics of Mr. Darwin's books, Mr. Porter expressly calls attention to the fact that many able men do not regard Mr. Darwin's theories as necessarily involving Professor Haeckel's deductions. He himself seems to think they do, but he eschews all dogmatism, and is most moderate in his tone, and nowhere attempts to bring home to Darwin himself his defined denunciations of Haeckel's deductions. We maintain, moreover, that in no sense whatever does Mr. Porter's line of thought appeal to people's prejudices, and that his pathetic outcry at feeling the blank which would be left to him and his fellow men if he could no longer say, "O God! thou art my God! in thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded," would receive at the hands of the sternest *genuine scientist* a kindly sympathy rather than an attempt to ridicule and sting. Dr. Draper himself begins his now famous book, on "The Conflict betweeen Religion and Science," by saying, "No spectacle can be presented to the thoughtful mind more solemn, more mournful than that of the dying of an ancient religion, which in its day has given consolation to many generations of men." But we do not think our critic's scorn will really be hurtful. It is easy enough to write venomous words, but to use a simile somewhat resembling one of Lord Macaulay's, just as the poison bags of the snake are nothing without the fang, so there is needed a certain vitality of genius to give effect to injurious writing.

III. Our author says that Mr. Porter attempts to squeeze scientific men into a theory in harmony with an *à priori* conception of his own, &c. This is a pure fiction of "Omega's" imagination, and has no more ground for truth in it than if we chose to say that "Omega" has brought the accusation although he knows it is not true. The argument upon which the charge is made, has been entirely misunderstood. It has reference, as we have already stated, to the importance of a good metaphysical training, in order that men may be able properly to estimate the value of scientific facts; and that mental phenomena may have the same attention paid to them that physical phenomena have. How far the argument is correctly maintained, and the conclusion warranted, we are not concerned to discuss, but we aver with no fear of any serious attempt at contradiction, that the charge made by "Omega" is entirely without foundation. Mr. Porter's opinion is that *à priori* arguments are of more importance than the modern men of science are apt to think, and he attempts to show the force of an *à priori* argument as to the existence of a higher mind than our own; but whether this is successful or not there is not a shadow of ground for the injurious statement quoted above.

We will not, however, tire our readers further. We have been purposely severe

on "Omega," because it is vexing to see such subjects handled so rashly, and a gentleman of Mr. Porter's age and goodness so impertinently abused. We will however freely admit that "Omega" has a certain power, which, if cultivated, may be of real use to society, and that his pamphlet has many interesting allusions in it. We hope when next we meet him it will be in his own domain, and not attacking gentlemen of real sense and worth, who are engaged in doing what on the whole both those who agree with what is said and those who differ from it, must feel to be a work worthy of thanks and praise.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*.

Mowbray, near Cape Town, 24th November, 1876.

Sir,—Perceiving with regret that you have fallen into some error, no doubt quite unintentional on your part, in the statements which occur concerning me in "Notes of the Month," in the November number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, I have hereby the honour to transmit to you a copy of a letter to the Committee of the South African Public Library, from which you will see that I never undertook to complete the Catalogue of the Grey Library, nor have I consented to renew my present services there for another year.

Requesting you kindly to publish my letter to the Committee, with this note to yourself, in the forthcoming number of your magazine, in order to correct as far as possible the mistaken impression to which your words regarding this matter must necessarily have given rise,

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
Lucy C. Lloyd.

Library, Cape Town, 2nd November, 1876.

Gentlemen,—With reference to the wish which you have done me the honour to express in your resolution of the 10th ultimo, and which I hereby gratefully acknowledge, it appears desirable that I should request your kind attention to the following circumstances, and to the difficulty in which I am hereby placed.

When I reluctantly consented, last year, on the terms stated in my letter of September 6th, temporarily to undertake my present work at the Grey Library, I did so upon the clear verbal understanding that steps would be taken to obtain from Europe a competent scholar to fill the vacant office of Custodian;—and one of the grounds upon which my acceptance was urged, was that it would afford time for the requisite action. It was, at the same time, further stated to me that the sum of £250 per annum, received by the late Curator, no longer being considered sufficient to obtain the services of a fitting successor, the Government would be asked in the coming Session of Parliament to increase the income to be received by the Grey Custodian, by establishing a "Chair for Languages" in connection with one of the Educational Institutions, and by uniting this new appointment with that of Custodian of the Grey Library. I had therefore, not expected that my temporary services would be needed beyond June or July last, at latest. But, although fourteen months have now passed since the death of the

late Curator, the proposed steps have not been taken, and the Bushman work (entrusted to me by Dr. Bleek himself, and sufficient to occupy every year of my remaining life) suffers greatly through the prolongation of my library work.

It will be clearly apparent to you, Gentlemen, that, for the efficient performance of the duties of the Grey Custodianship, the services of a trained scholar are indispensable;—likewise, that the detailed Inventory of its contents, of which the greater part has already been completed by the late Curator, can be more worthily, and also far more easily, given to the world under such superintendence, than under mine.

Now, therefore, that (chiefly through the kind exertions of Professor Max Müller) the exigencies of the Grey Library are no longer what they were a year ago, I could hardly consider myself justified in continuing much longer to deprive my own particular task of my undivided time and strength.

While, therefore, I will gladly endeavour to continue my present duties for a few months longer, as a temporary measure, which will, I trust, obviate any inconvenience, I am compelled to state that I dare not undertake to do so for another year.

Regretting very much that the above-mentioned reasons render me unable to comply with the wish which you have honoured me by expressing,

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient humble servant,

(Signed) LUCY C. LLOYD.

Volksliederen.

DE JONGE DUPREE.

(AFTER SIR W. SCOTT'S "YOUNG LOCHNIVAR.")

Van uit het ver westen kwam jonge Dupree,
Zijn paard was het best uit een land vergelee,
En buiten pistool geene wapens droeg hij,
Hij reed ongewapend, hij kwam om te vrij;
Zoo trouw tog in liefde, kom stem met mij mee,
Was er ooit knapper jonkman dan jong Dupree.

Geen wind en geen weer, geen rivier kon hem keer,
Hy reed door het water waar geen mensch wou probeer,
Doch toen hij afklom bij de meisje haar huis,
Vond hij alles in roer, zelf in het kombuis;
De bruid had konsent aan een ander gegee
En dat aan een vijand van jonge Dupee,

Doch Dupree gaat naar binne, wat geef hij tog om,
Al staad al ne jongens en meisjes verstom;
Toen sprak de bruids vader, "Wat zoekt gij Dupree?"
(Want de bruidegom zelf was schoon al verlee),
"Kom zoekt gij naar vrede, of zoekt gij wel strijd,
Wilt gij vechten of dansen, het is nu uw tijd."

" Ik vrij lang naar jou dochter oom Jakob Foree,"
(Is het antwoord van de jonge en dapper Dupree)
" Ik vrij lang naar jou dochter, jij wou dit niet he "—
Doch liefde brandt diep, dit kan ik jou ze,
Ik kom niet te vechten, waarvoor zal ik strij,
Bij ons zijn er meisjes veel schooner dan zij.
Ik kom voor het laatste zoo gij het wil schenk,
Ik kom om te dansen, een glasje te drink.

De bruid kust de glas, Dupree neemt het op
Hij drinkt haar geluk, hij smijt weg de dop
Zij begon al te bloos, zij zucht al hoe meer.
Met teedre oogen ziet zij op hem neer
Hij nam haar zacht hand, voor haar moeder kon praat
" Kom laat wij nu dansen, voor mij wordt het laat."

Hij was mooi van postuur, zij was mooi van gezigt,
Elk oog werd in liefde op die twee gericht ;
Haar moeder was kwaad, haar vader was boos,
En de bruidegom stond—ach heel zonder troost.
De strooimeisjes zeiden, 't was beter veel eer,
Had Dupree haar gekregen, die knappe jong heer.

Hij drukte haar hand, hij fluisterde iets,
Hij danst naar de deur ; maar niemand merkt iets ;
Met eens sprong hij uit, zijn paard stond gereed,
De meisje is mee, en O welk een leed,
De dochter van vatzoenlijk oom Jacob Foree,
Is weg in de donker met dapper Dupree !

De Vosters en Kriers, Vanheerens en Greefs
Dit dreun zoo's hul jae, maar als te vergeefs ;
Geen paard hoor hul meer, hij is ver al misschien,
De nacht is zoo donker, geen ding kan hul zien :
Maar zoo rad en zoo dapper—ik wou wel wat gee,
Om een jonkman te zien als de dapper Dupree.

Answers to Charades

IN *Cape Monthly Magazine* FOR NOVEMBER.

No. 4.—Fortnight.

No. 5.—Yellowwood-tree.

No. 4.

To find out charades between me and you
Was never my *forte*—yet this gives me a clue
To your *first*—For 'tis *Fort* if you cut off the e,
Where warriors bold may have *fought*, d'ye see.
Or a *Knight* may have entered with gallant band
And ridden away when *night* darkened the land,

Which exposes your second in dual array,
For one *Knight* is not *night*, and t'other not day.
But to make out your whole in such beautiful rhyme
Will of necessity occupy time,
And my poor old muse if ridden and wrought right
Might fairly find out your whole in a *fortnight*.

No. 5.

I looked at the sun's declining light,
No glimpse of *your first* greeted my sight.
My "orange tree" next from branch to root,
I examined and spotted a strange dark fruit.
'Twas a juvenile nigger who suddenly fell
In my arms and was licked till I made him *yell*.
'Twas a clue for 'twas part of the *yellow* night,
"When the sun is setting calm and bright,"
And also in *yellow* gold may be found
At "Pilgrim's Rest" "in the cold damp ground."
Would you wish that I now your second unhood!—
You *would?*—Then let's hunt for it far in the *wood*,
Where the wild bee, blauw buck, and scarlet winged lourie
In deep-toned notes will each tell her story,
Then if, in the sun's bright *yellow* ray
Near the shade of the *wood* at decline of day,—
To her nest you follow the homeward bound bee
Shall fly straight to your *whole* in *the yellow-wood tree*.

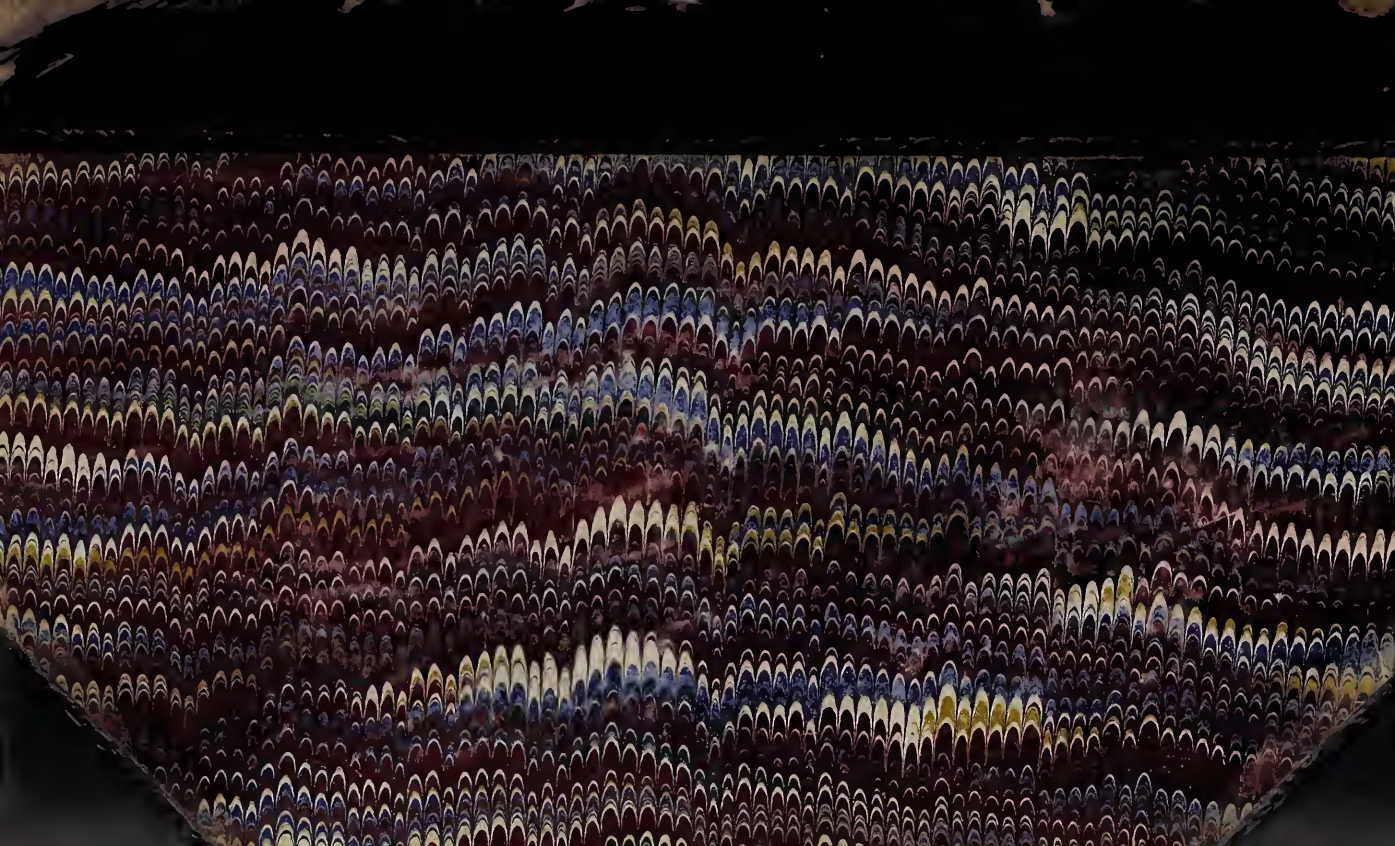
A. E. M.

No. 4.

The sun was setting—day declining,
And on a *Fort* its rays were shining,
A *knight* arrived with a band of men,
But left the *Fort* by *night* again,
If all went well a *Fortnight* then
Would see him back with his merry men.

No. 5.

A cloudy, sultry, sunset glow,
Yellow rays will often show.
When winter begins, in the orange tree
The *yellow* fruit you there may see.
At "Pilgrim's rest" there's many a fellow
Labours and digs, for gold so *yellow*.

The *wood* is the delightful spot
When the sun's fierce rays are glaring and hot.
Trees they are wanted to make a *wood*,
This is a rule which always holds good.
The "*yellowwood tree*," most useful of all,
But useless while tow'ring so great and tall.

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